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QUEEN OF SPADES

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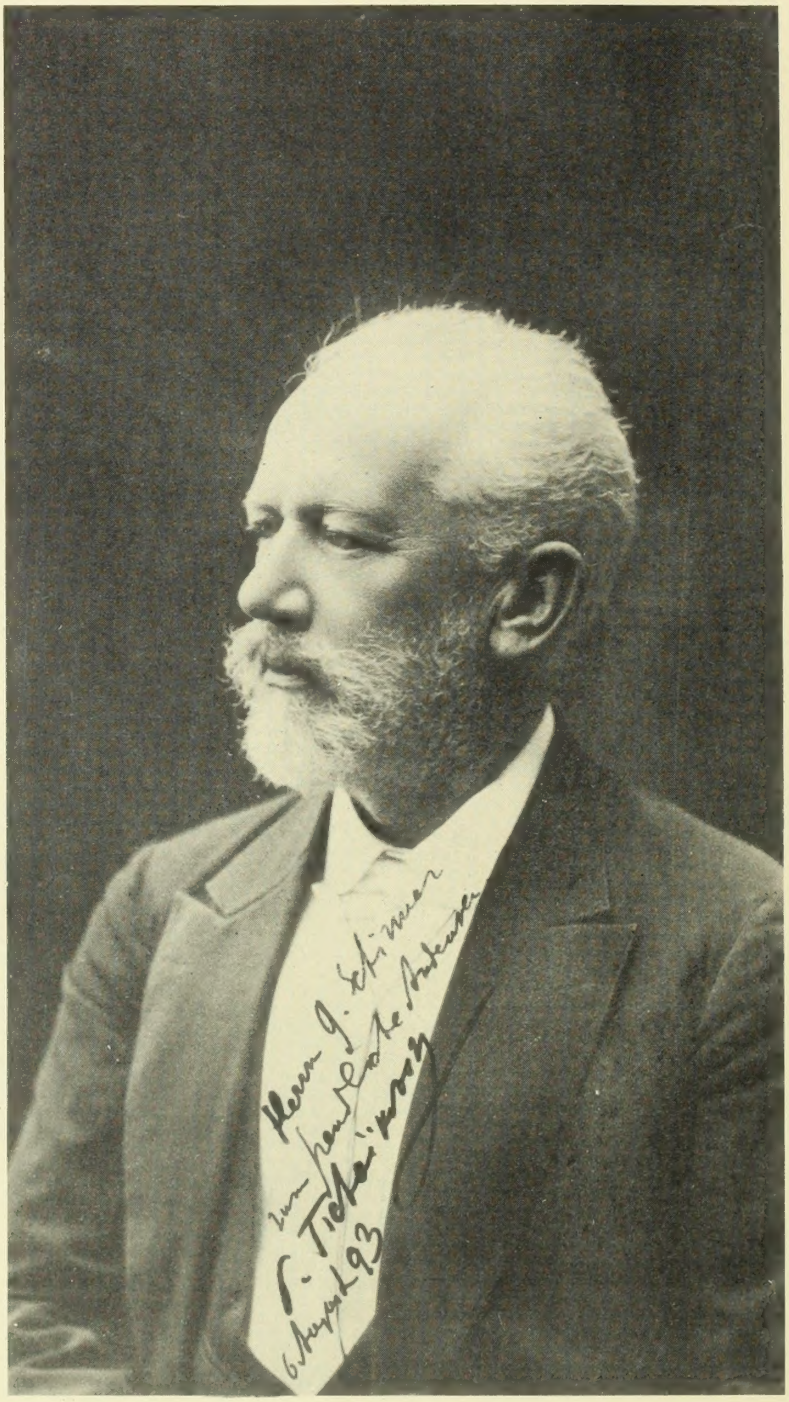
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G. SCHIRMER'S
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OF
OPERAS.

THE QUEEN OF SPADES

An Opera in Three Acts and Seven Scenes

BY

PETER ILYITCH TCHAIKOVSKY

LIBRETTO BY

MODESTE TCHAIKOVSKY

ENGLISH VERSION BY

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Characters.

Herman	*1-st Tenor.*
Count Tomsky (Plutus)	*Baritone.*
Prince Yeletsky	*Baritone.*
Tchekalinsky	*Tenor.*
Sourin	*Bass.*
Tchaplitsky	*2-nd Tenor.*
Naroumov	*2-nd Bass.*
Master of the Ceremonies	*2-nd Tenor.*
Countess ***	*Mezzo-Soprano.*
Lisa	*Soprano.*
Pauline (Daphnis)	*Contralto.*
The Governess	*Mezzo-Soprano.*
Mary	*Soprano.*

Characters in the Interlude.

a) Chloë	*Soprano.*
b) Daphnis (Pauline)	*Contralto.*
c) Plutus (Count Tomsky)	*Baritone.*

The scene is laid in St. Petersburg at the close of the Eighteenth Century.

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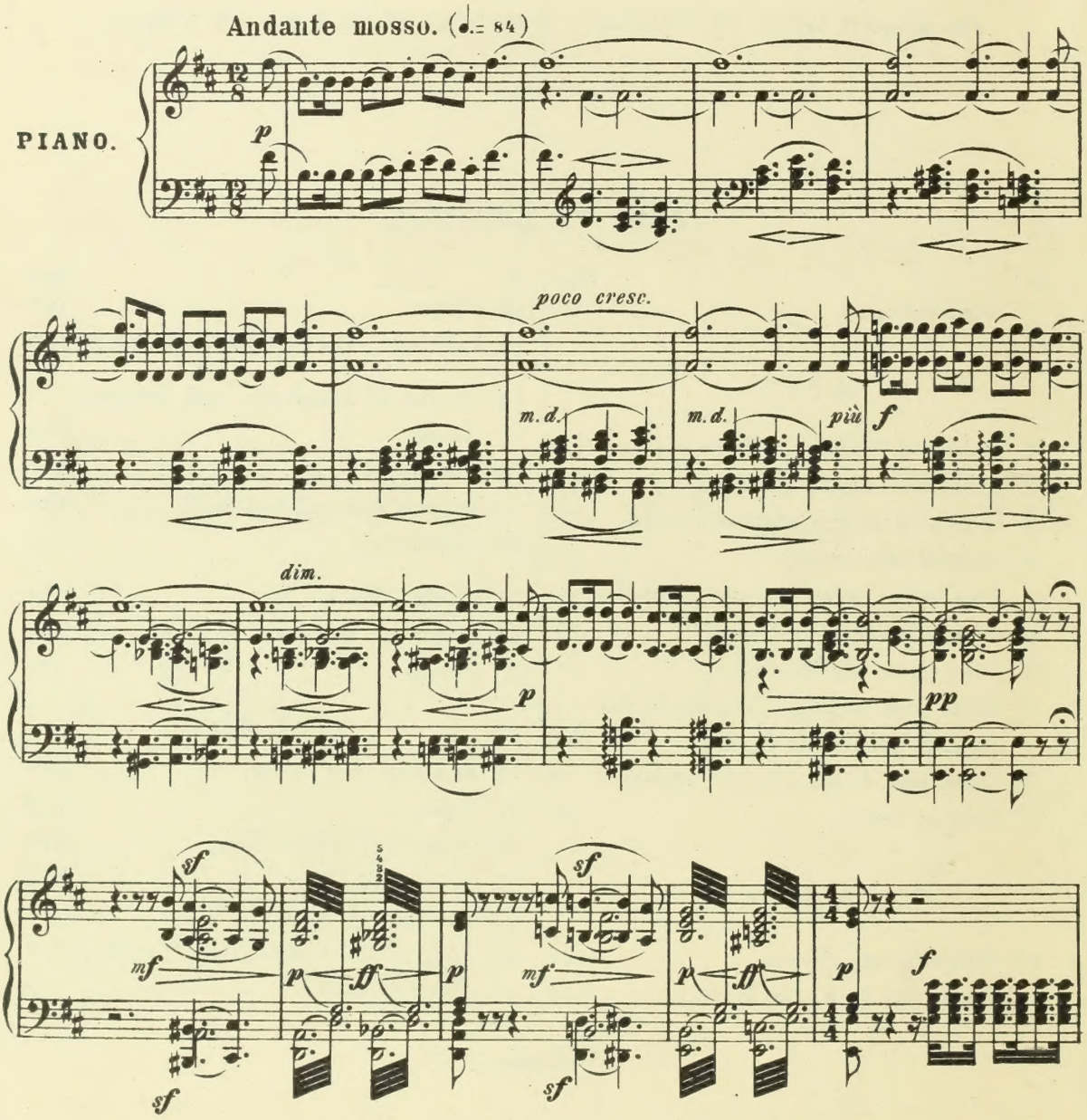
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The Queen of Spades

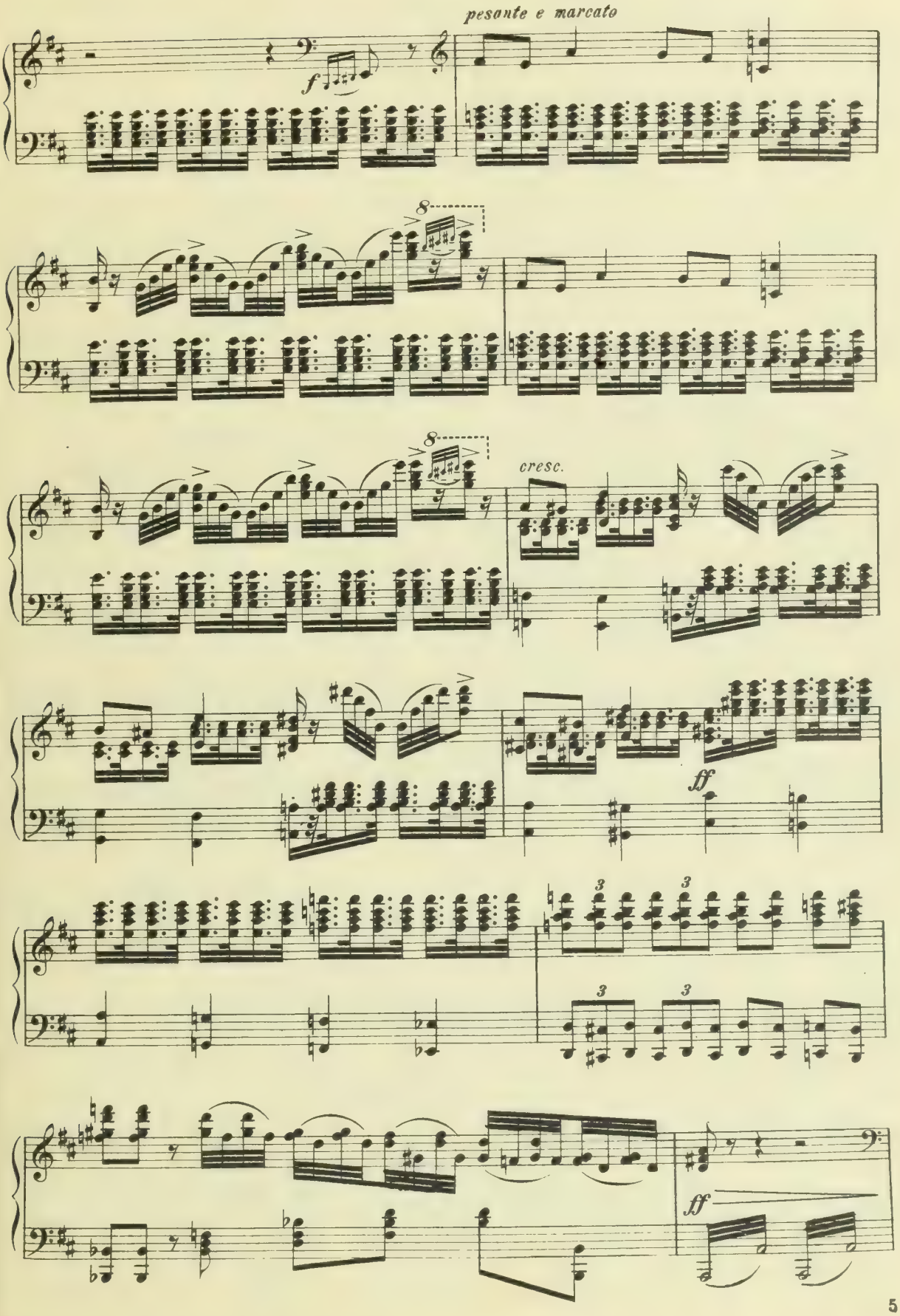
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(after the Russian of Modeste Tchaikovsky)

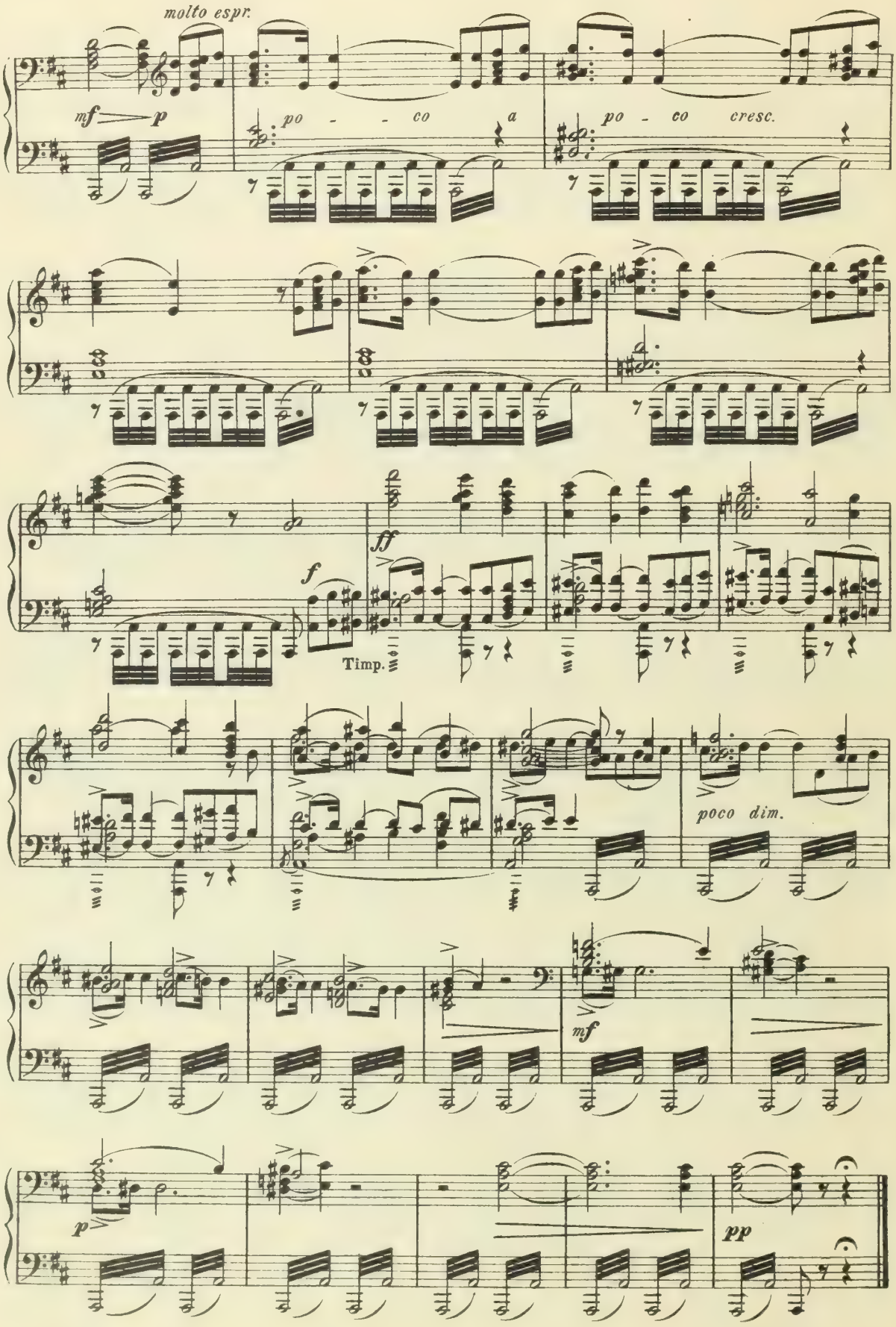
Peter Ilyitch Tchaikovsky, Op. 68

INTRODUCTION.



Printed in the U. S. A.


pesante e marcato
f
8
8
cresc.
ff
3
3
3
3
ff


molto espr.
mf
p
po - - co a
po - co cresc.
ff
f
Timp.
poco dim.
mf
p
pp

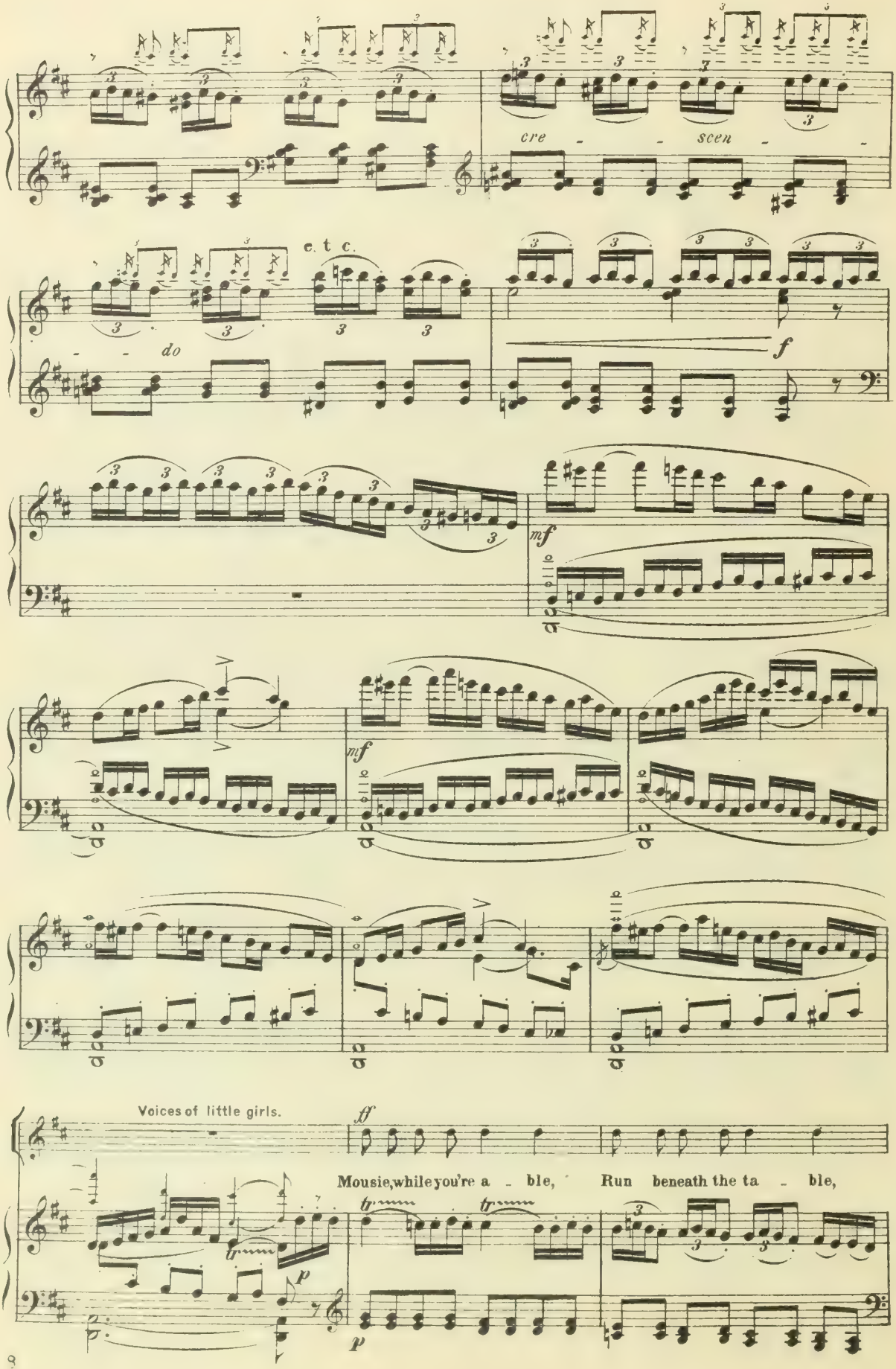
ACT I.

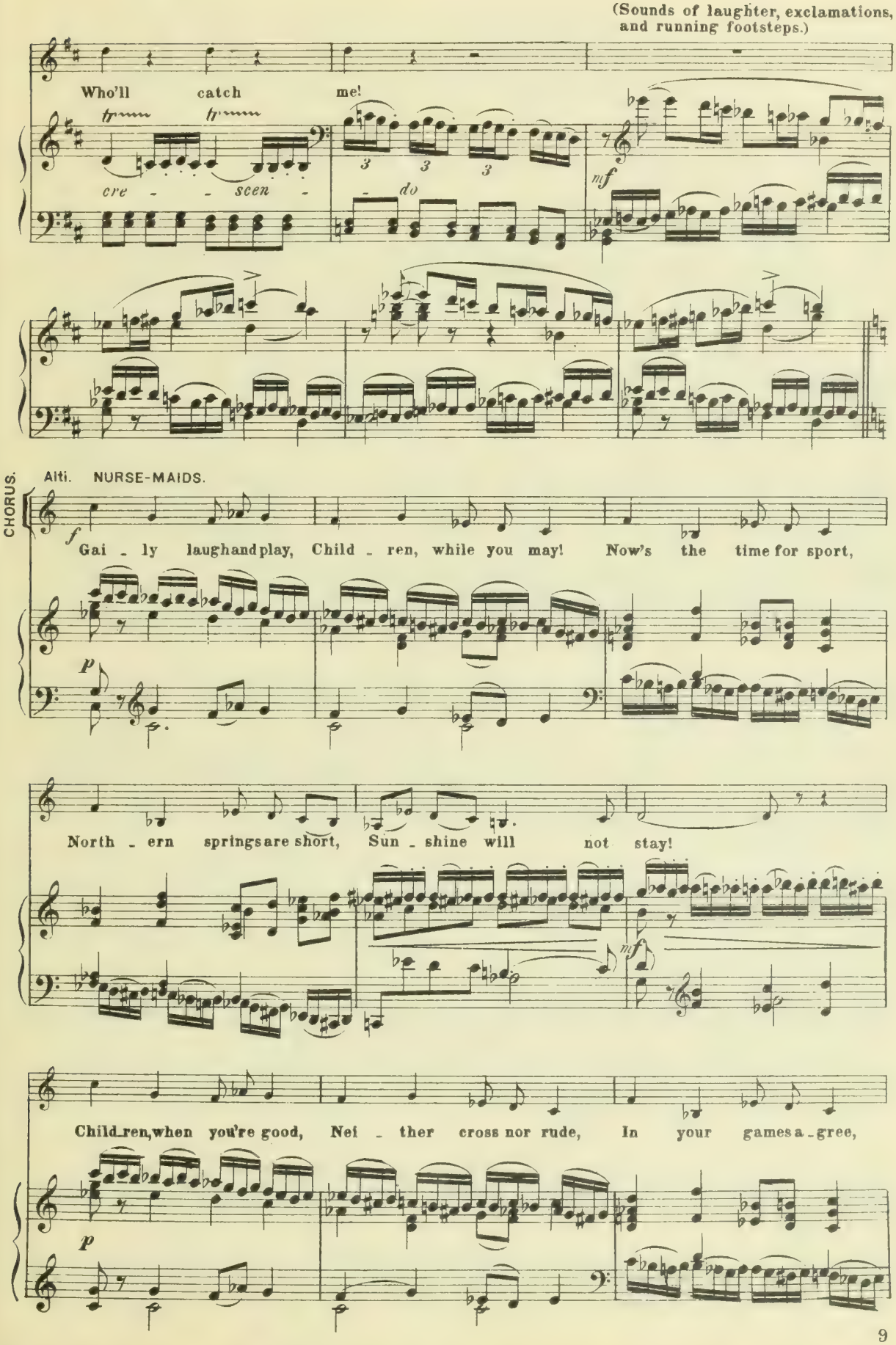
SCENE I.

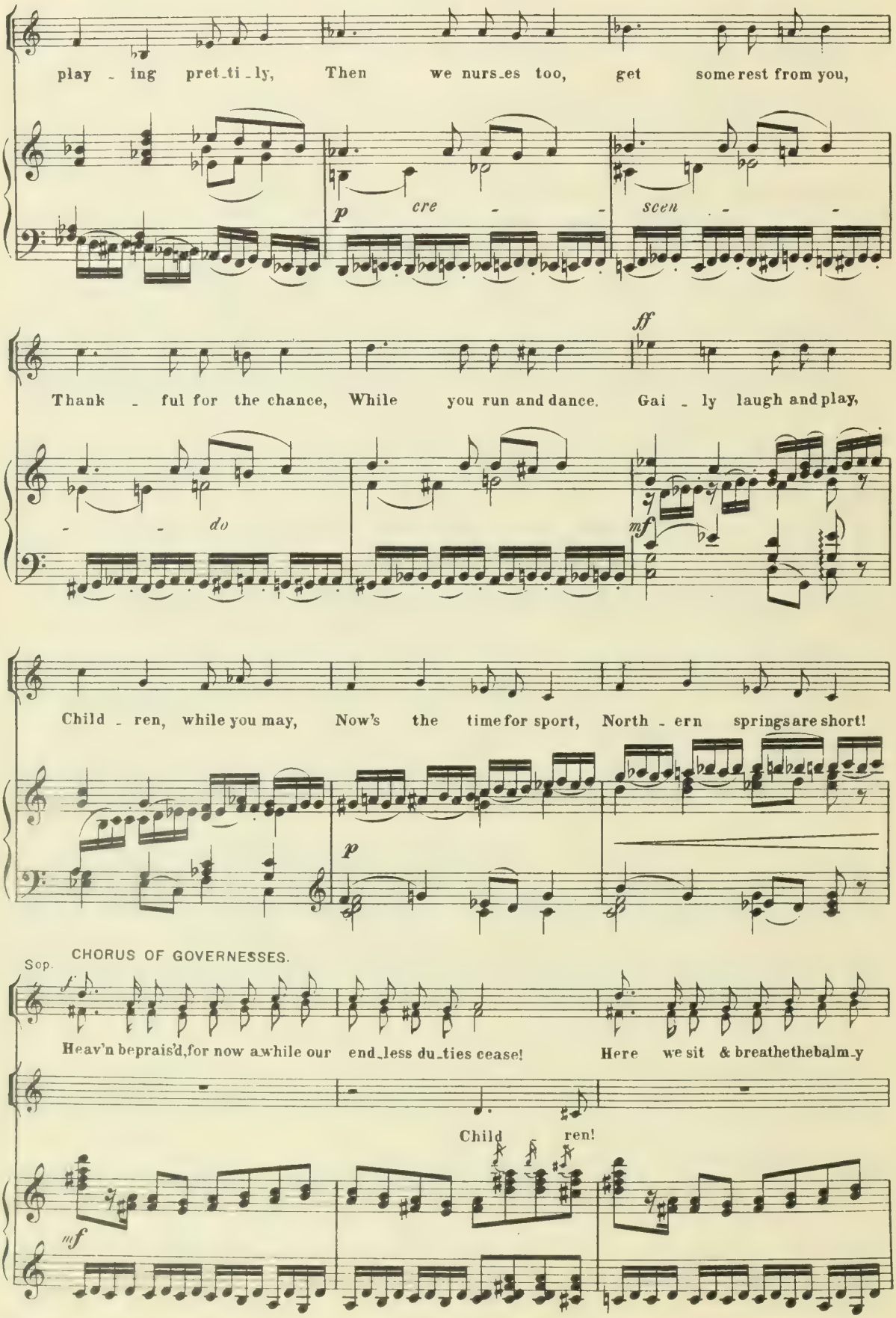
Spring. A open space in the Summer Garden, St. Petersburg. Seated on the benches are nurses and governesses, chatting together. Some of the children are playing at races; others have skipping-ropes, balls etc.

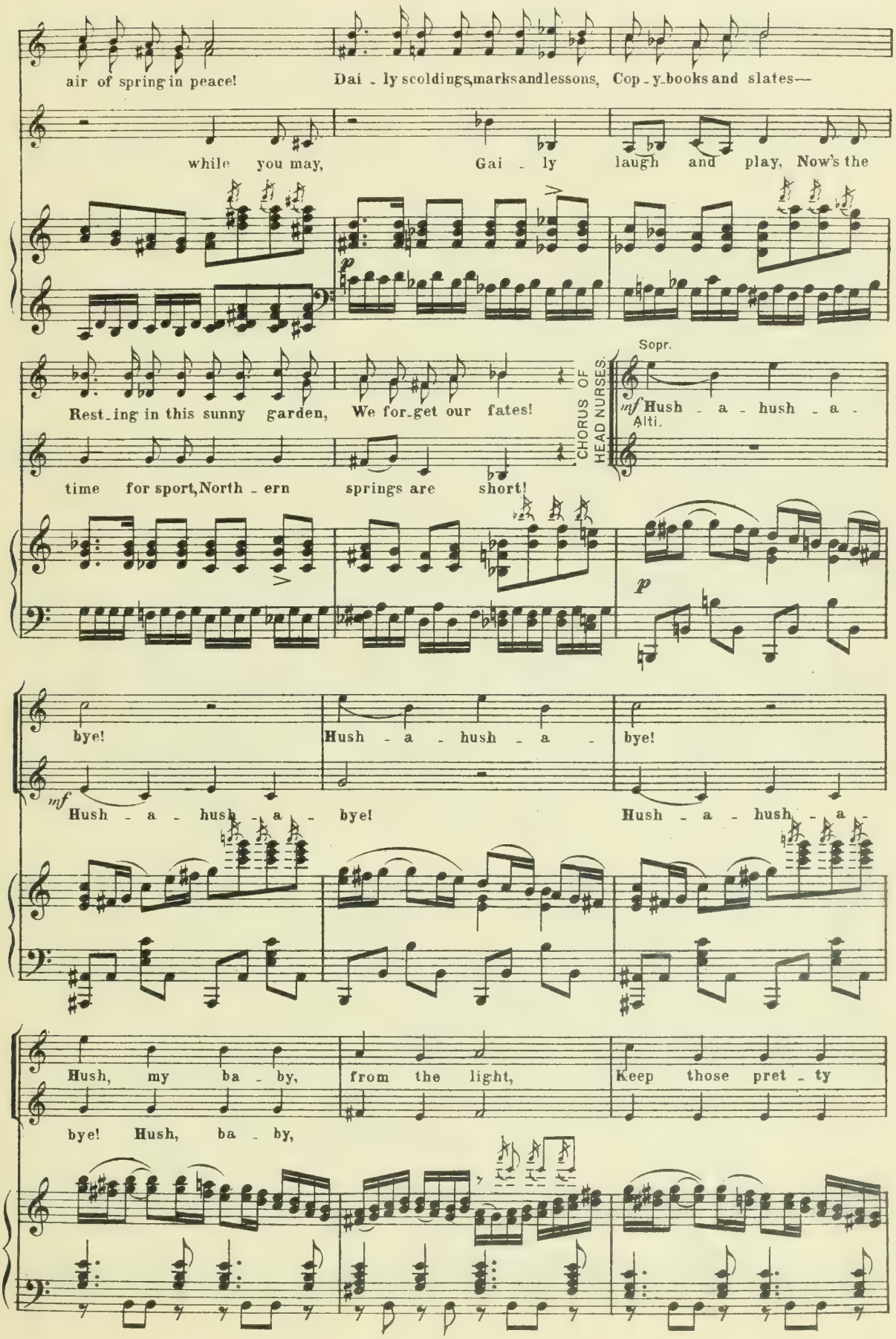
№1. Chorus of Children, Nurses etc.

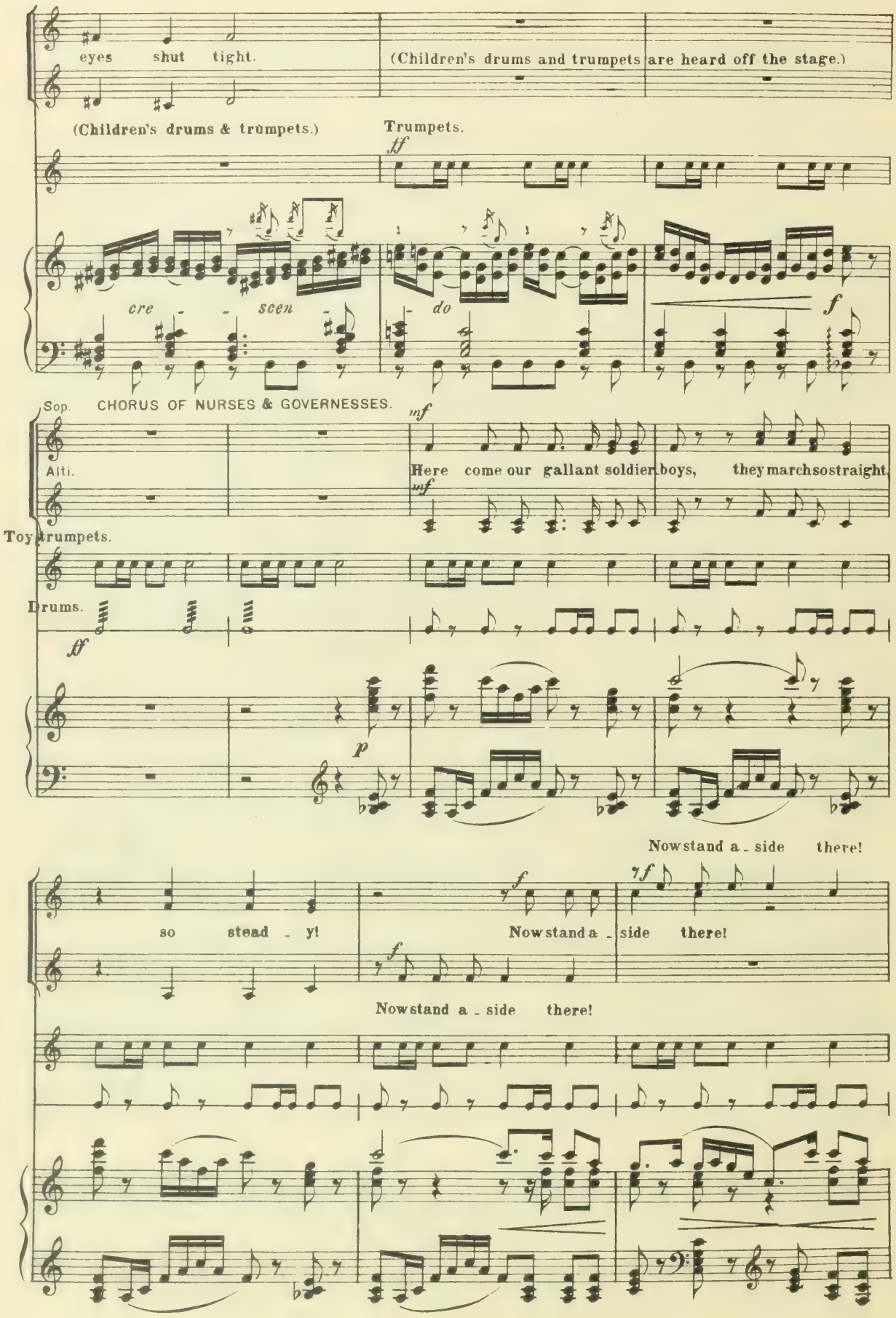


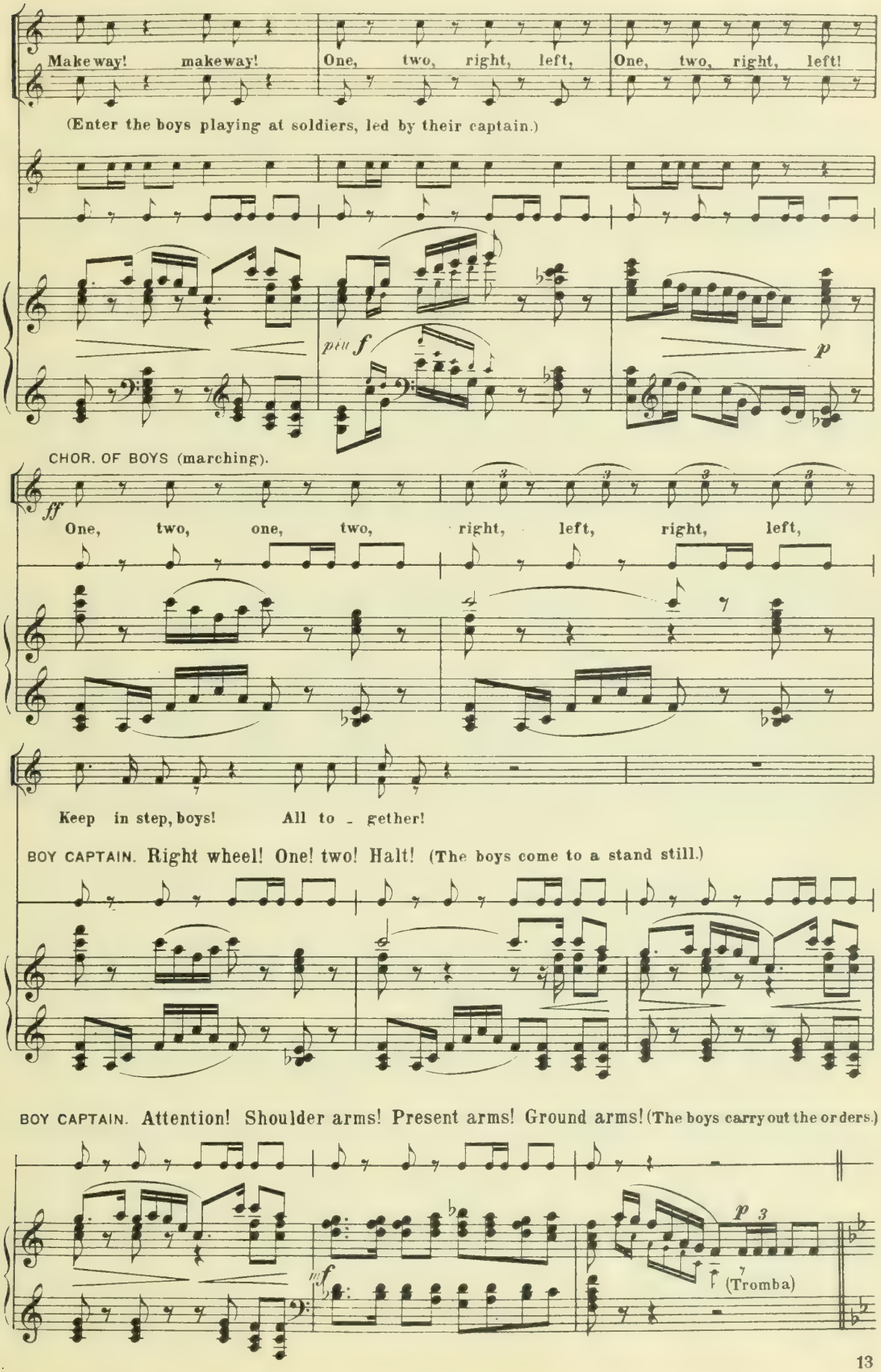

cre - - scen - -
e. t e.
- - do
f
mf
mf
Voices of little girls.
ff
Mousie, while you're a - ble, Run beneath the ta - ble,
p
p

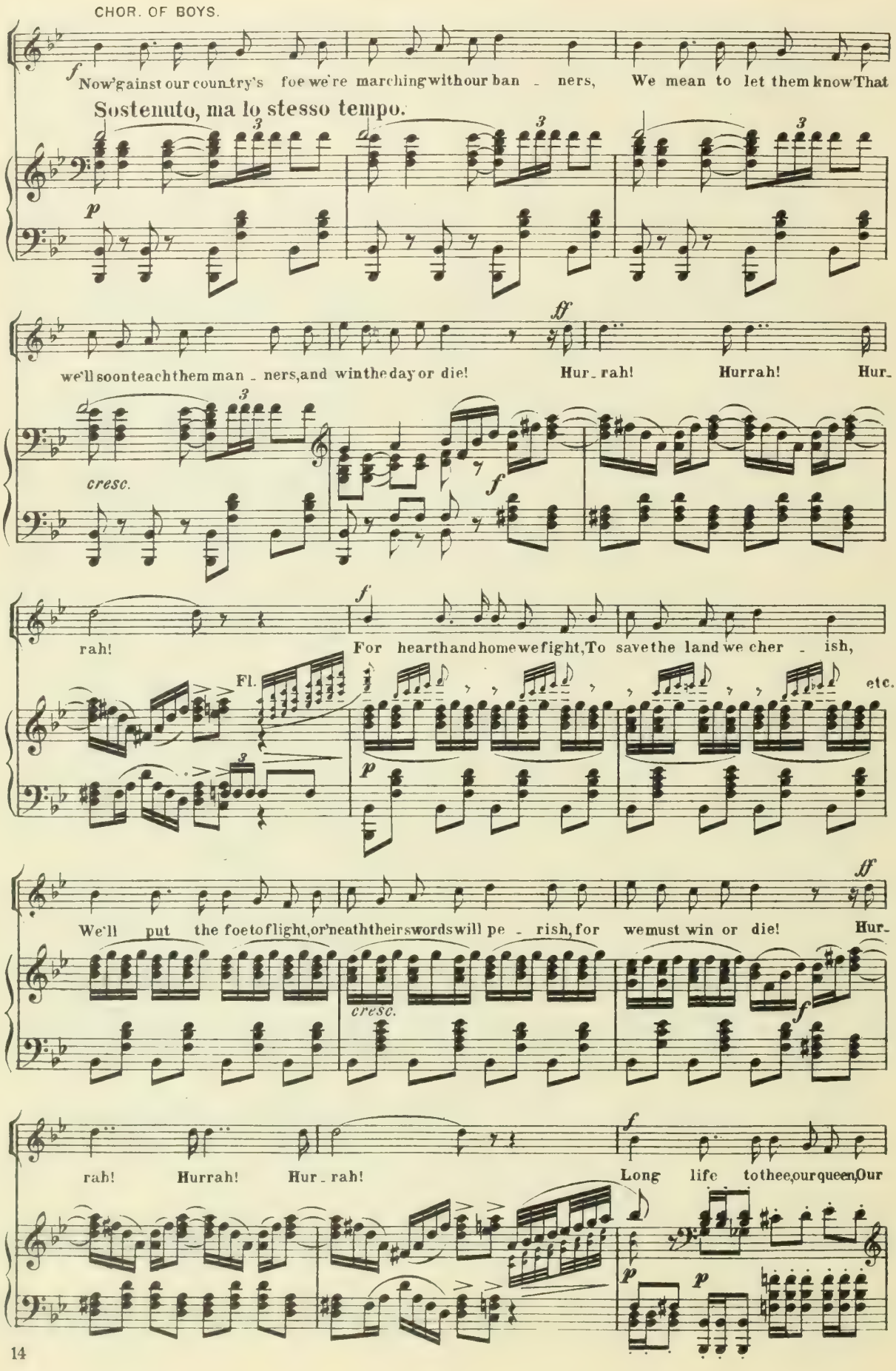

(Sounds of laughter, exclamations, and running footsteps.)
Who'll catch me!
tr tr
cre - - scen - do
3 3 3
mf
CHORUS.
Alti. NURSE-MAIDS.
f
Gai - ly laughandplay, Child - ren, while you may! Now's the time for sport,
p
North - ern springsare short, Sun - shine will not stay!
mf
Child-ren,when you're good, Nei - ther cross nor rude, In your gamesa-gree,
p


play - ing pret_ti_ly, Then we nurs_es too, get some rest from you,
p
cre - - scen - -
ff
Thank - ful for the chance, While you run and dance. Gai - ly laugh and play,
- - do
mf
Child - ren, while you may, Now's the time for sport, North - ern springs are short!
p
Sop.
CHORUS OF GOVERNESSES.
f
Heav'n be prais'd, for now a while our end_less du_ties cease! Here we sit & breathe the balm_y
Child ren!
mf


air of spring in peace!
Dai - ly scoldings, marks and lessons, Cop - y books and slates—
while you may,
Gai - ly laugh and play, Now's the
Rest - ing in this sunny garden, We for - get our fates!
CHORUS OF HEAD NURSES
Sopr.
mf Hush - a - hush - a -
Alti.
time for sport, North - ern springs are short!
p
bye!
Hush - a - hush - a -
bye!
mf
Hush - a - hush - a - bye!
Hush - a - hush - a -
Hush, my ba - by,
from the light,
Keep those pret - ty
bye! Hush, ba - by,


eyes shut tight.
(Children's drums and trumpets are heard off the stage.)
(Children's drums & trumpets.)
Trumpets.
ff
cre - scen - do
f
Sop.
CHORUS OF NURSES & GOVERNESSES.
mf
Alti.
Here come our gallant soldier boys, they march so straight,
mf
Toy trumpets.
Drums.
ff
p
Now stand a - side there!
so stead - y!
f
Now stand a - side there!
7f
f
Now stand a - side there!

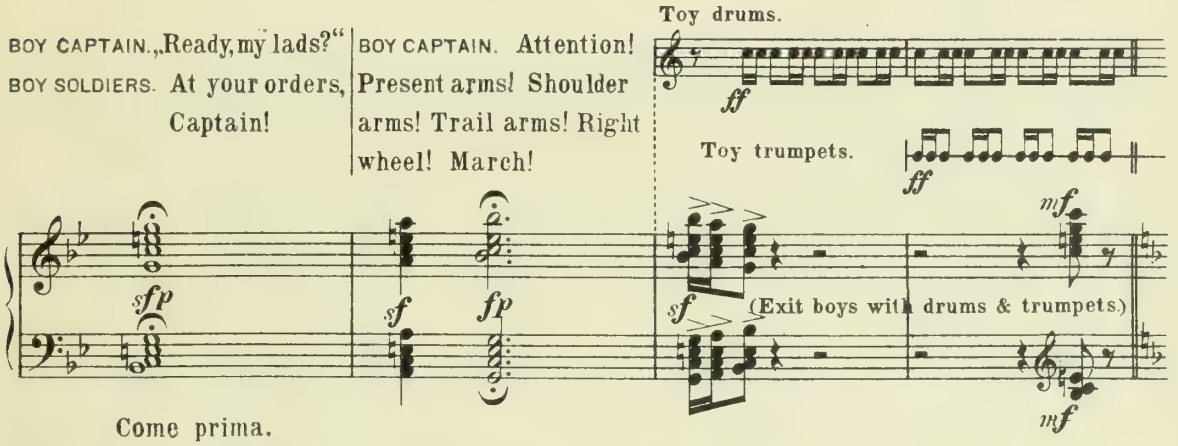

Make way! make way!
One, two, right, left,
One, two, right, left!
(Enter the boys playing at soldiers, led by their captain.)
più f
p
CHOR. OF BOYS (marching).
ff
One, two, one, two, right, left, right, left,
Keep in step, boys! All to - gether!
BOY CAPTAIN. Right wheel! One! two! Halt! (The boys come to a stand still.)
BOY CAPTAIN. Attention! Shoulder arms! Present arms! Ground arms! (The boys carry out the orders.)
mf
p
(Tromba)


CHOR. OF BOYS.
Now 'gainst our country's foe we're marching with our ban - ners, We mean to let them know That
Sostenuto, ma lo stesso tempo.
we'll soon teach them man - ners, and win the day or die! Hur - rah! Hurrah! Hur -
cresc.
rah!
For hearth and home we fight, To save the land we cher - ish,
Fl.
etc.
We'll put the foe to flight, or 'neath their swords will pe - rish, for we must win or die! Hur -
cresc.
rah! Hurrah! Hur - rah!
Long life to thee, our queen, Our



BOY CAPTAIN. „Ready, my lads?"
BOY SOLDIERS. At your orders, Captain!

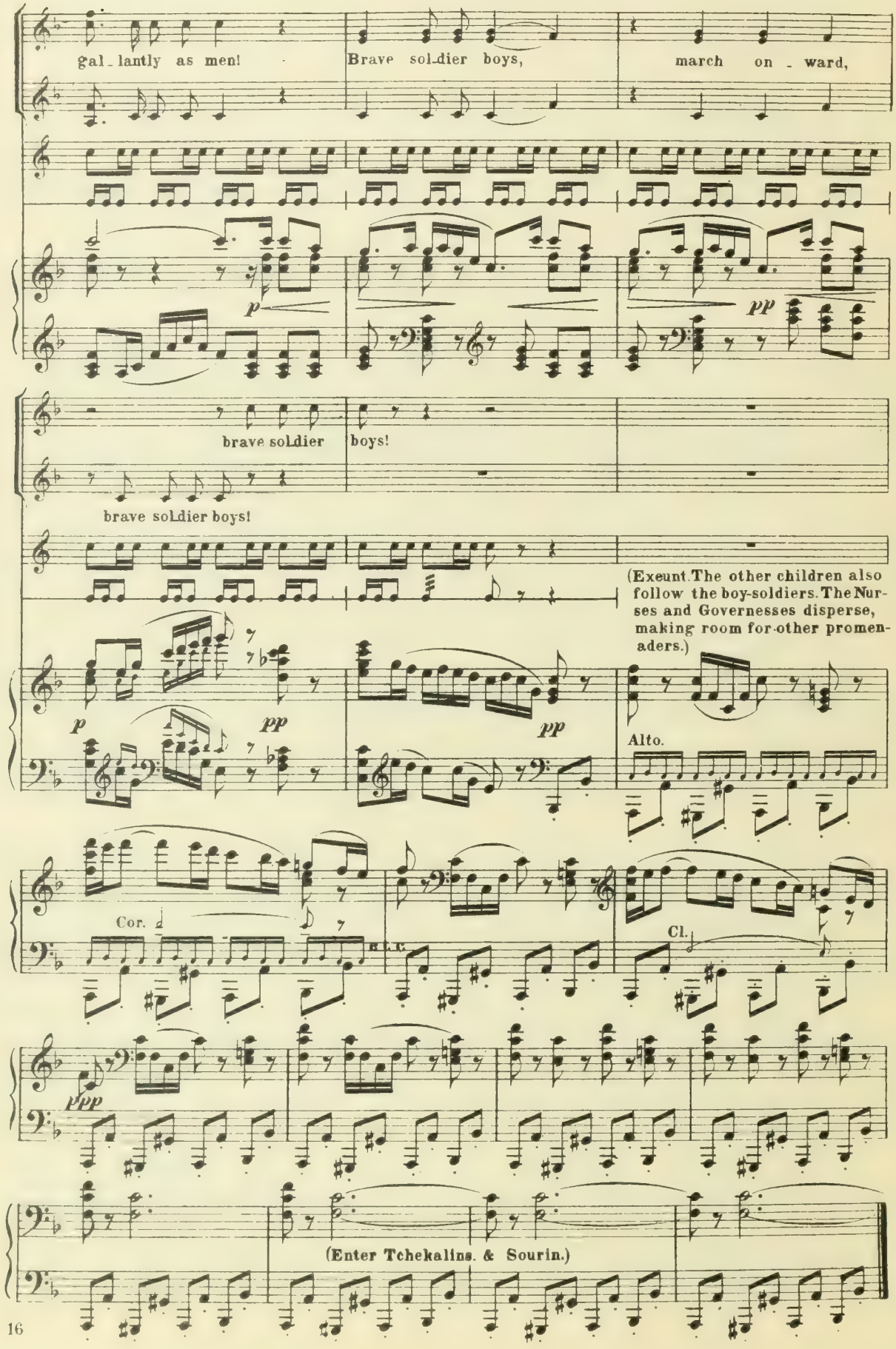
BOY CAPTAIN. Attention! Present arms! Shoulder arms! Trail arms! Right wheel! March!



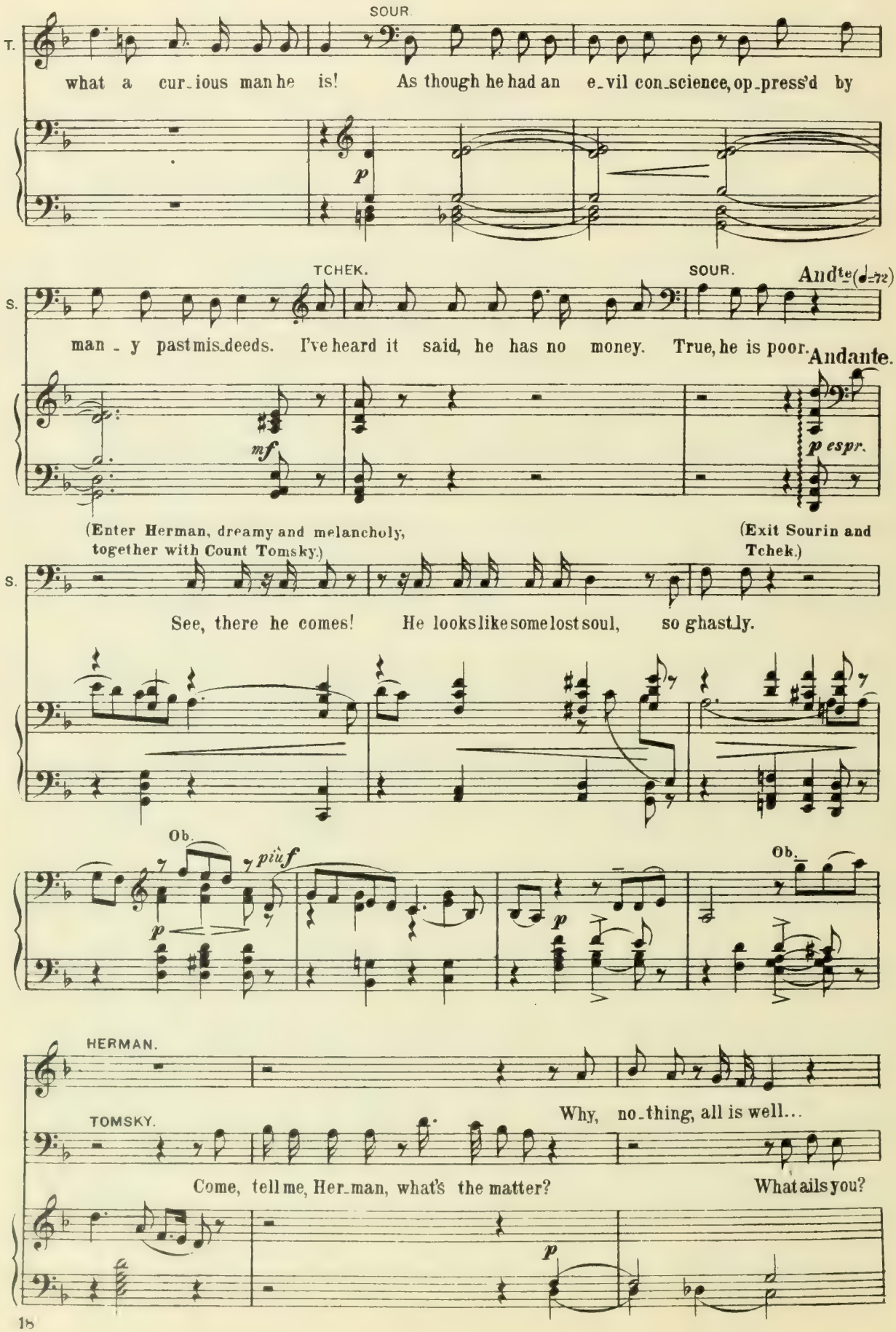
Come prima.

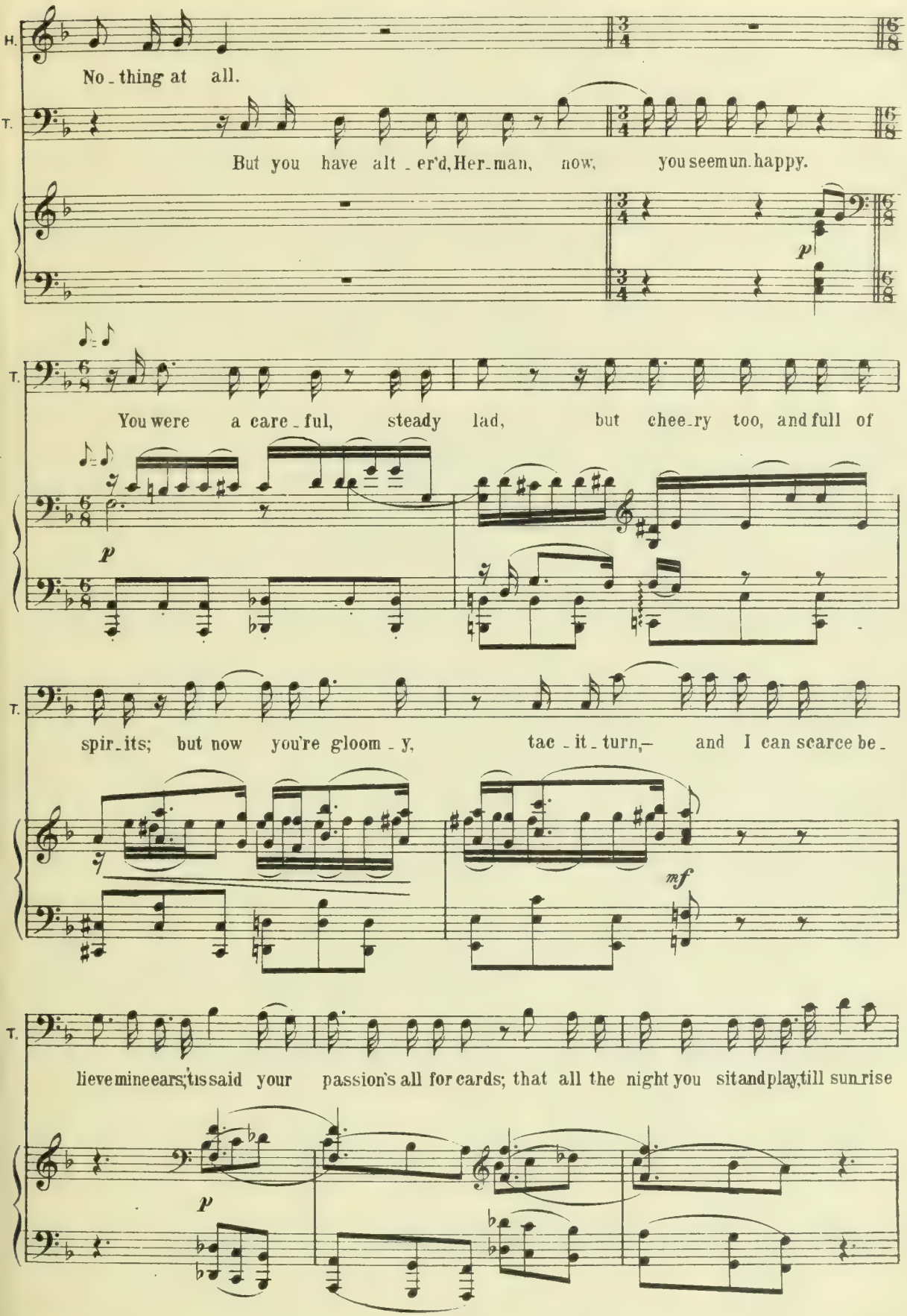
Sop. CHORUS OF NURSES AND GOVERNESSES.

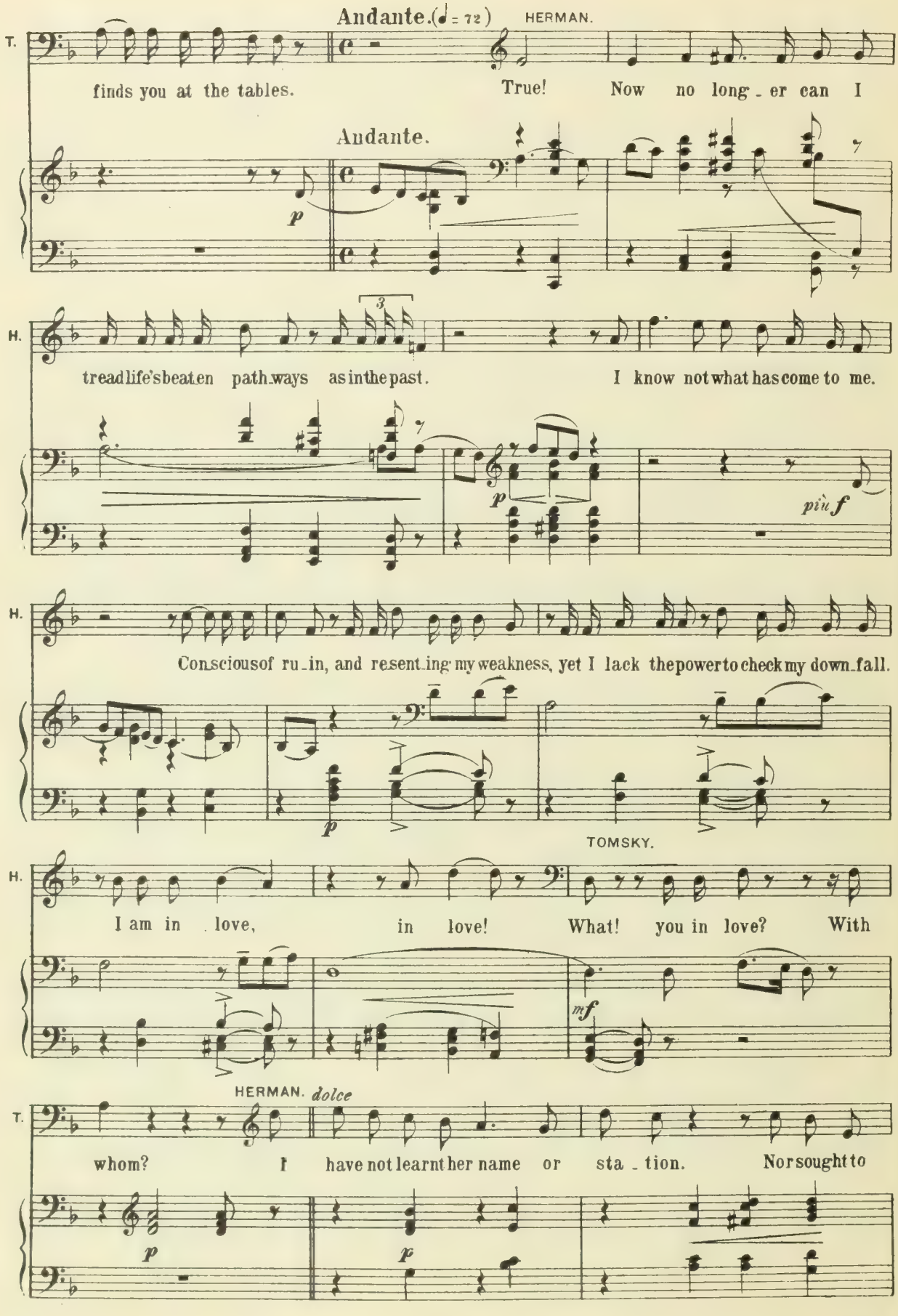


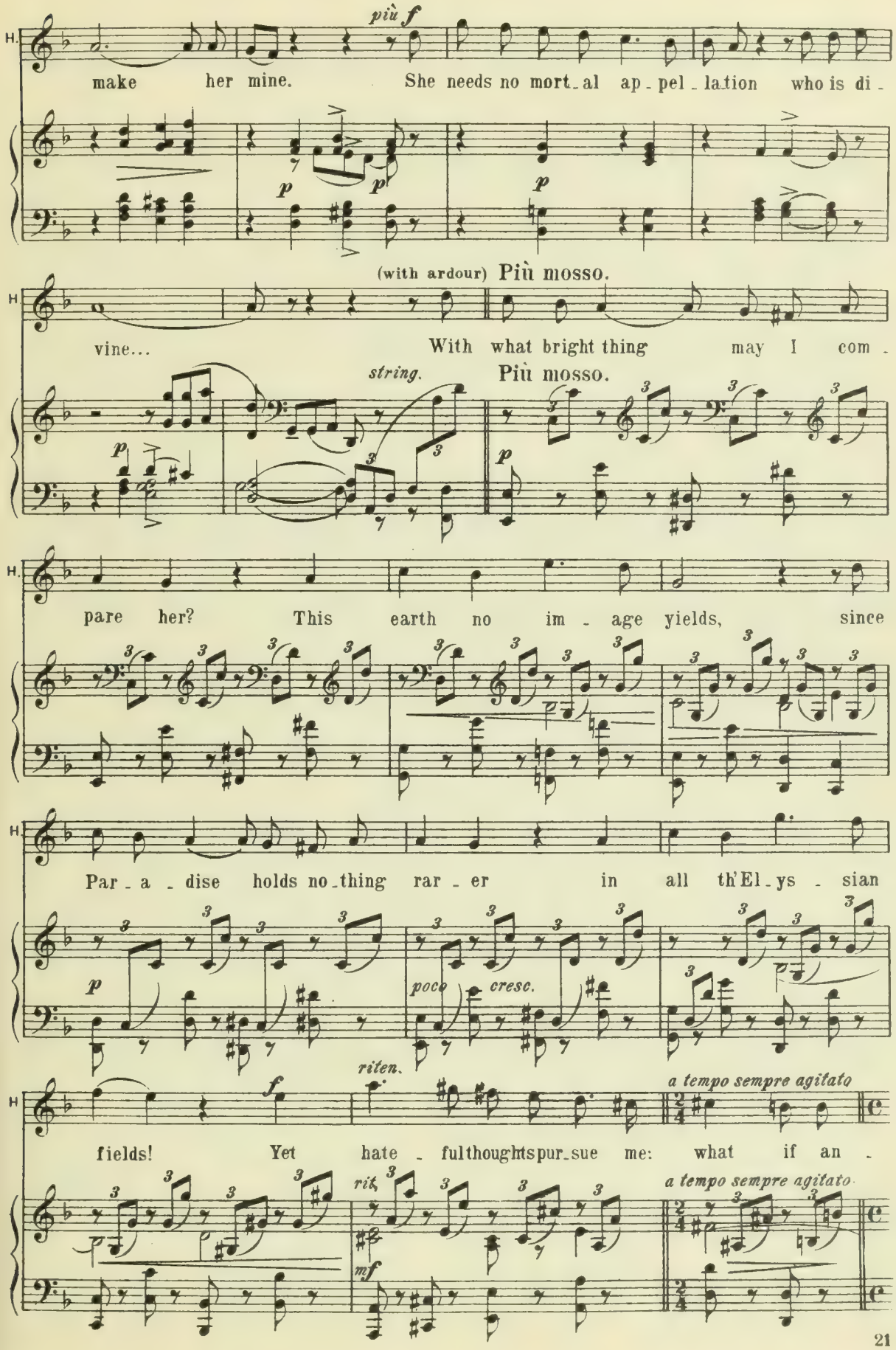

gal-lantly as men!
Brave sol-dier boys,
march on-ward,
p
pp
brave soldier
boys!
brave soldier boys!
(Exeunt. The other children also follow the boy-soldiers. The Nurses and Governesses disperse, making room for other promenaders.)
p
pp
pp
Alto.
Cor.
Cl.
ppp
(Enter Tchekalins. & Sourin.)

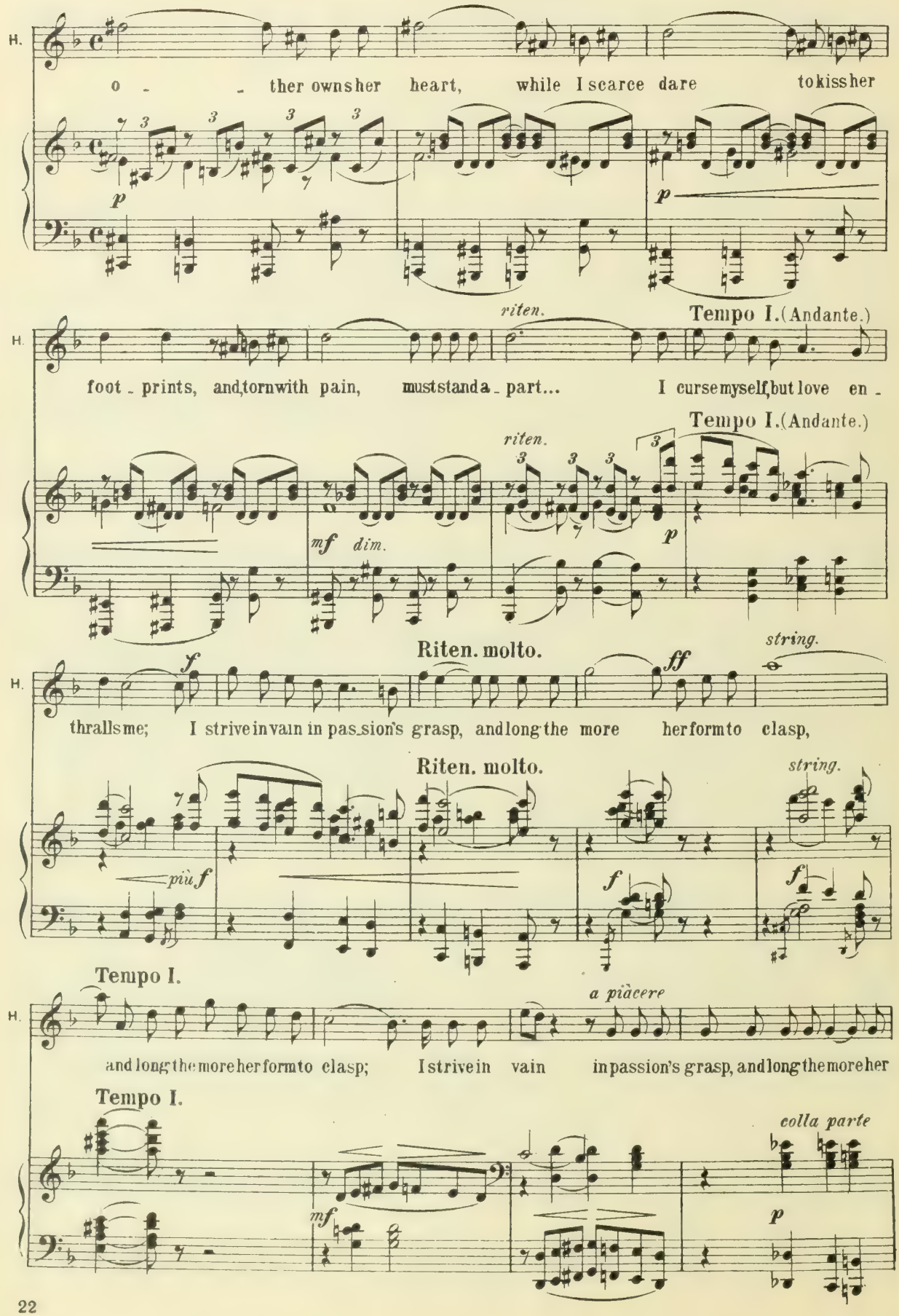

Moderato.
Recit.
TCHEKALINSKY.
What luck hadyou last night at cards?
Recit.
SOURIN.
Moderato.
Of course, I lost no end of mon - ey!
PIANO.
p
TCHEK.
SOUR.
S.
I have no luck. You kept it up, no doubt, till day - light? Yes, before t'was over,
p
mf
TCHEK:
SOUR.
S.
howbored I was! Dev - il take it, I was quite clear'dout! Was Hermanthere? Yes! He
p
f
in tempo
S.
sat as us - ual there,thewholenight long,till dawn,One might supposethey nail'd him to theboards,and
p
TCHEK.
SOUR.
TCHEK.
S.
drank, but ne - verspoke a word. Wasthat all? He watch'dhow oth - er people played. Ah,
mf


SOUR.
T.
what a cur_ious man he is! As though he had an e_vil con_science, op_press'd by
p
TCHEK.
SOUR.
Andte(♩=72)
S.
man _ y past mis_deeds. I've heard it said, he has no money. True, he is poor.
Andante.
mf
p espr.
(Enter Herman, dreamy and melancholy, together with Count Tomsky.)
(Exit Sourin and Tchek.)
S.
See, there he comes! He looks like some lost soul, so ghast_ly.
Ob.
p
più f
p
Ob.
HERMAN.
Why, no_thing, all is well...
TOMSKY.
Come, tell me, Her_man, what's the matter?
What ails you?
p


H.
No - thing at all.
T.
But you have alt - er'd, Her - man, now, you seem un - happy.
p
T.
You were a care - ful, steady lad, but chee - ry too, and full of
p
T.
spir - its; but now you're gloom - y, tac - it - turn, — and I can scarce be -
mf
T.
lieve mine ears; 'tis said your passion's all for cards; that all the night you sit and play, till sun - rise
p

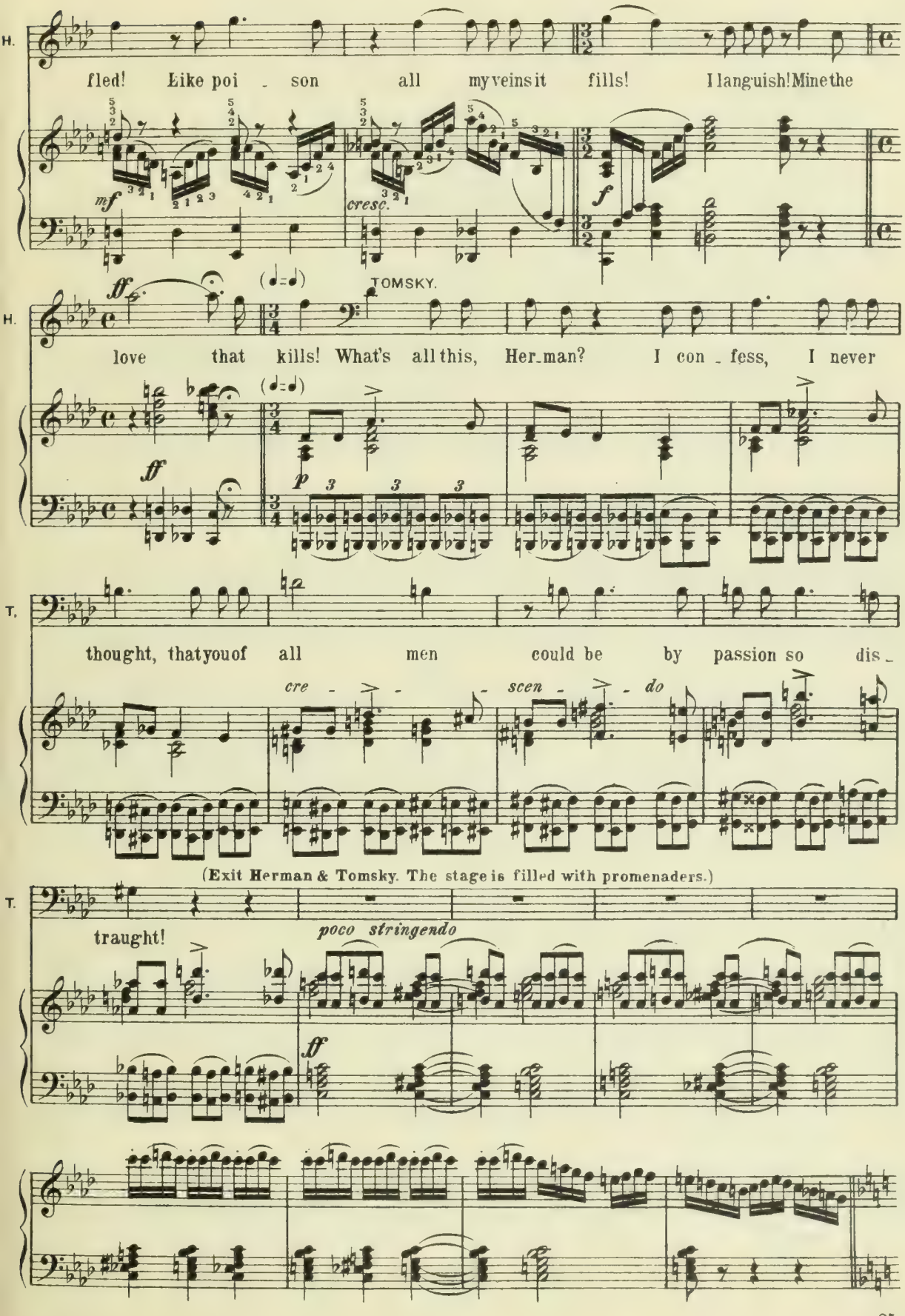

Andante. (♩ = 72)
HERMAN.
T.
finds you at the tables.
True!
Now no long - er can I
Andante.
p
H.
tread life's beaten path - ways as in the past.
I know not what has come to me.
p
più f
H.
Conscious of ru - in, and resent - ing my weakness, yet I lack the power to check my down - fall.
p
TOMSKY.
H.
I am in love,
in love!
What!
you in love?
With
mf
HERMAN. dolce
T.
whom?
I
have not learnt her name
or
sta - tion.
Nor sought to
p
p


H.
più f
make her mine. She needs no mort_al ap_pel_lation who is di_
p
p
p
(with ardour) Più mosso.
H
vine... With what bright thing may I com_
string.
Più mosso.
p
p
H.
pare her? This earth no im_age yields, since
H
Par_a_dise holds no_thing rar_er in all th'El_ys_sian
p
poco cresc.
riten.
f
a tempo sempre agitato
H
fields! Yet hate_ful thoughts pur_sue me: what if an_
rit.
mf
a tempo sempre agitato

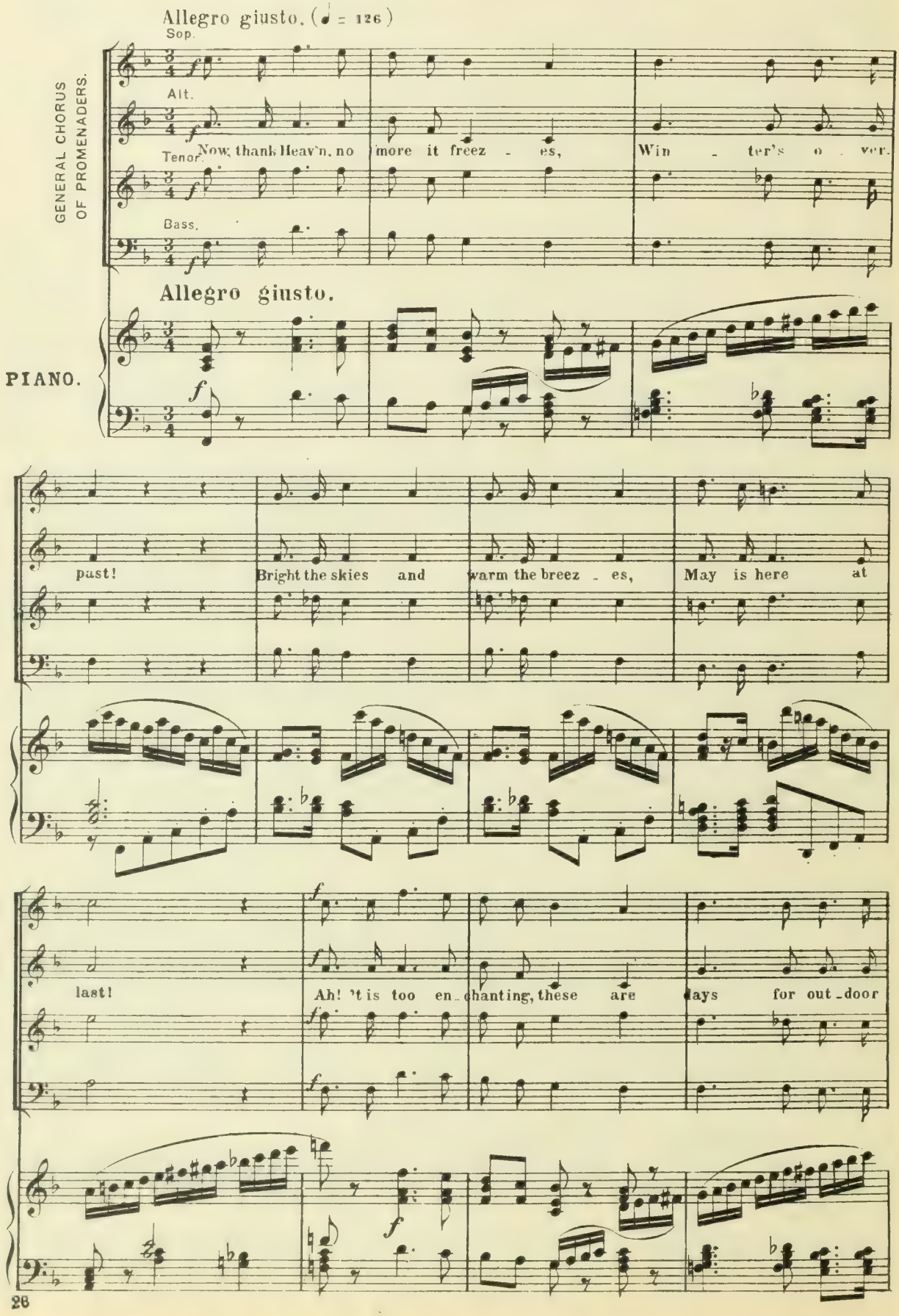

H.
o - - ther owns her heart, while I scarce dare to kiss her
p
p
riten.
Tempo I. (Andante.)
H.
foot - prints, and torn with pain, must stand a - part... I curse myself, but love en -
Tempo I. (Andante.)
riten.
mf dim.
p
Riten. molto.
string.
H.
f
ff
thralls me; I strive in vain in pas_sion's grasp, and long the more her form to clasp,
Riten. molto.
string.
più f
f
f
Tempo I.
a piàcere
H.
and long the more her form to clasp; I strive in vain in passion's grasp, and long the more her
Tempo I.
colla parte
mf
p

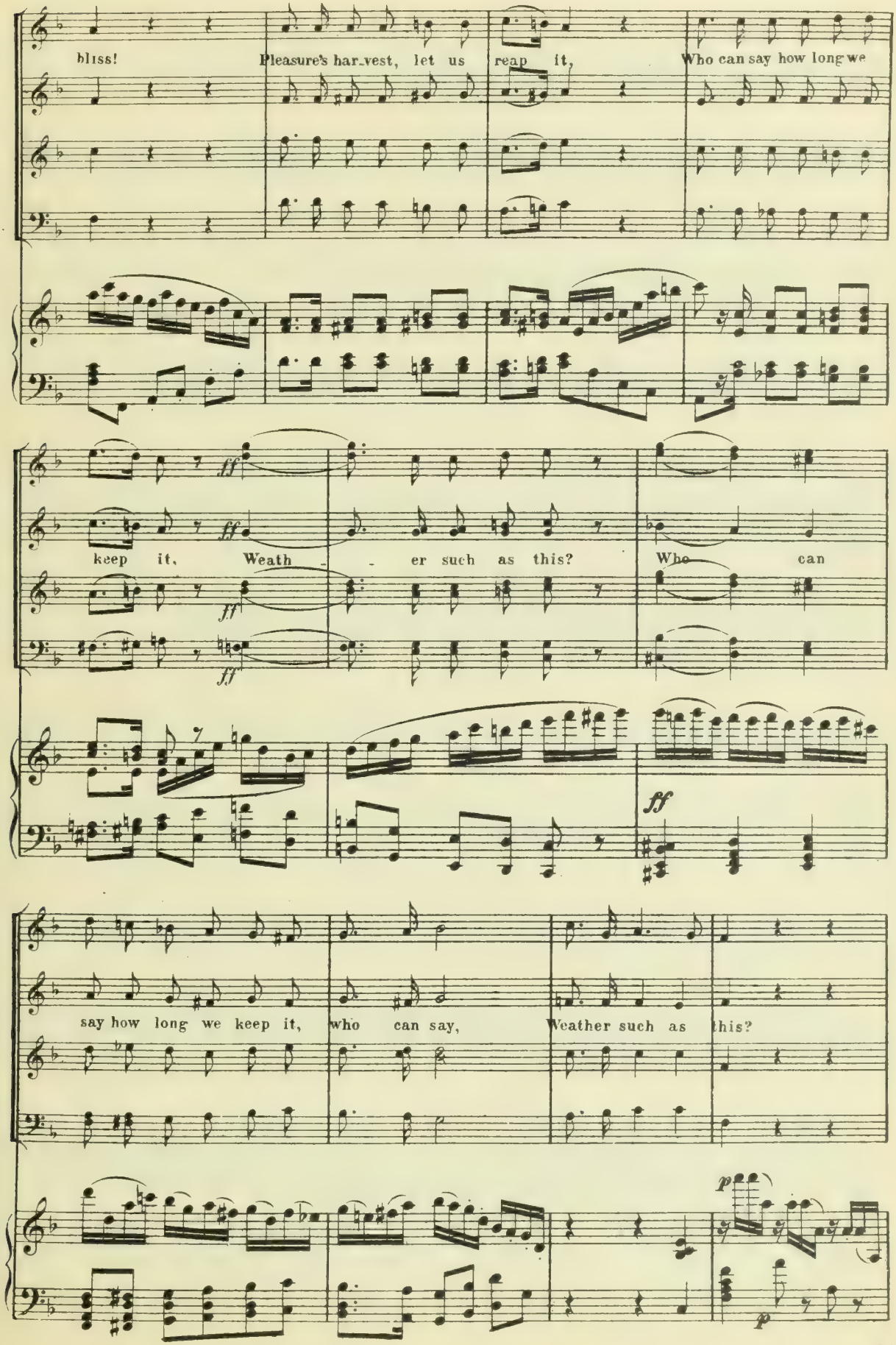

riten.
Adagio.
H.
form to clasp! I have not learnt her name or sta - tion, Nor sought to make her
riten.
Adagio.
TOMSKY. Allegro non troppo. (♩ = 108)
H
mine! If things are so, my friend, you'ld
Allegro non troppo.
T
better make haste to learn her name, then start to woo by signal and by let - ter and boldly claim her
HERMAN.
T.
heart... Ah no, a - las! Too high her state, to me she never will be grant - ed!
TOMSKY.
riten.
H.
These are the fears by which I'm haunted! Well, there are others, girls to pick and choose from.
riten.

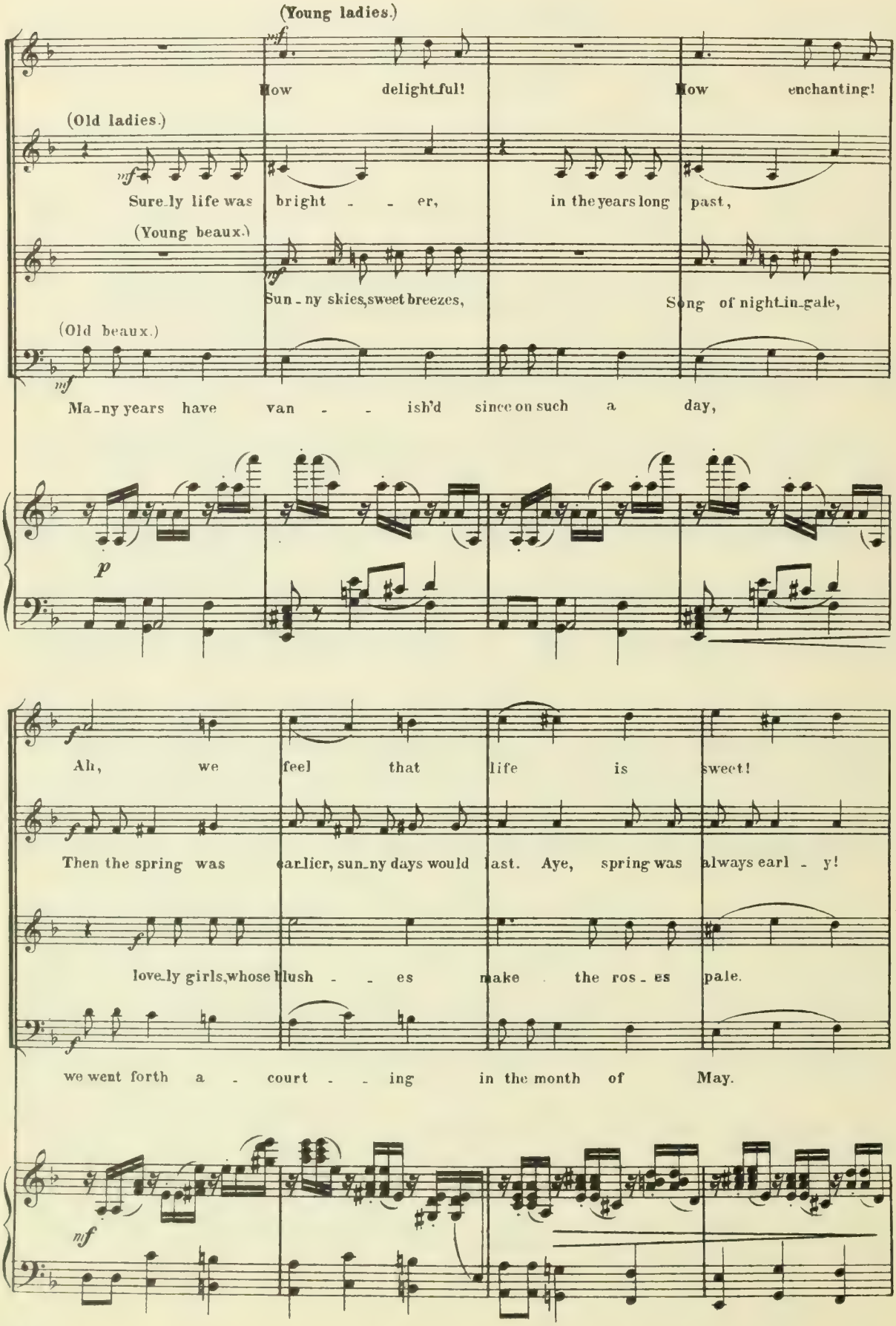

HERMAN
Pep.
Poco più vivo. (♩ = 116)
f
Ah! you know me lit - tle! My love for her will never
Poco più vivo.
Cl.
mf
H.
cease! Nay, Tom - sky! Vows are not so brit - tle!
Once I knew hap-pi-ness and peace, in days e'er passion had possess'd me, my
Fl.
p
spi - rit was by reas-on led, But since this ard-ent dream ob-sess'd me With
più f
cre
vis ions strange, my rest has fled, my rest has
ff
scen - do
f


H.
fled! Like poi - son all my veins it fills! I languish! Mine the
mf
cresc.
f
ff
(♩=♩)
TOMSKY.
H.
love that kills! What's all this, Her-man? I con - fess, I never
ff
(♩=♩)
p
T.
thought, that you of all men could be by passion so dis -
cre - scen - do
(Exit Herman & Tomsky. The stage is filled with promenaders.)
T.
traught!
poco stringendo
ff

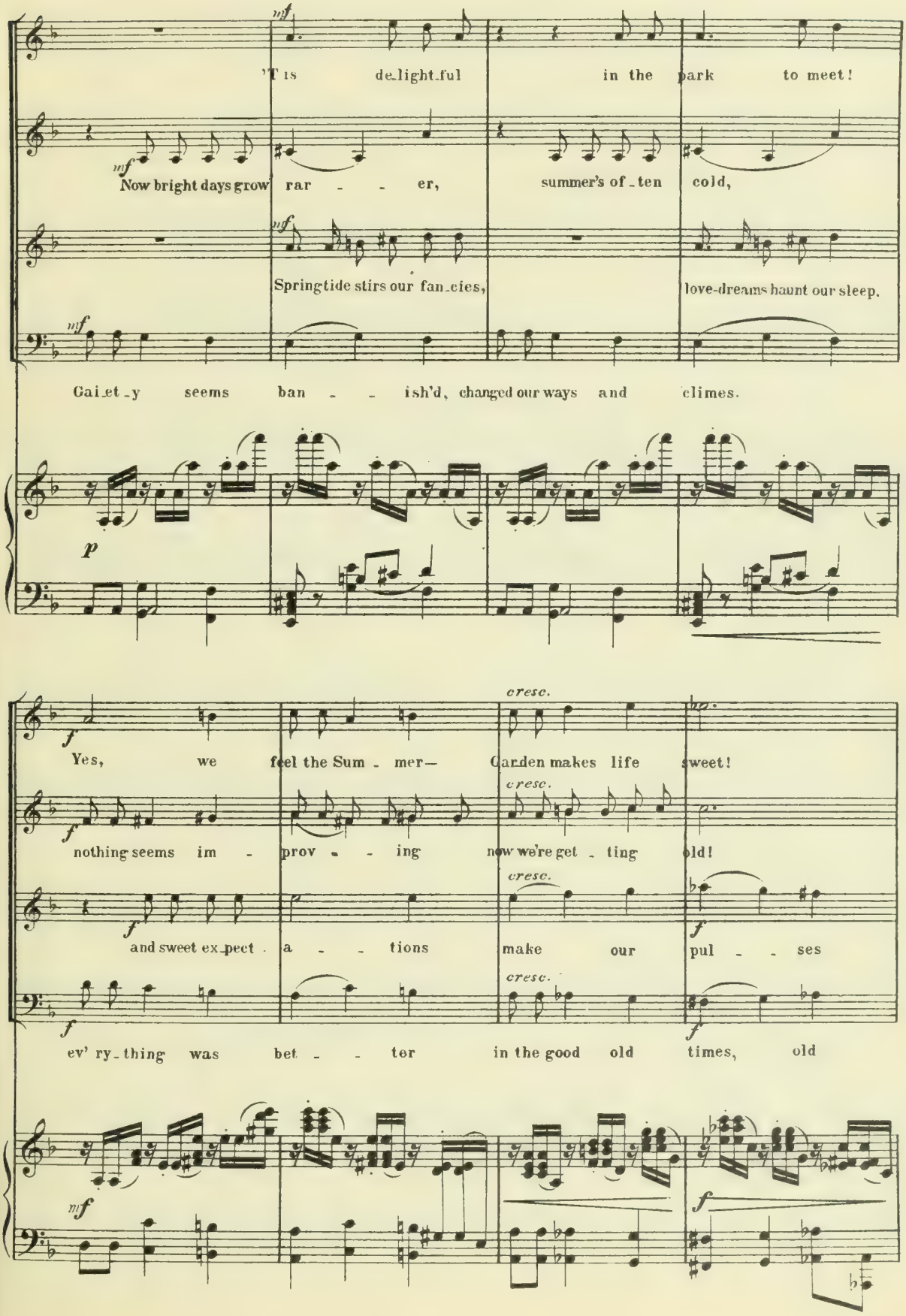
№ 3. Chorus of Promenaders. Scene.

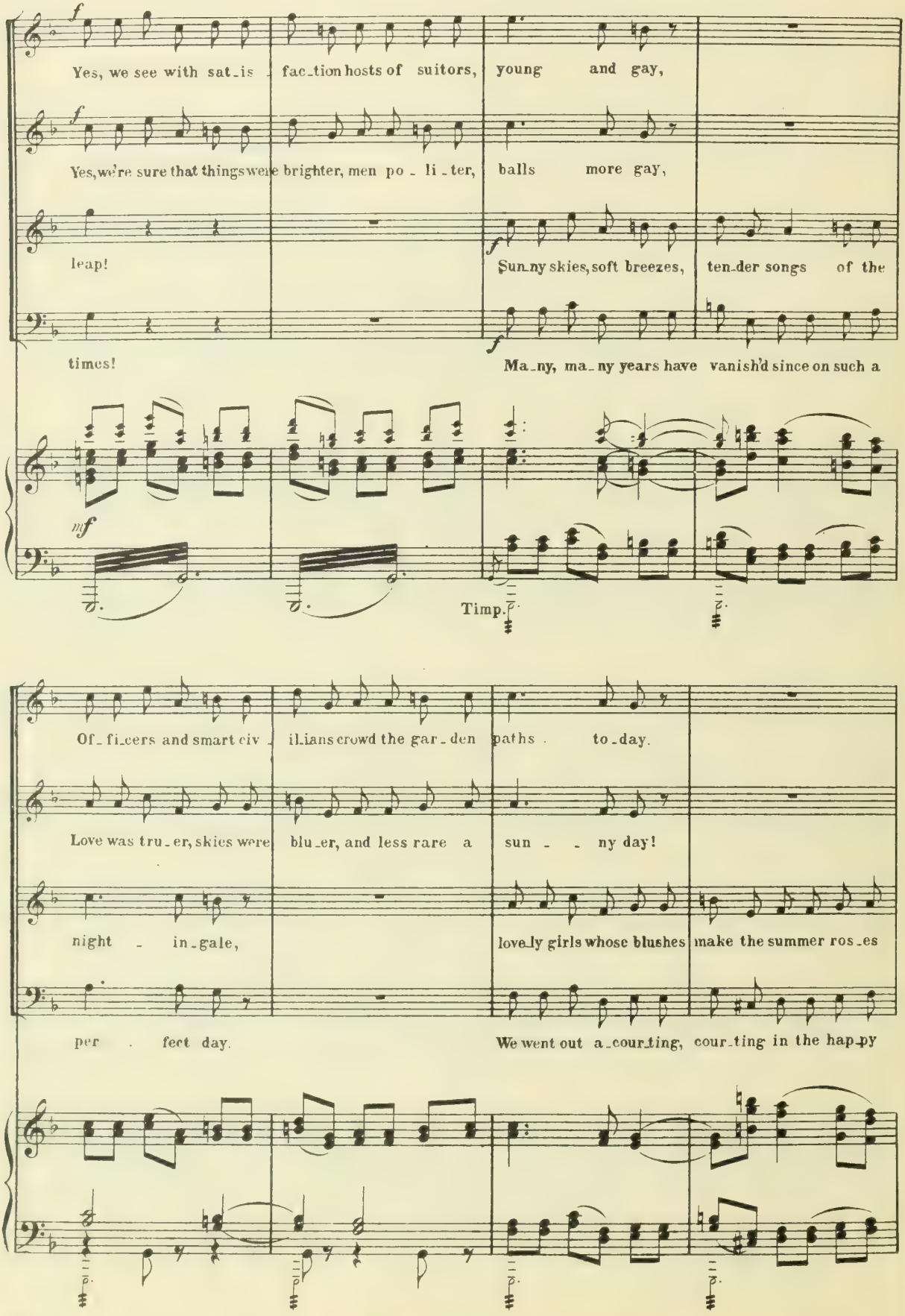


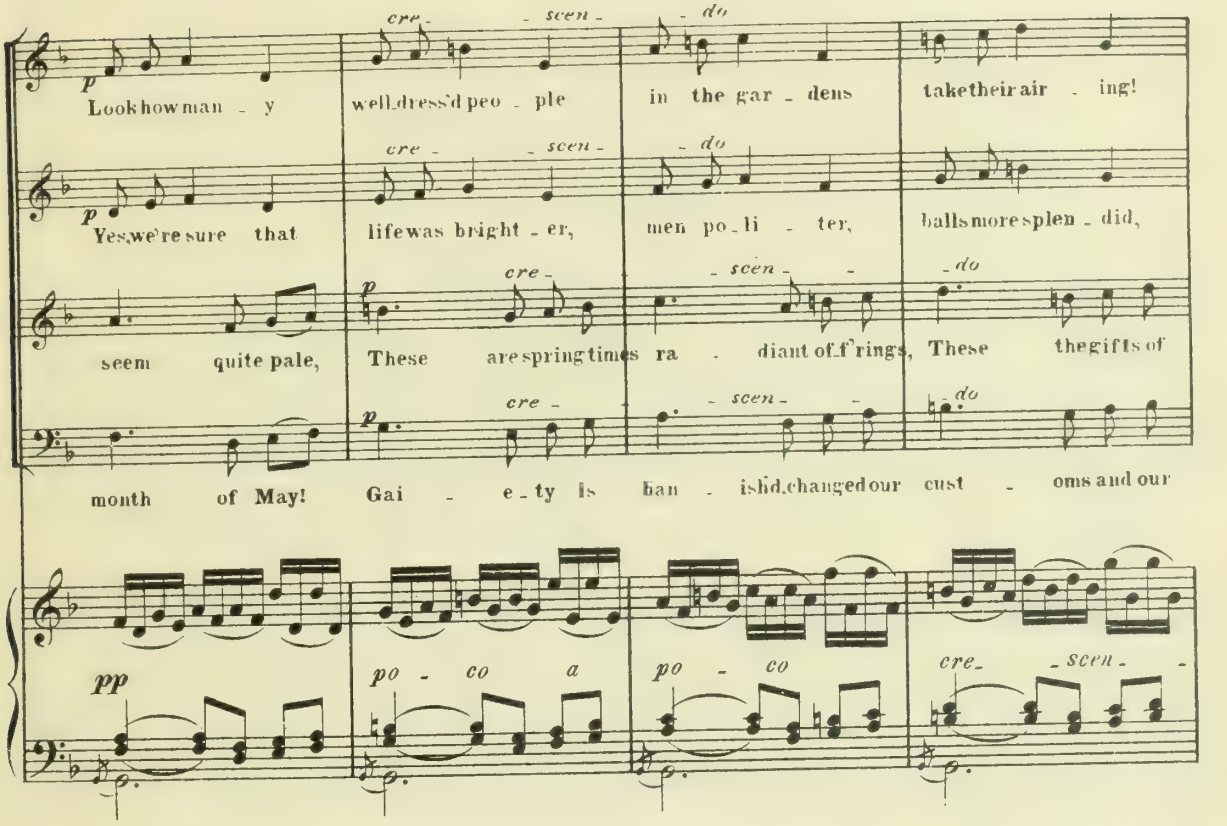

bliss! Pleasure's har-vest, let us reap it, Who can say how long we
keep it, Weath - - er such as this? Who can
ff
say how long we keep it, who can say, Weather such as this?
p

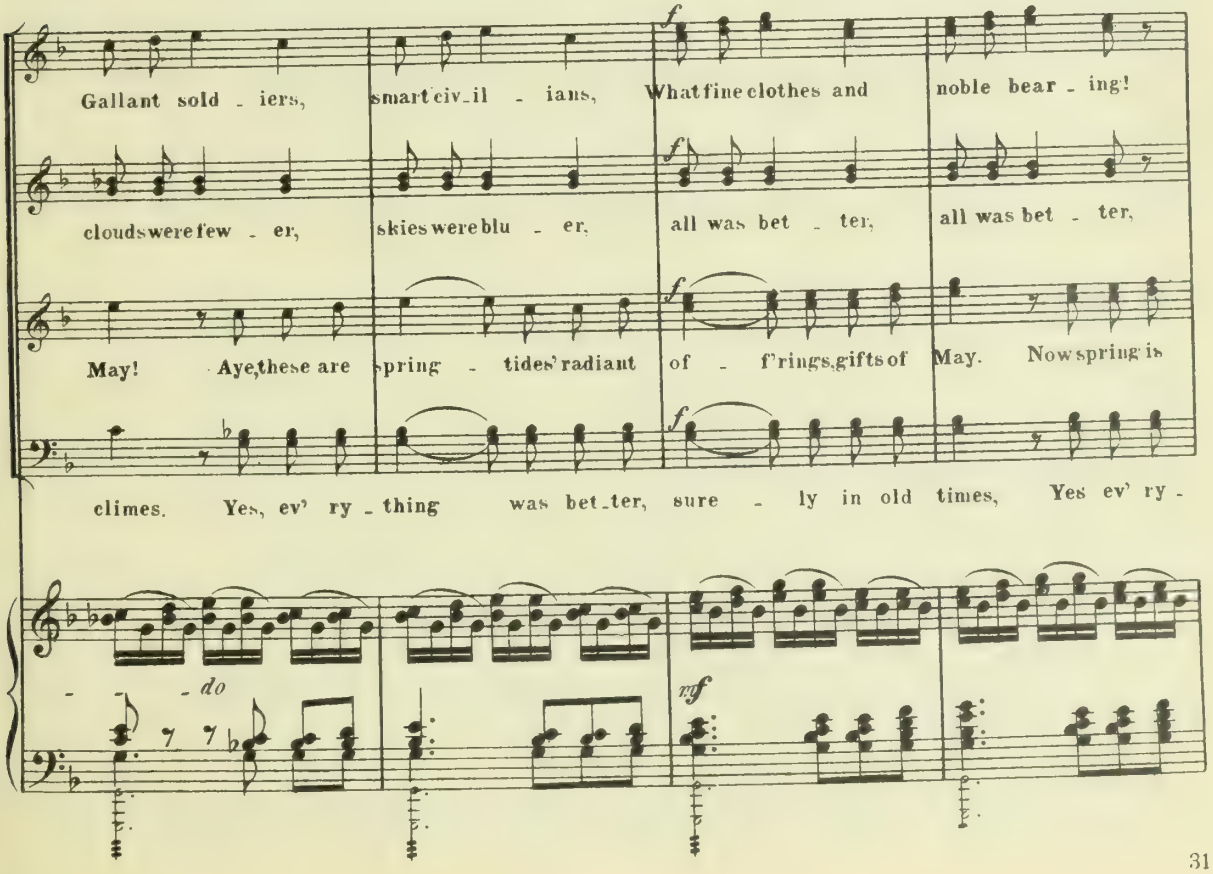

(Young ladies.)
mf
How delight-ful! How enchanting!
(Old ladies.)
mf
Sure-ly life was bright - - er, in the years long past,
(Young beaux.)
mf
Sun-ny skies, sweet breezes, Song of night-in-gale,
(Old beaux.)
mf
Ma-ny years have van - - ish'd since on such a day,
p
f
Ah, we feel that life is sweet!
f
Then the spring was ear-lier, sun-ny days would last. Aye, spring was always earl - y!
f
love-ly girls, whose blush - - es make the ros - es pale.
f
we went forth a - court - - ing in the month of May.
mf

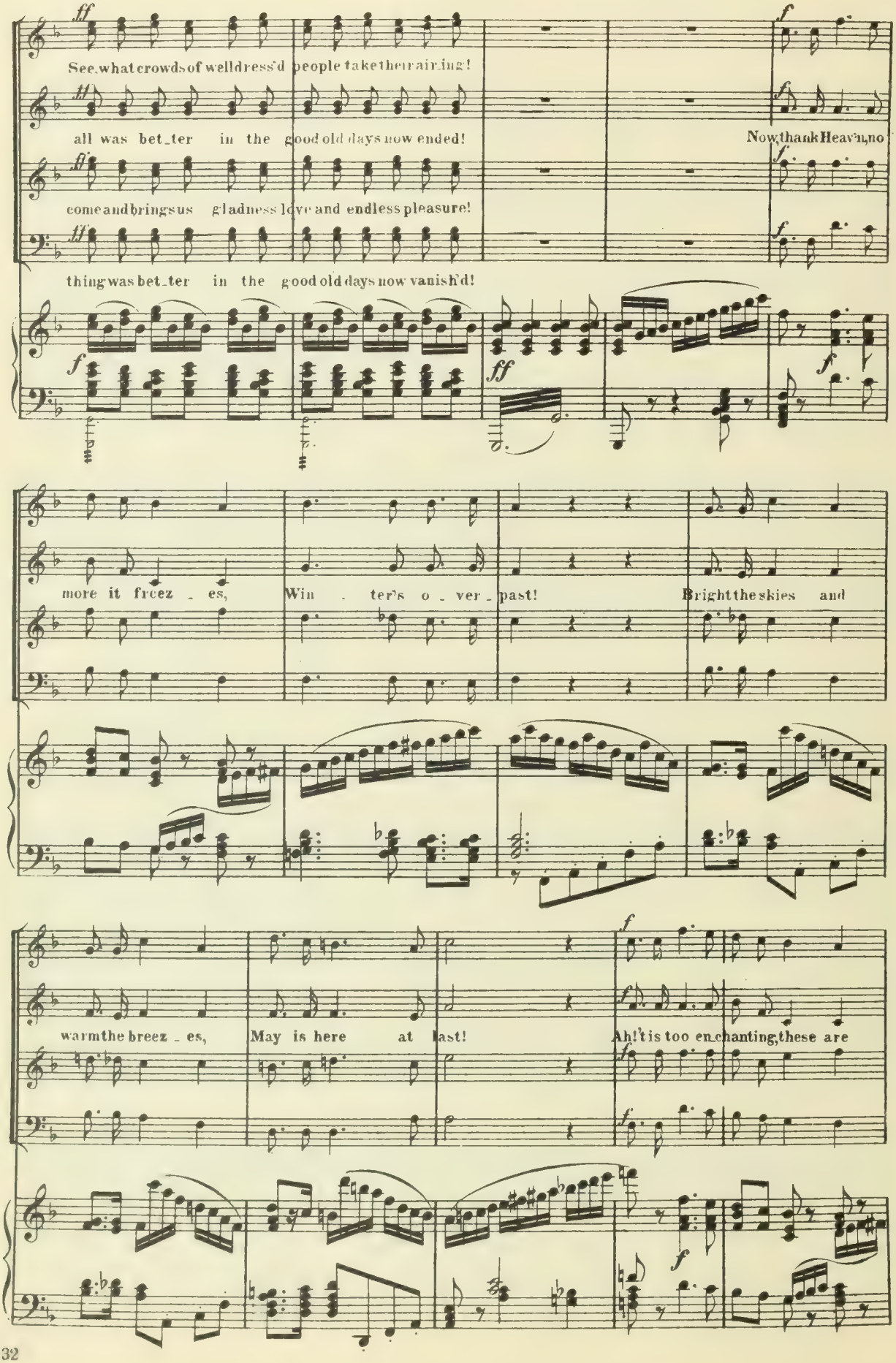
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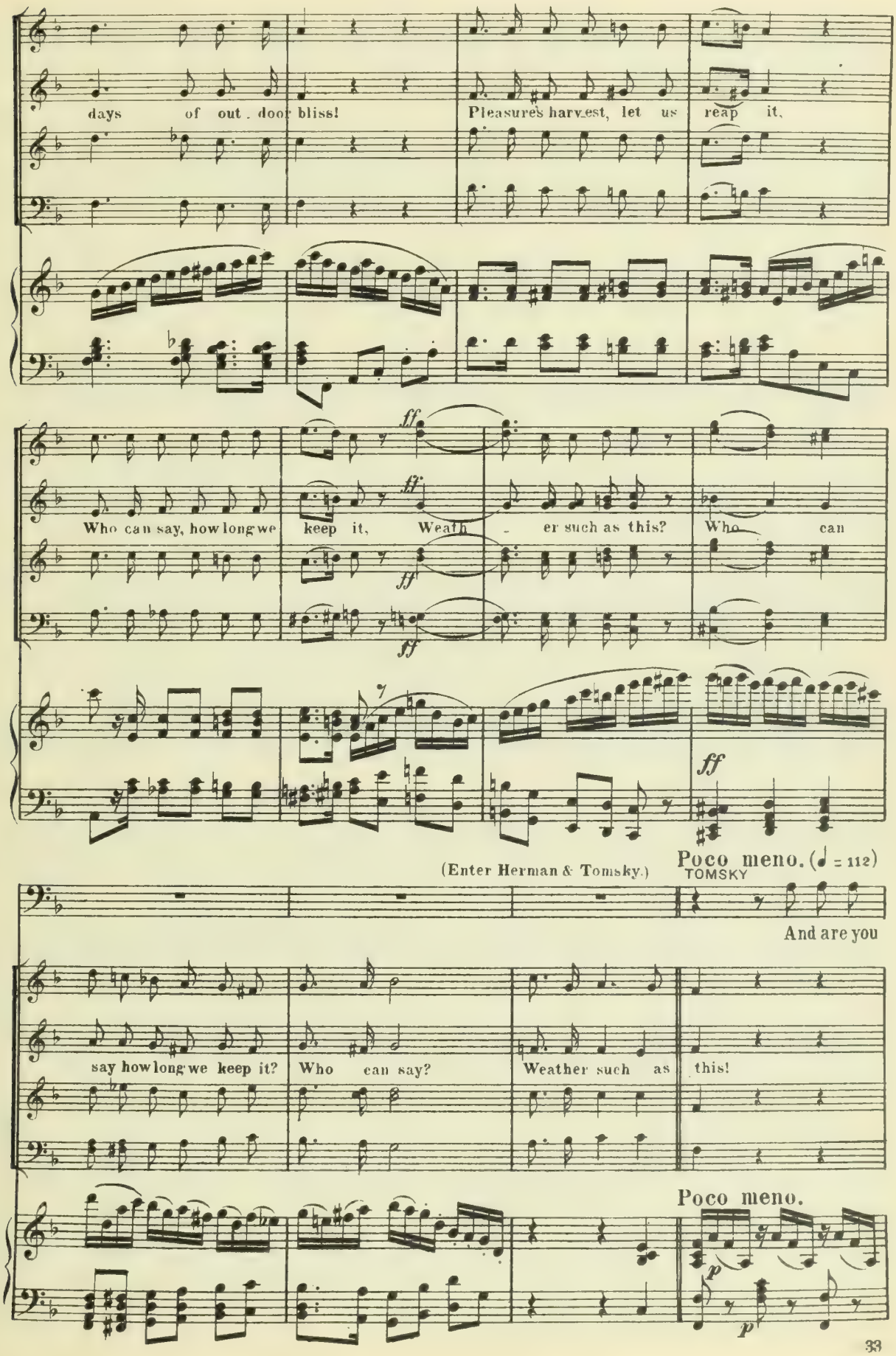

mf
'T is de-light-ful in the park to meet!
mf
Now bright days grow rar - - er, summer's of-ten cold,
mf
Spring-tide stirs our fan-cies, love-dreams haunt our sleep.
mf
Gai-et-y seems ban - - ish'd, changed our ways and climes.
p
cresc.
f
Yes, we feel the Sum - mer— Garden makes life sweet!
cresc.
f
nothing seems im - prov - - ing now we're get-ting old!
cresc.
f
and sweet ex-pect - a - - tions make our pul - - ses
cresc.
f
f
ev' ry-thing was bet - - ter in the good old times, old
mf
f

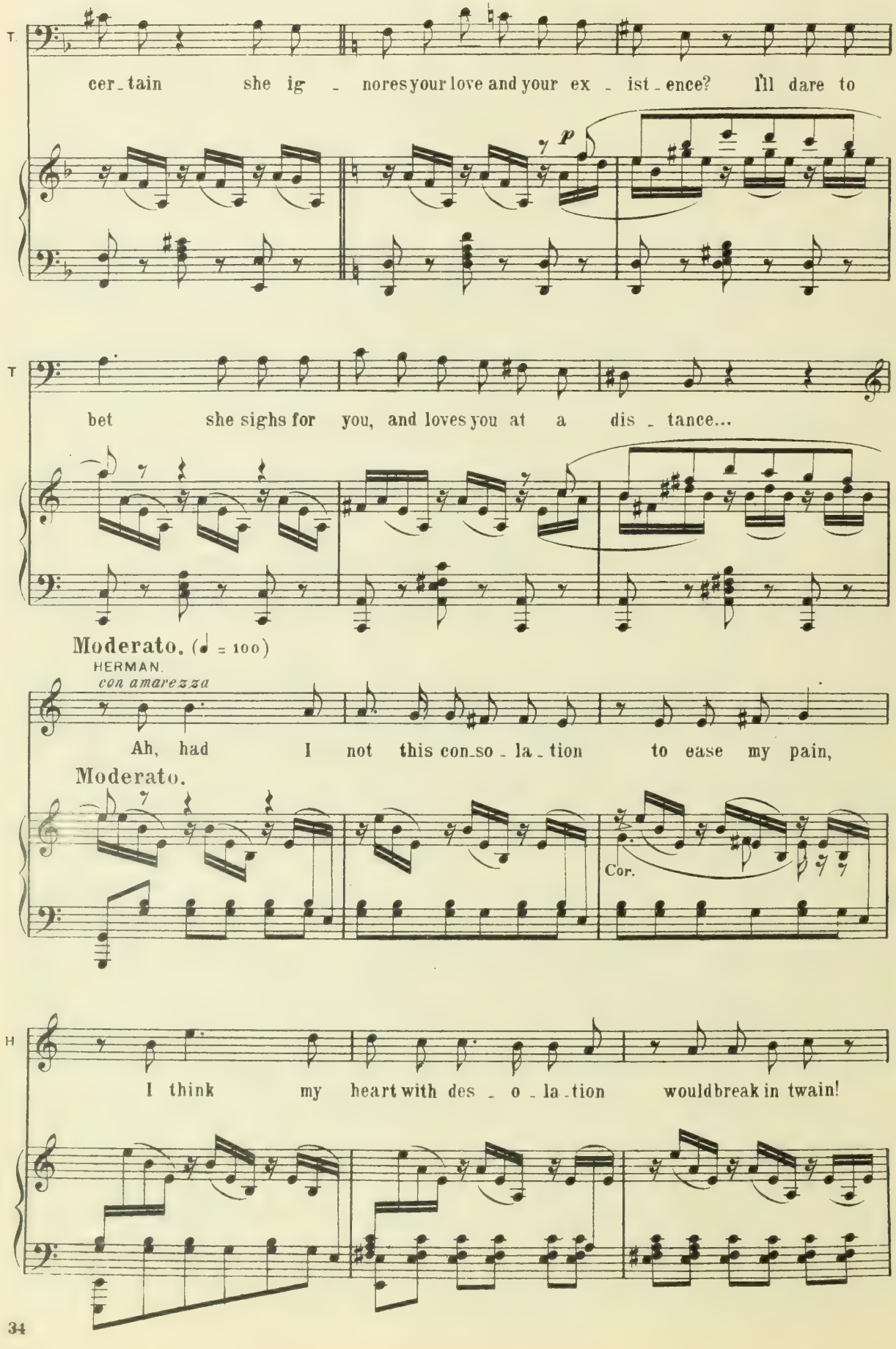

Yes, we see with sat_is_fac_tion hosts of suitors, young and gay,
Yes, we're sure that things were brighter, men po_li_ter, balls more gay,
leap!
Sun_ny skies, soft breezes, ten_der songs of the
times!
Ma_ny, ma_ny years have vanish'd since on such a
Timp.
Of_fi_cers and smart civ_il_ians crowd the gar_den paths to_day.
Love was tru_er, skies were blu_er, and less rare a sun_ny day!
night_in_gale,
love_ly girls whose blushes make the summer ros_es
per_fect day.
We went out a_cour_ting, cour_ting in the hap_py

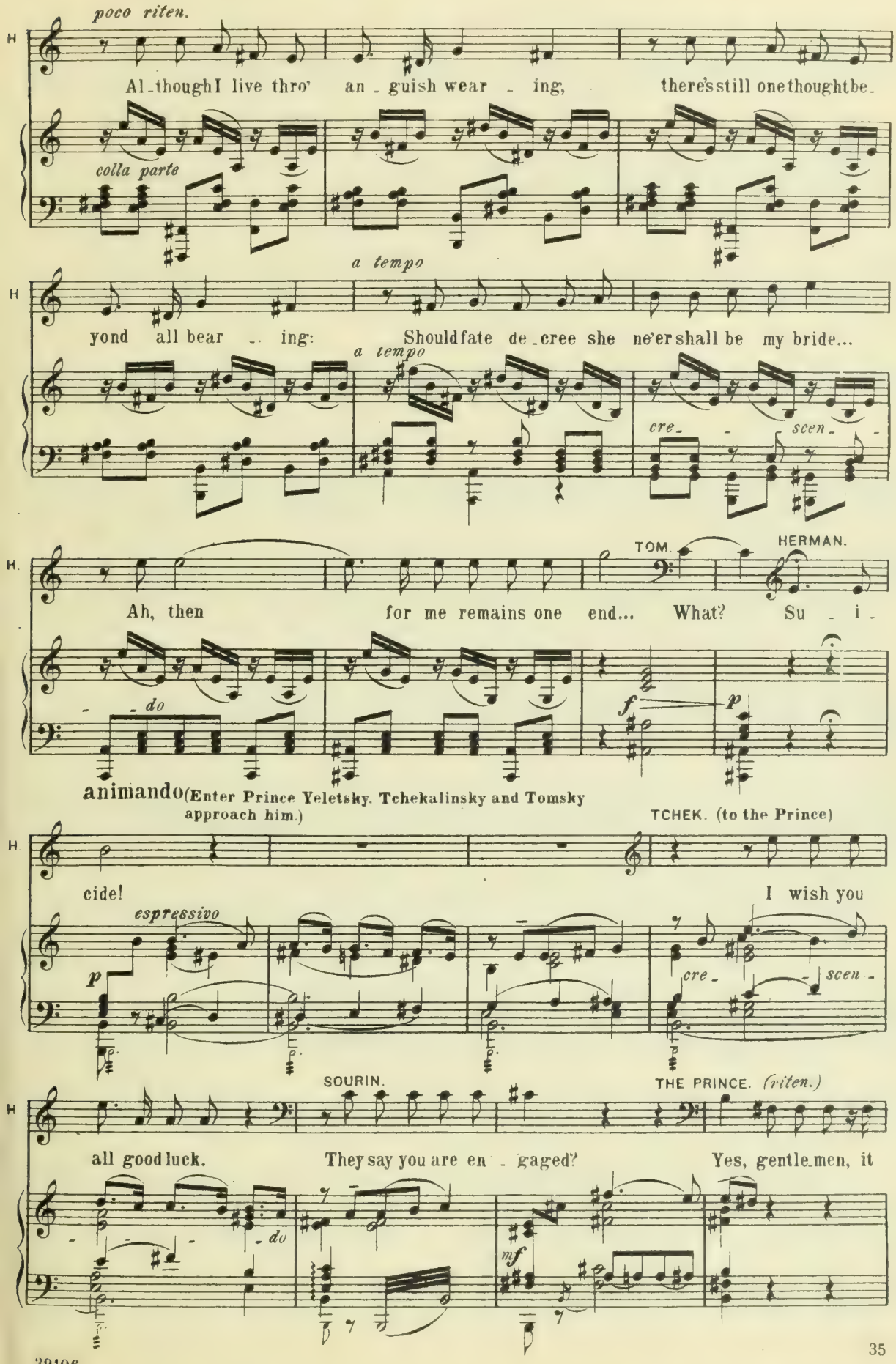

p
Look how man - y well dress'd peo - ple in the gar - dens take their air - ing!
cre - scen - do
Yes, we're sure that life was bright - er, men po - li - ter, balls more splen - did,
seem quite pale, These are spring times ra - diant off'rings, These the gifts of
month of May! Gai - e - ty is ban - ished, changed our cust - oms and our
pp
po - co a
po - co
cre - scen - do

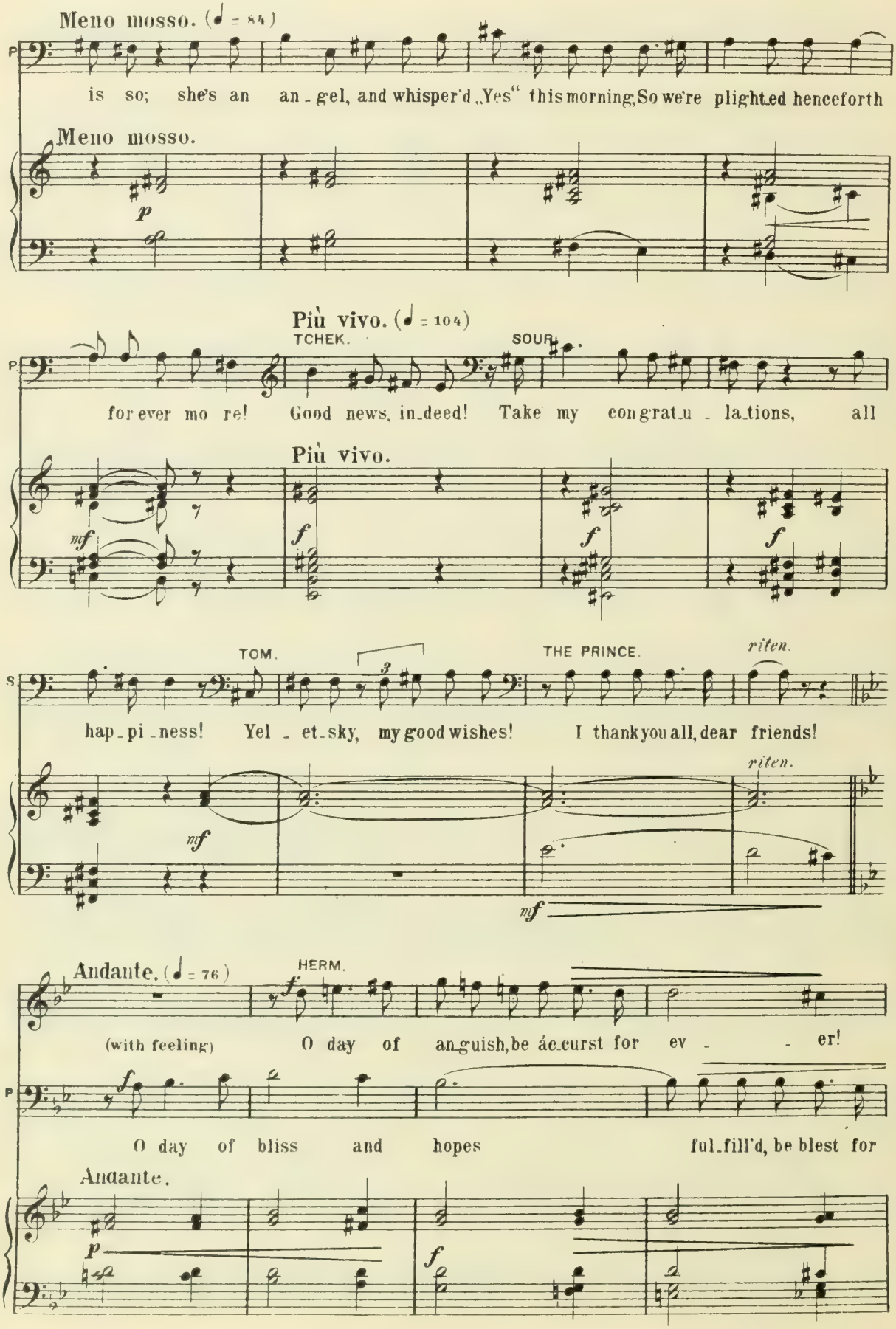

f
Gallant sold - iers, smart civ - il - ians, What fine clothes and noble bear - ing!
cloud's were few - er, skies were blu - er, all was bet - ter, all was bet - ter,
May! Aye, these are spring - tides' radiant of - f'rings, gifts of May. Now spring is
climes. Yes, ev' ry - thing was bet - ter, sure - ly in old times, Yes ev' ry -
do
mf

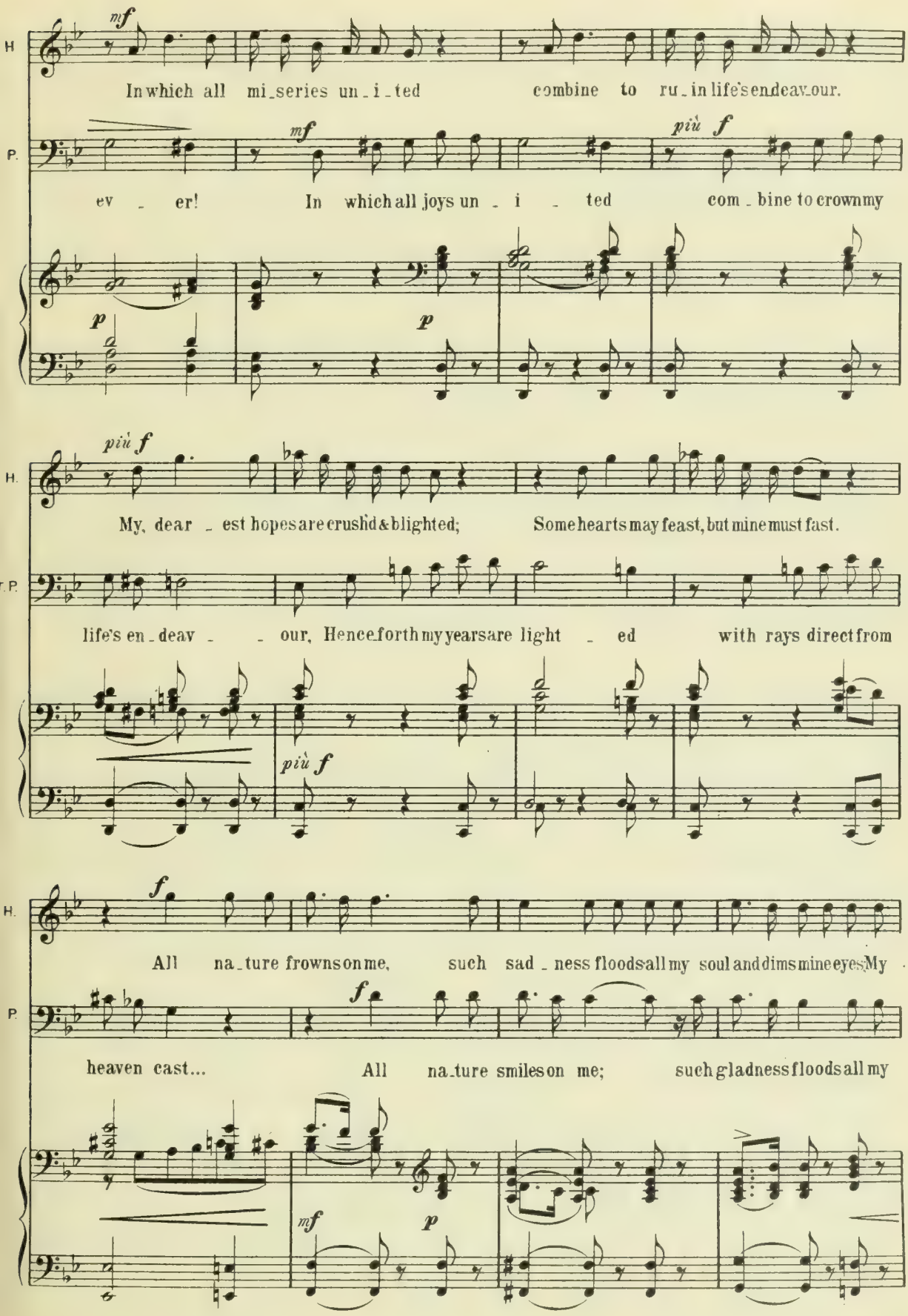

See what crowds of well dress'd people take their air_ing!
all was bet_ter in the good old days now ended!
Now thank Heav'n, no
come and brings us gladness love and endless pleasure!
thing was bet_ter in the good old days now vanish'd!
more it freez_es, Win_ter's o_ver_past! Bright the skies and
warm the breez_es, May is here at last! Ah! 't is too en_chanting, these are

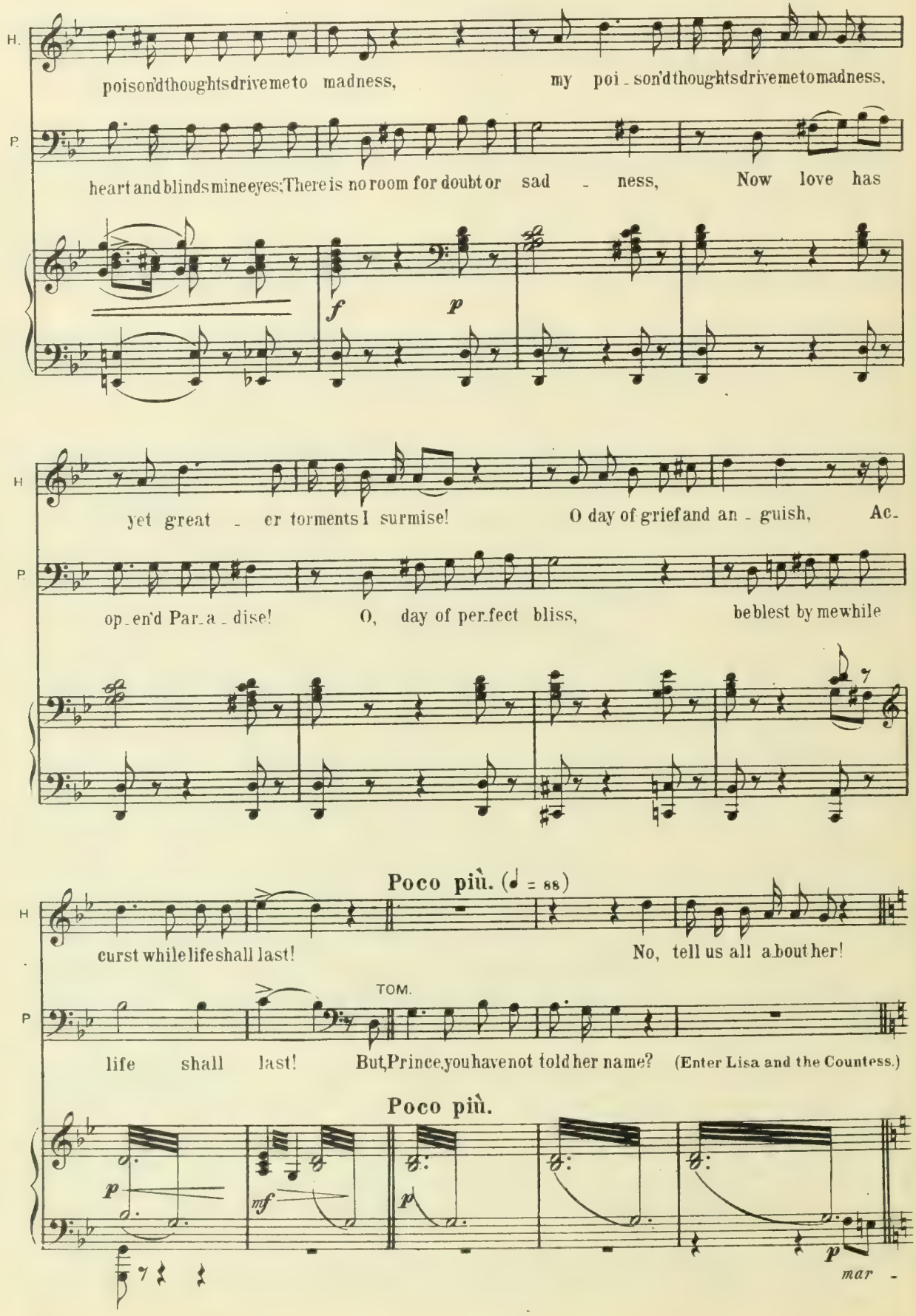

days of out . door bliss!
Pleasures harvest, let us reap it,
Who can say, how long we keep it, Weath - er such as this? Who can
ff
ff
ff
ff
ff
(Enter Herman & Tomsky.)
Poco meno. (♩ = 112)
TOMSKY
And are you
say how long we keep it? Who can say? Weather such as this!
Poco meno.
p
p

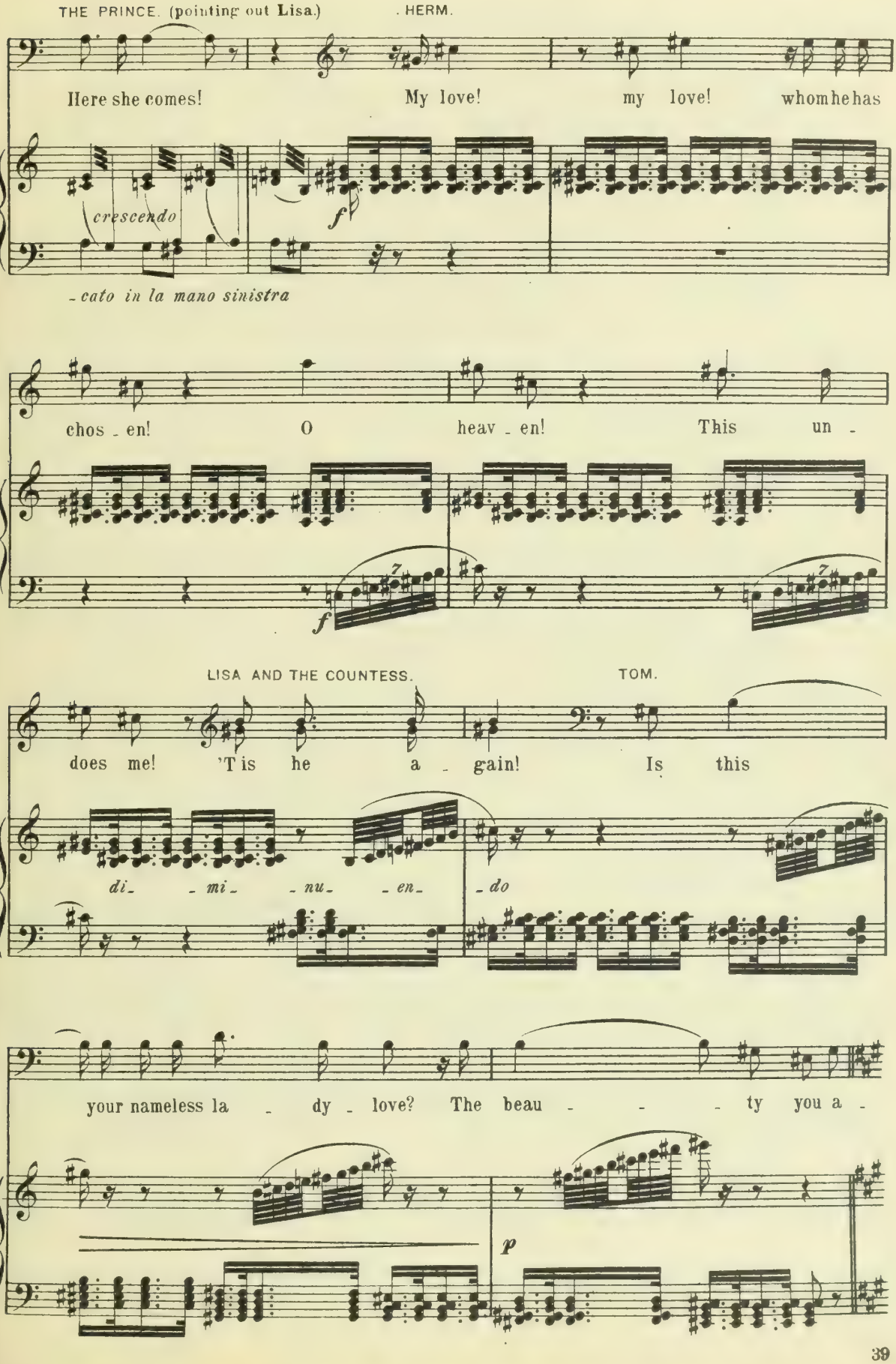

T.
cer_tain she ig _ nores your love and your ex _ ist _ ence? I'll dare to
p
T
bet she sighs for you, and loves you at a dis _ tance...
Moderato. (♩ = 100)
HERMAN.
con amarezza
Ah, had I not this con_so _ la _ tion to ease my pain,
Moderato.
Cor.
H
I think my heart with des _ o _ la _ tion would break in twain!

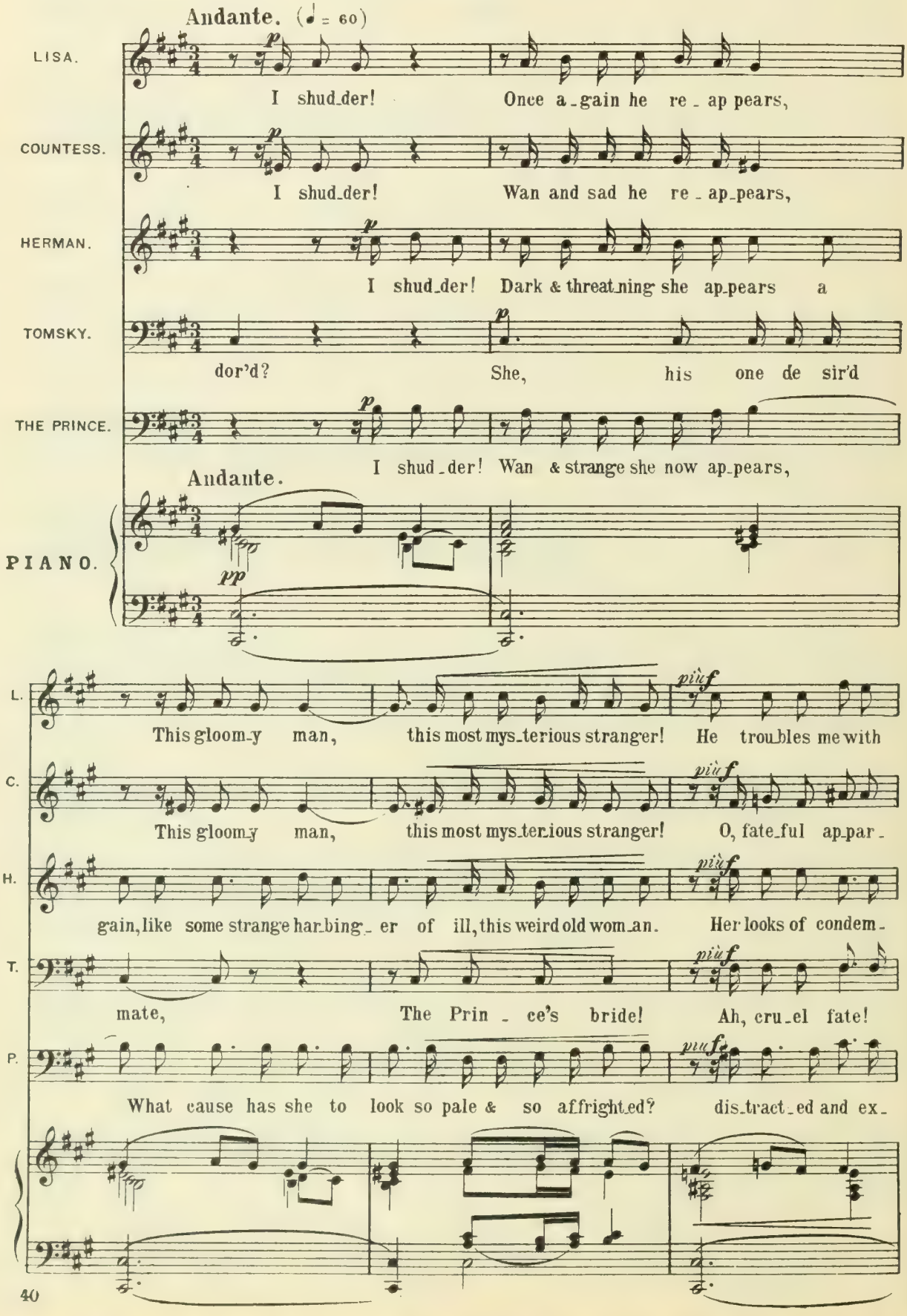

poco riten.
Al_though I live thro' an_guish wear_ing, there's still one thought be_
colla parte
a tempo
yond all bear_ing: Should fate de_cree she ne'er shall be my bride...
a tempo
cre_ scen_
TOM.
HERMAN.
Ah, then for me remains one end... What? Su_i_
do
f
p
animando (Enter Prince Yeletsky. Tchekalinsky and Tomsky approach him.)
TCHEK. (to the Prince)
cide! I wish you
espressivo
p
cre_ scen_
SOURIN.
THE PRINCE. (riten.)
all good luck. They say you are en_gaged? Yes, gentle_men, it
do
mf

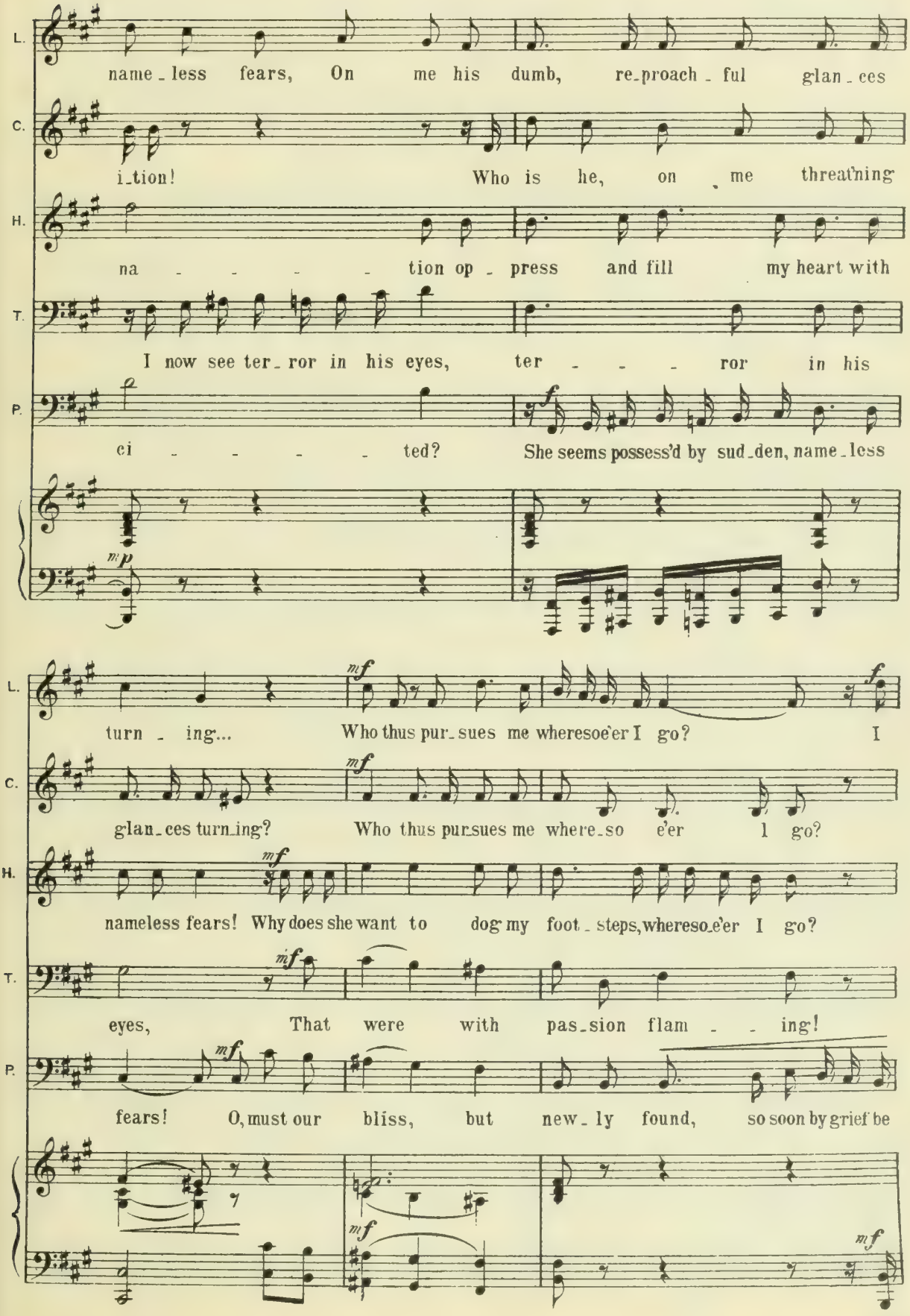

Meno mosso. (♩ = 84)
P
is so; she's an an_gel, and whisper'd „Yes" this morning; So we're plighted henceforth
Meno mosso.
p
Più vivo. (♩ = 104)
TCHEK.
SOUR.
P
for ever mo re! Good news, in_deed! Take my con grat_u _ la_tions, all
Più vivo.
mf
f
f
f
TOM.
THE PRINCE.
riten.
S
hap_pi _ness! Yel _ et_sky, my good wishes! I thank you all, dear friends!
riten.
mf
mf
Andante. (♩ = 76)
HERM.
f
(with feeling)
O day of an_guish, be ác_curst for ev _ _ er!
P
f
O day of bliss and hopes ful_fill'd, be blest for
Andante.
p
f

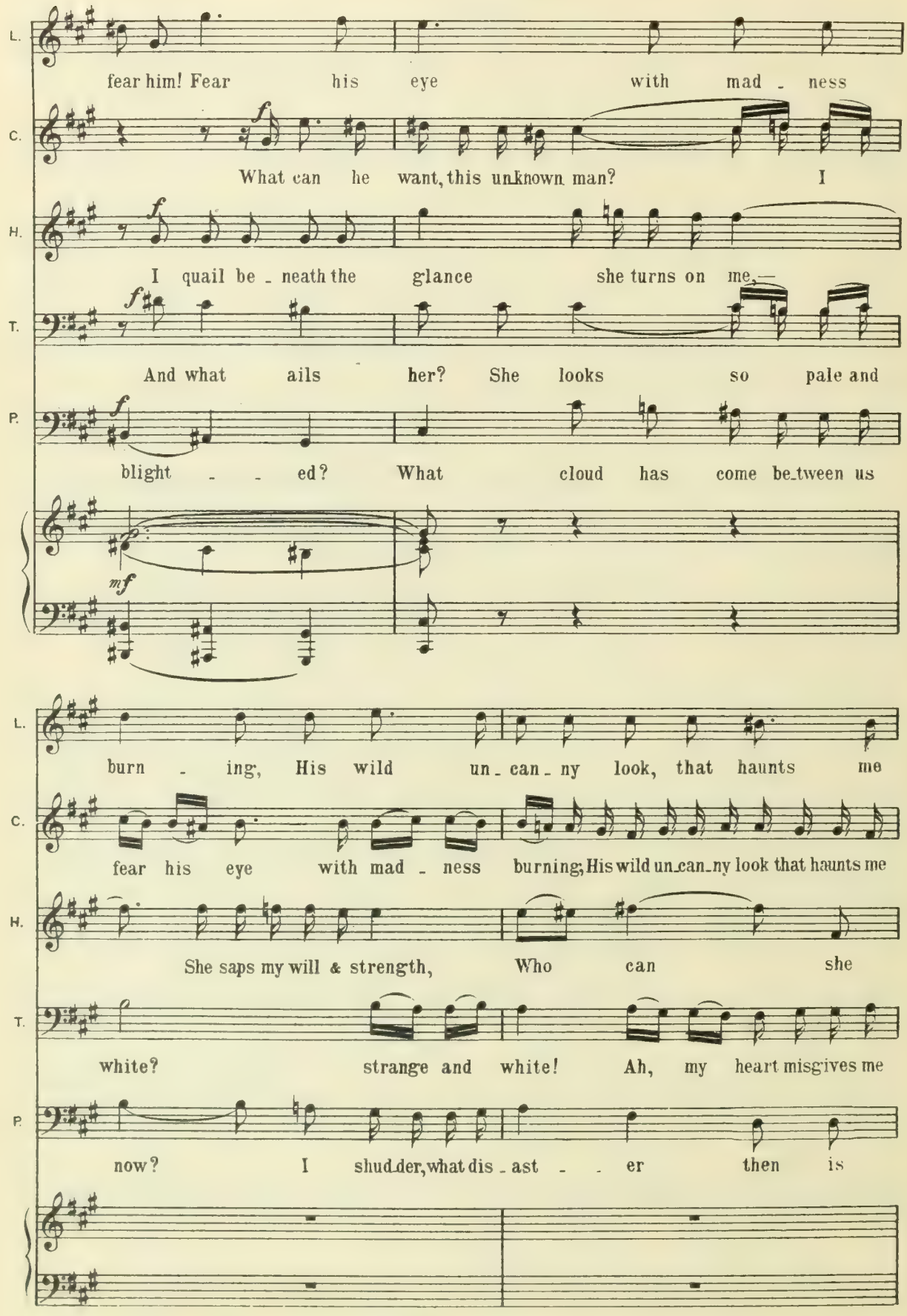

H
mf
In which all mi_series un_i_ted combine to ru_in life's endeav_our.
P.
mf
più f
ev _ er! In which all joys un _ i _ ted com _ bine to crown my
p
p
H.
più f
My, dear _ est hopes are crush'd & blighted; Some hearts may feast, but mine must fast.
T.P.
life's en_deav _ _ our, Hence_forth my years are light _ ed with rays direct from
più f
H.
f
All na_ture frowns on me, such sad _ ness floods all my soul and dims mine eyes. My
P.
f
heaven cast... All na_ture smiles on me; such gladness floods all my
mf
p

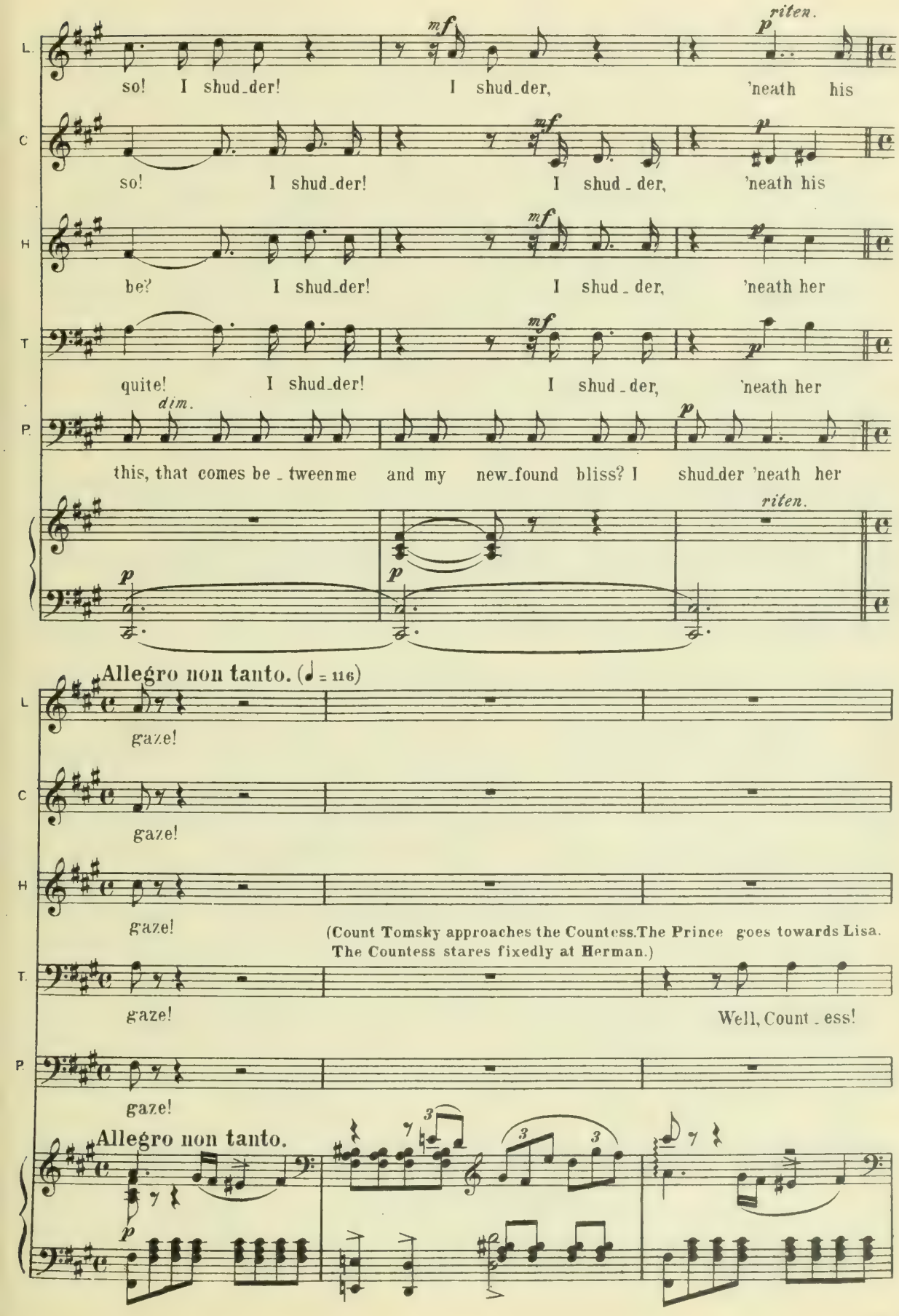

H.
P.
poison'd thoughts drive me to madness,
my poi - son'd thoughts drive me to madness,
heart and blinds mine eyes; There is no room for doubt or sad - ness,
Now love has
f
p
H
P
yet great - er torments I surmise!
O day of grief and an - guish,
Ac-
op - en'd Par - a - dise!
O, day of per-fect bliss,
be blest by me while
Poco più. (♩ = 88)
H
P
curst while life shall last!
No, tell us all about her!
TOM.
life shall last!
But, Prince, you have not told her name?
(Enter Lisa and the Countess.)
Poco più.
p
mf
p
p
mar -

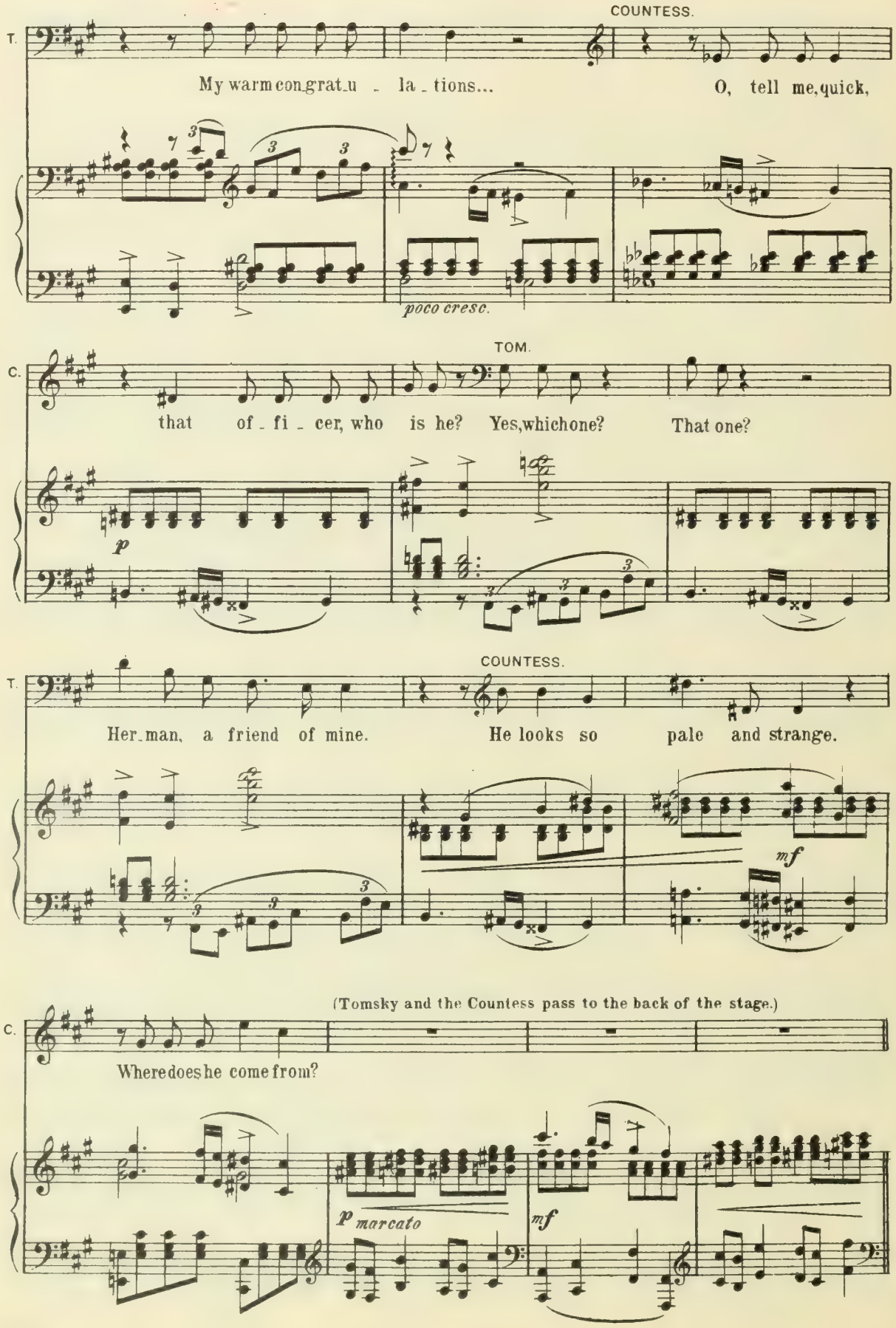

THE PRINCE. (pointing out Lisa.)
HERM.
Here she comes!
My love!
my love!
whom he has
crescendo
f
-cato in la mano sinistra
H.
chos - en!
O
heav - en!
This
un -
f
LISA AND THE COUNTESS.
TOM.
H.
does me!
'T is
he
a - gain!
Is
this
di - mi - nu - en - do
T.
your nameless la - dy - love?
The beau - - - ty
you a -
p


Andante. (♩ = 60)
LISA.
I shud_der! Once a_gain he re_ap pears,
COUNTESS.
I shud_der! Wan and sad he re_ap_pears,
HERMAN.
I shud_der! Dark & threat_ning she ap_pears a
TOMSKY.
dor'd? She, his one de sir'd
THE PRINCE.
I shud_der! Wan & strange she now ap_pears,
Andante.
PIANO.
L.
This gloom_y man, this most mys_terious stranger! He troubles me with
C.
This gloom_y man, this most mys_terious stranger! O, fate_ful ap_par_
H.
gain, like some strange har_bing_er of ill, this weird old wom_an. Her looks of condem_
T.
mate, The Prin_ce's bride! Ah, cru_el fate!
P.
What cause has she to look so pale & so affright_ed? dis_tract_ed and ex_

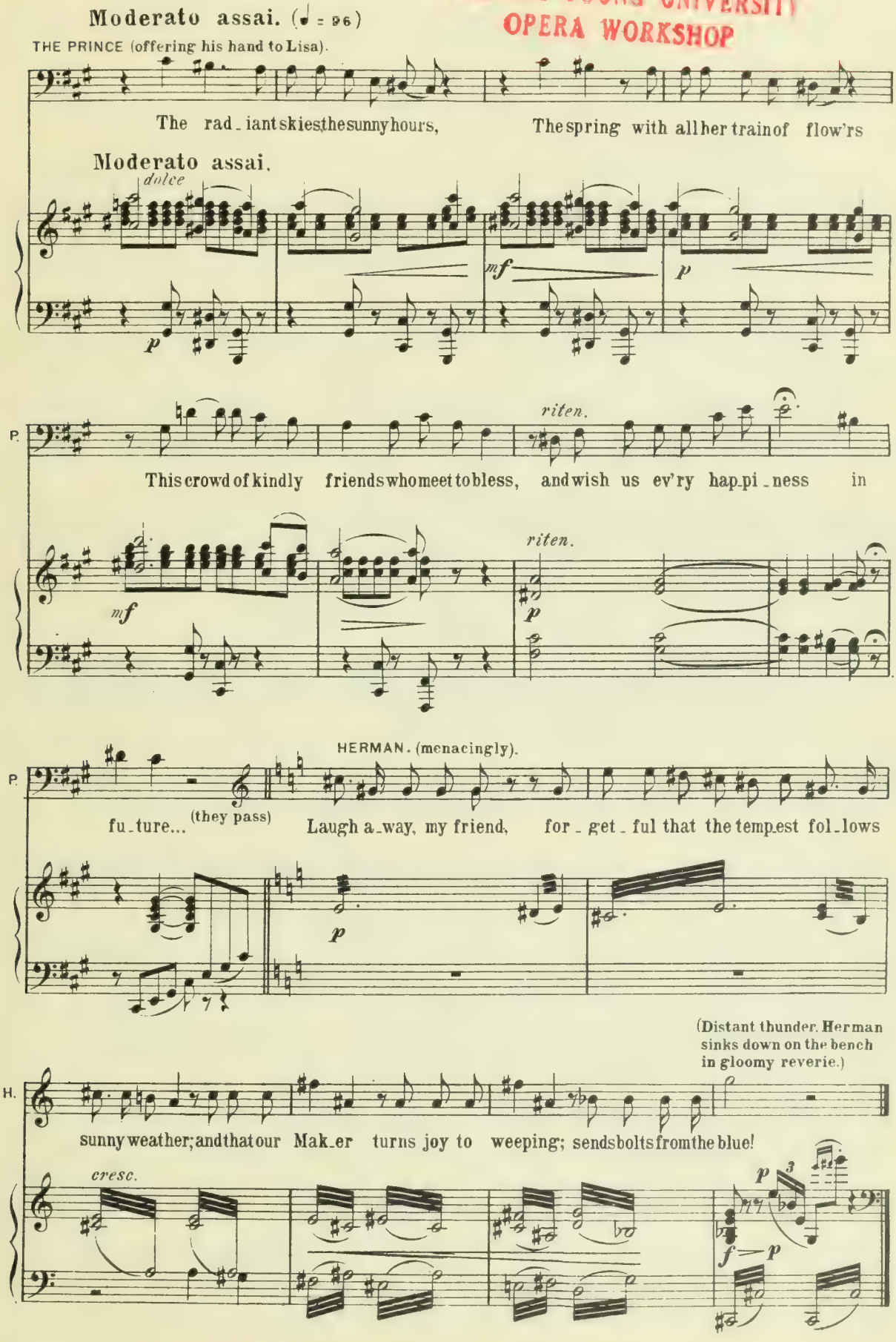

L.
name_less fears, On me his dumb, re_proach_ful glan_ces
C.
i_tion! Who is he, on me threat'ning
H.
na - - - - tion op_press and fill my heart with
T.
I now see ter_ror in his eyes, ter - - - ror in his
P.
ci - - - - ted? She seems possess'd by sud_den, name_less
mp
L.
turn_ing... Who thus pur_sues me wheresoe'er I go? I
mf
f
C.
glan_ces turn_ing? Who thus pursues me where_so e'er I go?
mf
H.
nameless fears! Why does she want to dog my foot_steps, whereso_e'er I go?
mf
T.
eyes, That were with pas_sion flam - - ing!
mf
P.
fears! O, must our bliss, but new_ly found, so soon by grief be
mf
mf
mf


L.
fear him! Fear his eye with mad - ness
C.
What can he want, this unknown man? I
H.
I quail be - neath the glance she turns on me,
T.
And what ails her? She looks so pale and
P.
blight - - ed? What cloud has come be-tween us
L.
burn - ing, His wild un - can - ny look, that haunts me
C.
fear his eye with mad - ness burning, His wild un-can-ny look that haunts me
H.
She saps my will & strength, Who can she
T.
white? strange and white! Ah, my heart misgives me
P.
now? I shud-der, what dis - ast - - er then is


L.
so! I shud_der!
mf
I shud_der,
riten.
p
'neath his
C
so! I shud_der!
mf
I shud_der,
p
'neath his
H
be? I shud_der!
mf
I shud_der,
p
'neath her
T
quite! I shud_der!
mf
I shud_der,
p
'neath her
P.
dim.
this, that comes be_tween me and my new_found bliss? I shud_der 'neath her
p
riten.
p
Allegro non tanto. (♩ = 116)
L
gaze!
C
gaze!
H
gaze!
(Count Tomsky approaches the Countess. The Prince goes towards Lisa. The Countess stares fixedly at Herman.)
T.
gaze!
Well, Count_ess!
P.
gaze!
Allegro non tanto.
p

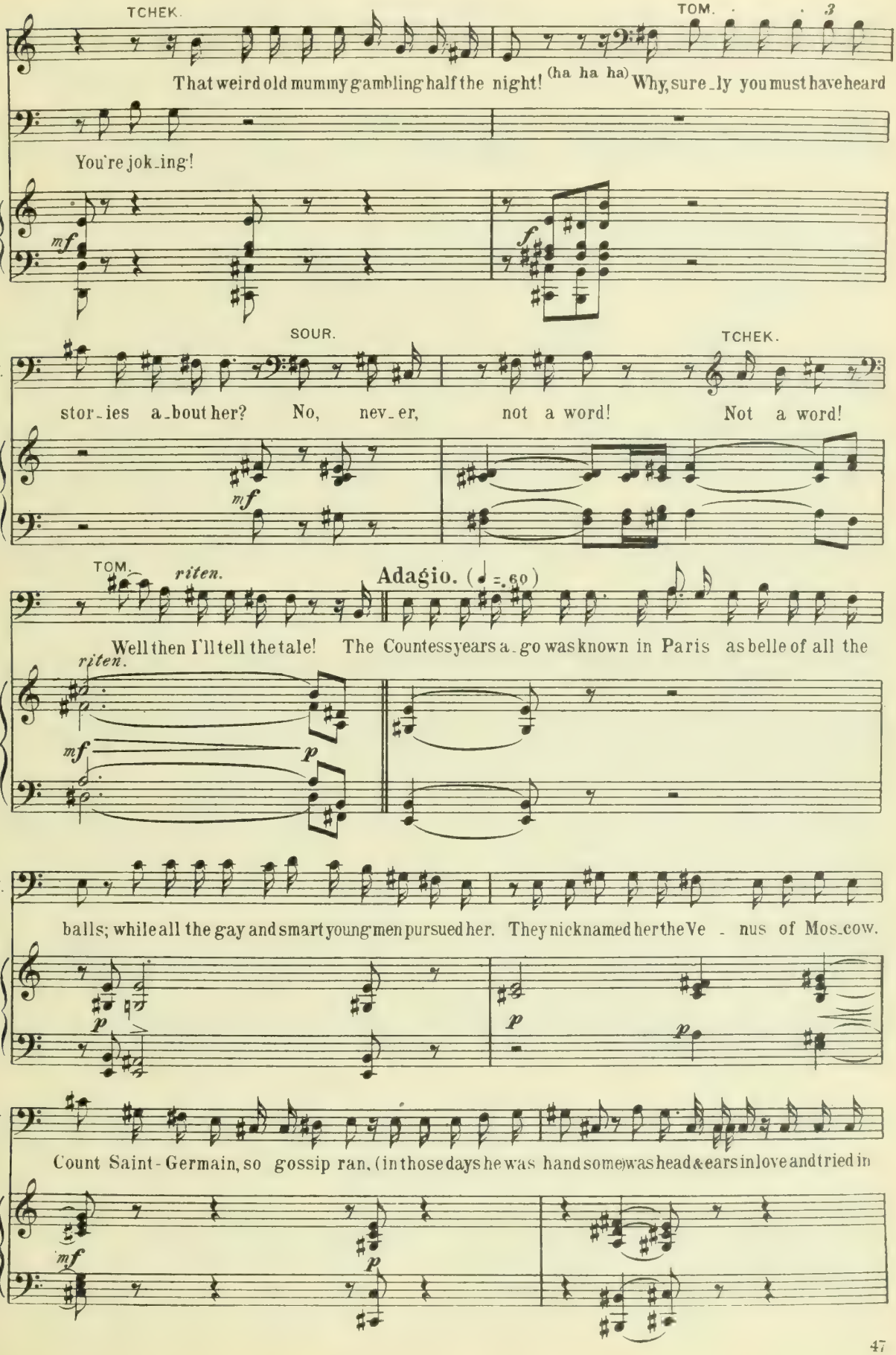

COUNTESS.
T.
My warm con-grat-u - la-tions...
O, tell me, quick,
poco cresc.
TOM.
C.
that of-fi-cer, who is he? Yes, which one?
That one?
p
COUNTESS.
T.
Her man, a friend of mine.
He looks so pale and strange.
mf
(Tomsky and the Countess pass to the back of the stage.)
C.
Where does he come from?
p marcato
mf

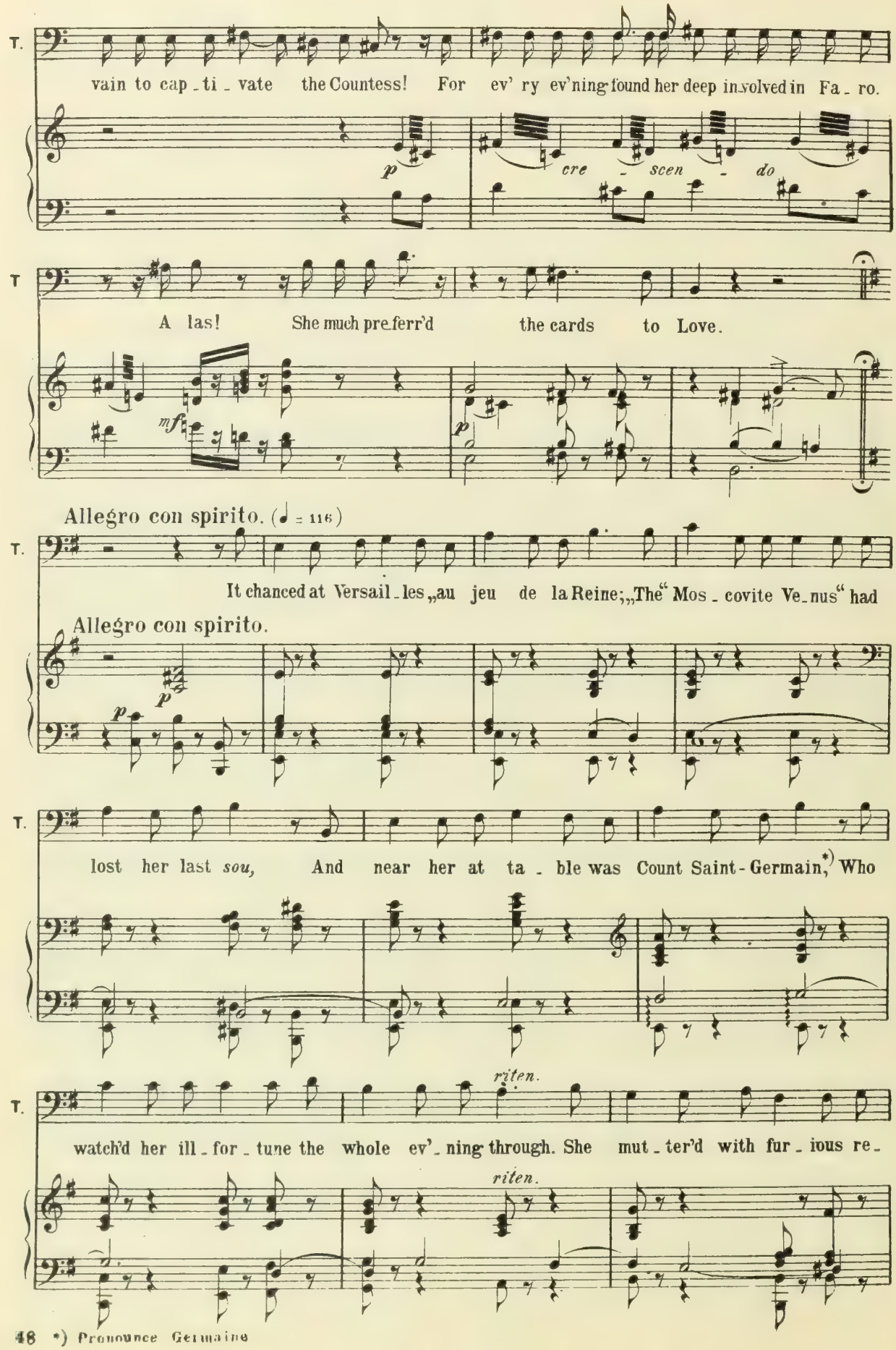
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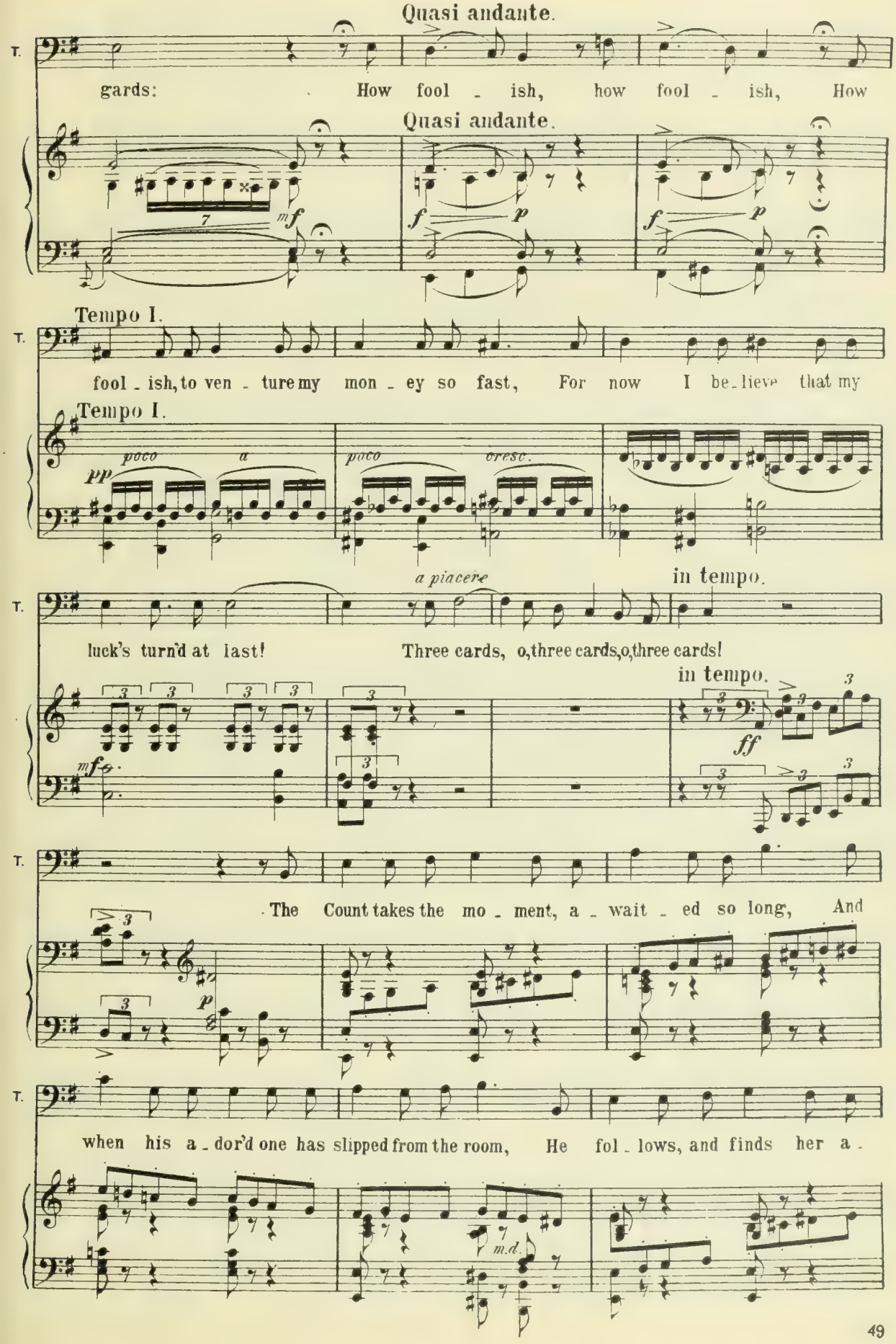
№ 5. Scene and Ballad (Tomsky).

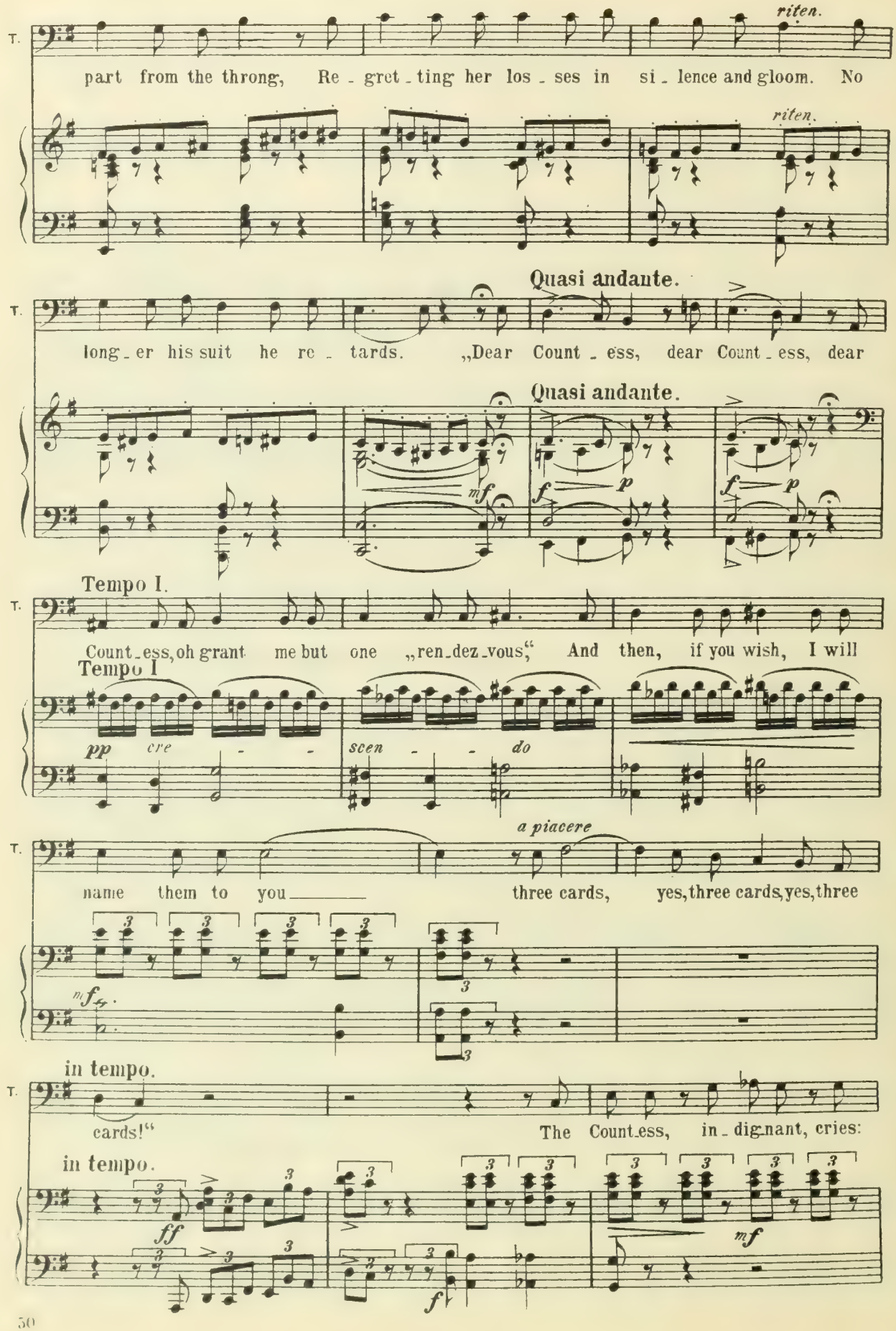


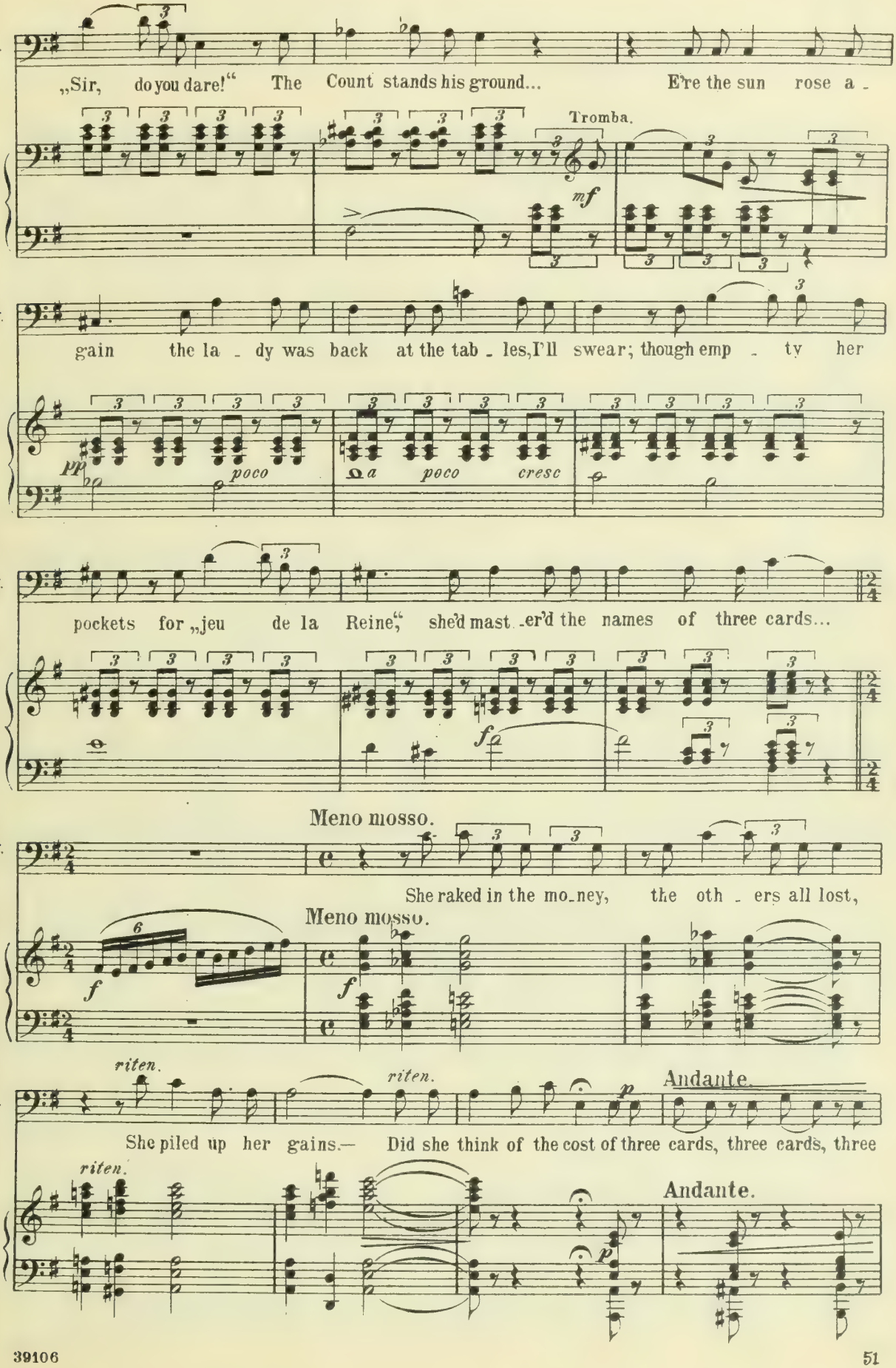

TCHEK.
TOM.
That weird old mummy gambling half the night! (ha ha ha) Why, sure_ly you must have heard
S.
You're jok_ing!
mf
f
SOUR.
TCHEK.
T.
stor_ies a_bout her? No, nev_er, not a word! Not a word!
mf
TOM.
riten.
Adagio. (♩ = 60)
Well then I'll tell the tale! The Countess years a_go was known in Paris as belle of all the
riten.
mf
p
T.
balls; while all the gay and smart young men pursued her. They nicknamed her the Ve - nus of Mos_cow.
p
p
p
T
Count Saint-Germain, so gossip ran, (in those days he was hand some) was head & ears in love and tried in
mf
p

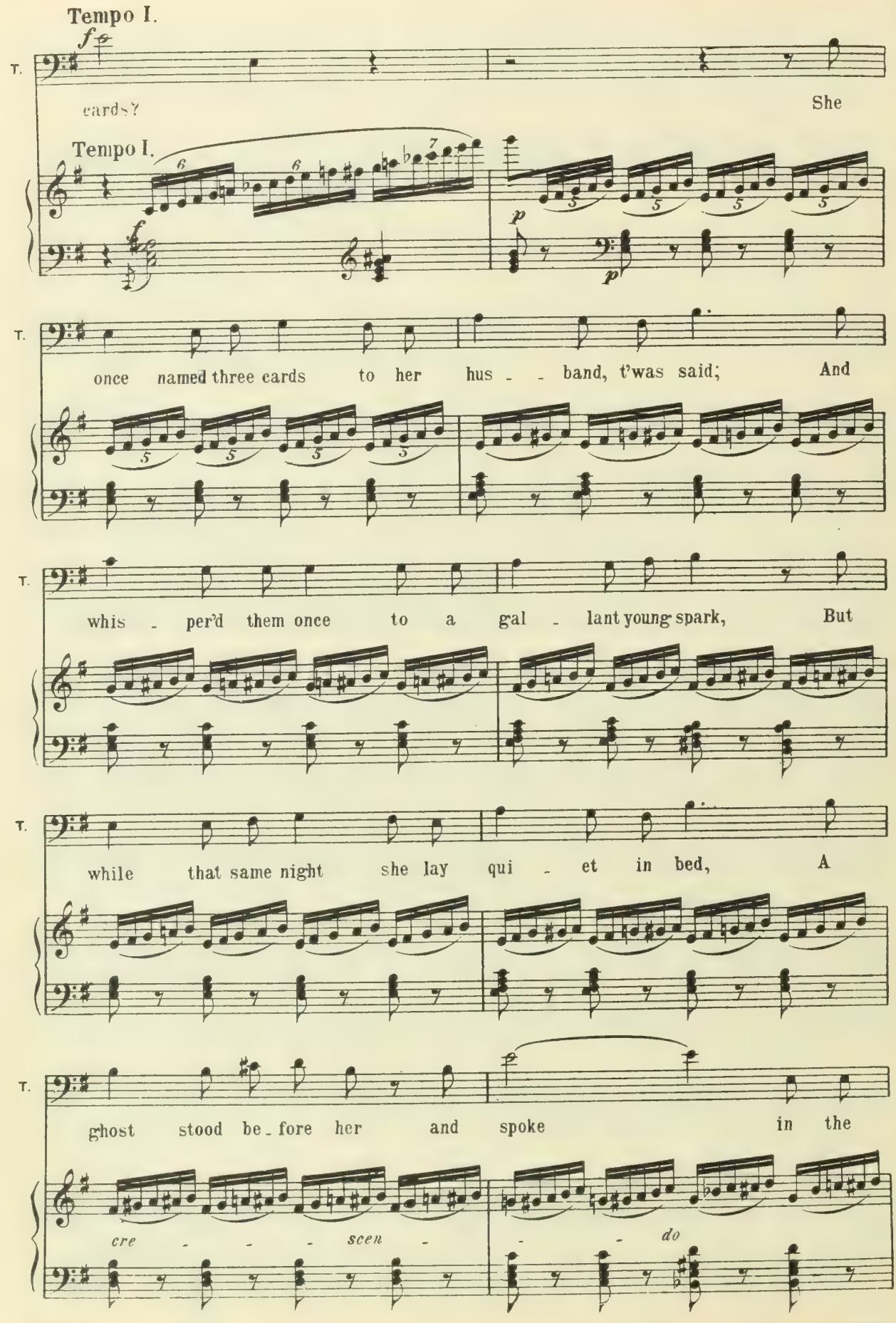


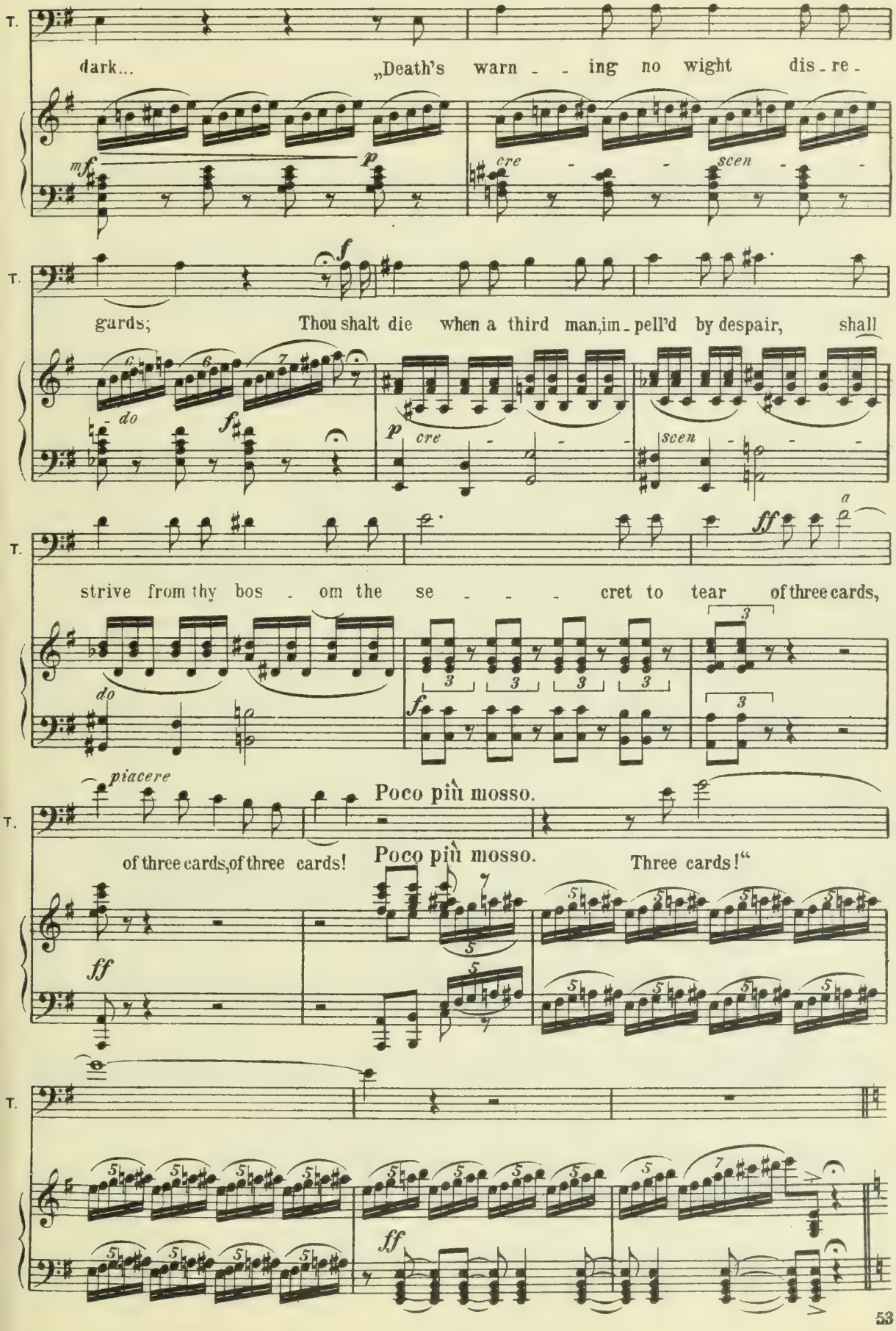
*) Pronounce Germaine

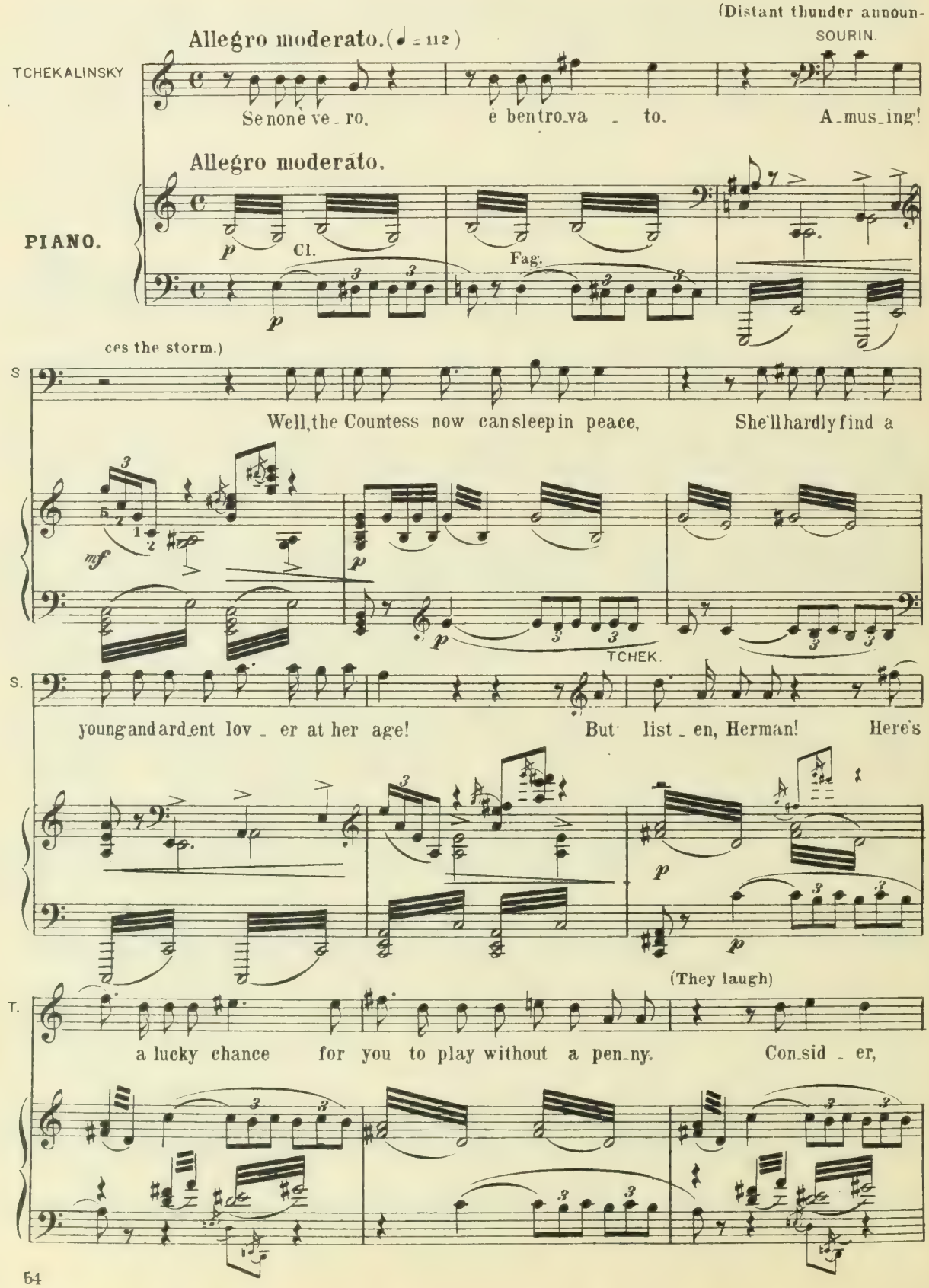

Quasi andante.
T.
gards: How fool - ish, how fool - ish, How
Quasi andante.
mf
f
p
f
p
Tempo I.
T.
fool - ish, to ven - ture my mon - ey so fast, For now I be - lieve that my
Tempo I.
pp
poco
a
poco
cresc.
a piacere
in tempo.
T.
luck's turn'd at last! Three cards, o, three cards, o, three cards!
in tempo.
mf
ff
T.
The Count takes the mo - ment, a - wait - ed so long, And
p
T.
when his a - dor'd one has slipped from the room, He fol - lows, and finds her a -
m.d.

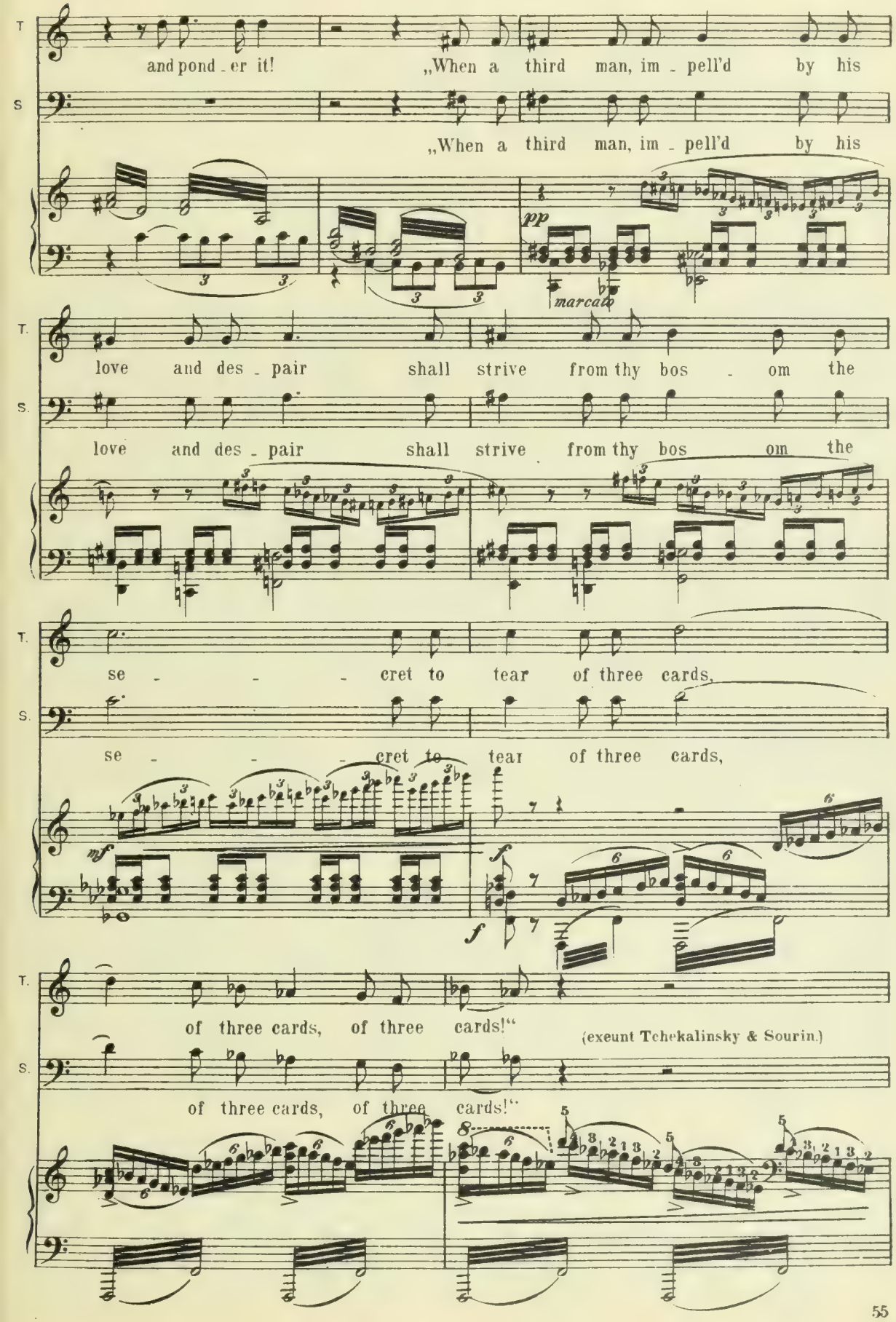

T.
riten.
part from the throng, Re - gret - ting her los - ses in si - lence and gloom. No
riten.
Quasi andante.
T.
long - er his suit he re - tards. „Dear Count - ess, dear Count - ess, dear
Quasi andante.
mf
f
p
f
p
Tempo I.
T.
Count - ess, oh grant me but one „ren - dez - vous," And then, if you wish, I will
Tempo I
pp cre - - - scen - - - do
a piacere
T.
name them to you three cards, yes, three cards, yes, three
mf
in tempo.
T.
cards!" The Count - ess, in - dig - nant, cries:
in tempo.
ff
f
mf


T.
„Sir, do you dare!“ The Count stands his ground... E're the sun rose a -
Tromba.
mf
T.
gain the la - dy was back at the tab - les, I'll swear; though emp - ty her
pp
poco
a poco cresc
T.
pockets for „jeu de la Reine,“ she'd mast - er'd the names of three cards...
fa
Meno mosso.
T.
She raked in the mo - ney, the oth - ers all lost,
Meno mosso.
f
riten.
riten.
T.
She piled up her gains.— Did she think of the cost of three cards, three cards, three
Andante.
riten.
Andante.

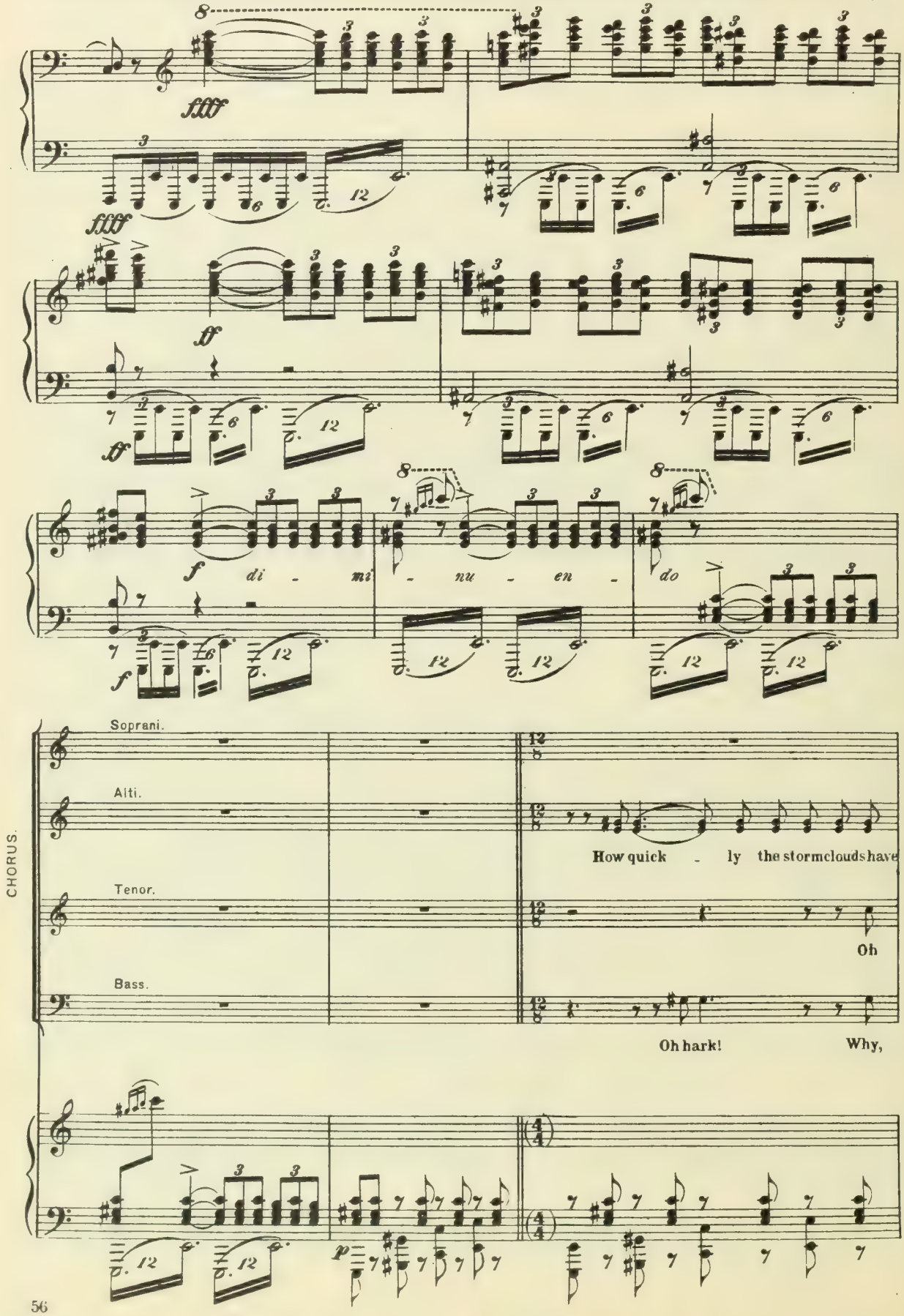

Tempo I.
cards?
She
Tempo I.
once named three cards to her hus - band, t'was said; And
whis - per'd them once to a gal - lant young spark, But
while that same night she lay qui - et in bed, A
ghost stood be - fore her and spoke in the
cre - - - scen - - - do

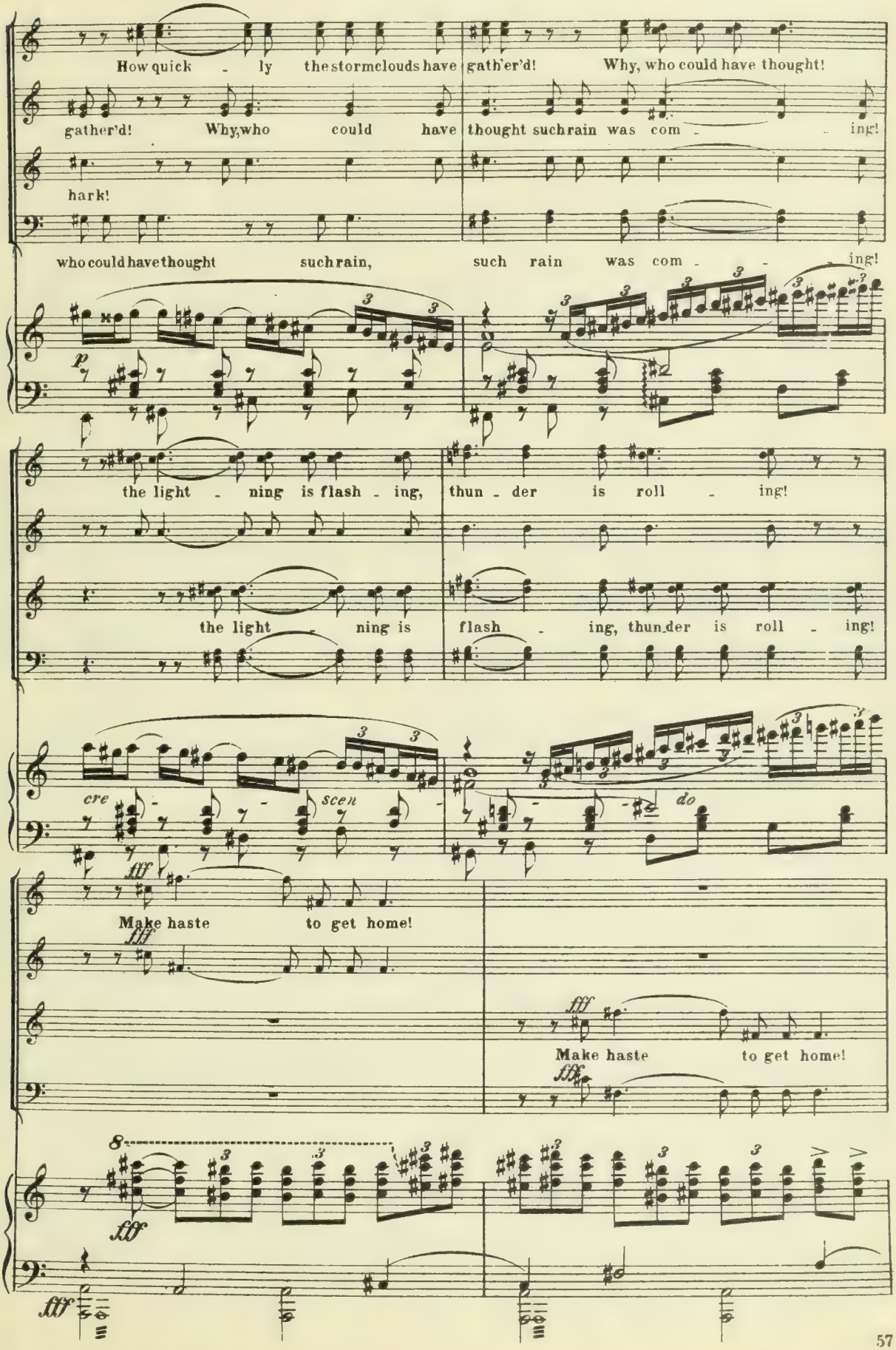

T.
dark...
„Death's warn - - ing no wight dis - re -
mf
p
cre - - - scen - -
T.
gards;
Thou shalt die when a third man, im - pell'd by despair, shall
do
f
p
cre - - -
scen - - -
T.
strive from thy bos - om the se - - - cret to tear of three cards,
a
ff
do
f
piacere
Poco più mosso.
T.
of three cards, of three cards!
Poco più mosso.
Three cards!"
ff
T.
ff

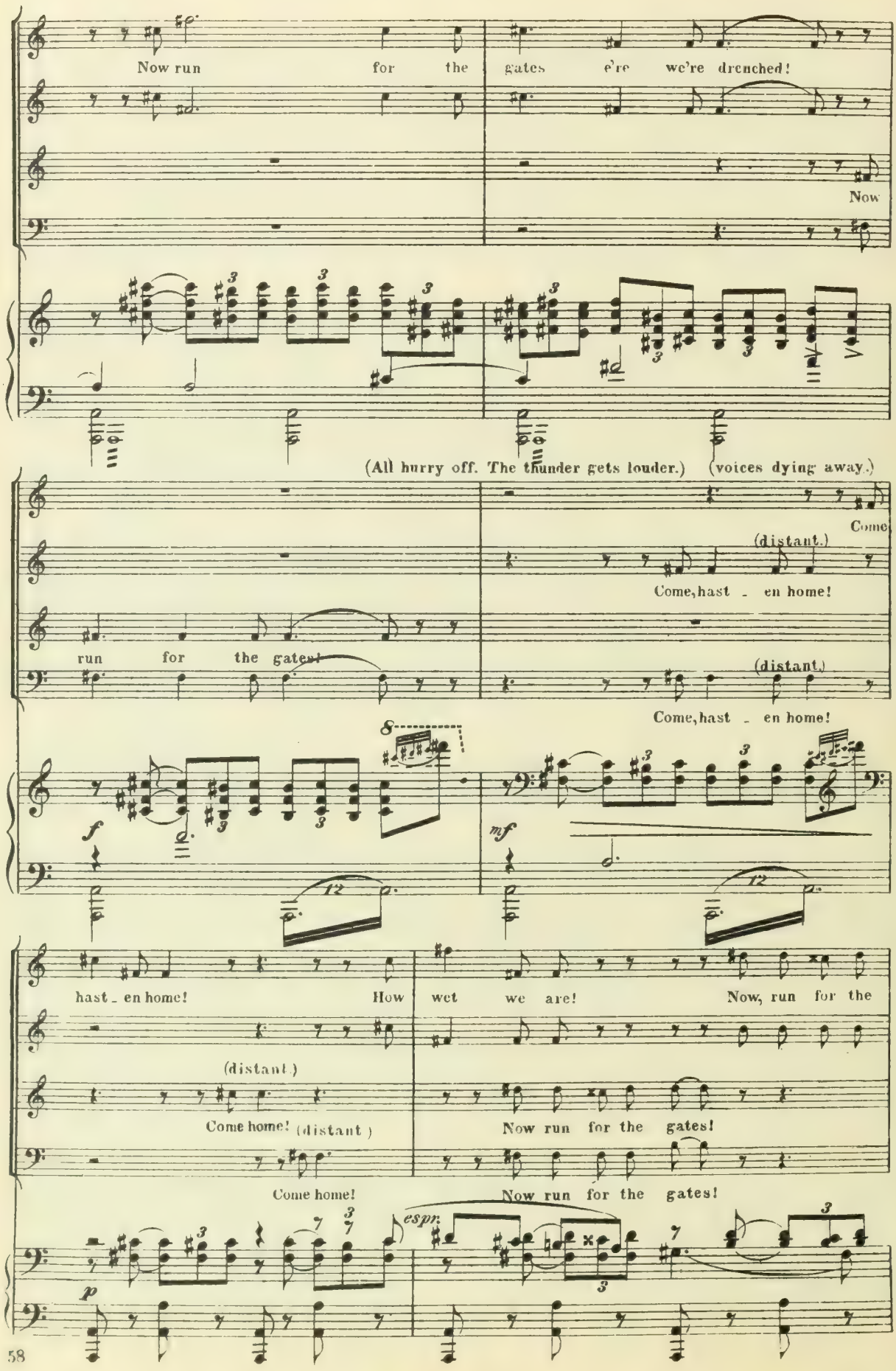

(Distant thunder announ-
SOURIN.
Allegro moderato.(♩ = 112)
TCHEKALINSKY
Se non è ve_ro, è ben tro_va _ to. A_mus_ing!
Allegro moderato.
PIANO.
p
Cl.
Fag.
p
ces the storm.)
S
Well, the Countess now can sleep in peace, She'll hardly find a
mf
p
p
TCHEK.
S.
young and ard_ent lov _ er at her age! But list _ en, Herman! Here's
p
p
(They laugh)
T.
a lucky chance for you to play without a pen_ny. Con_sid _ er,

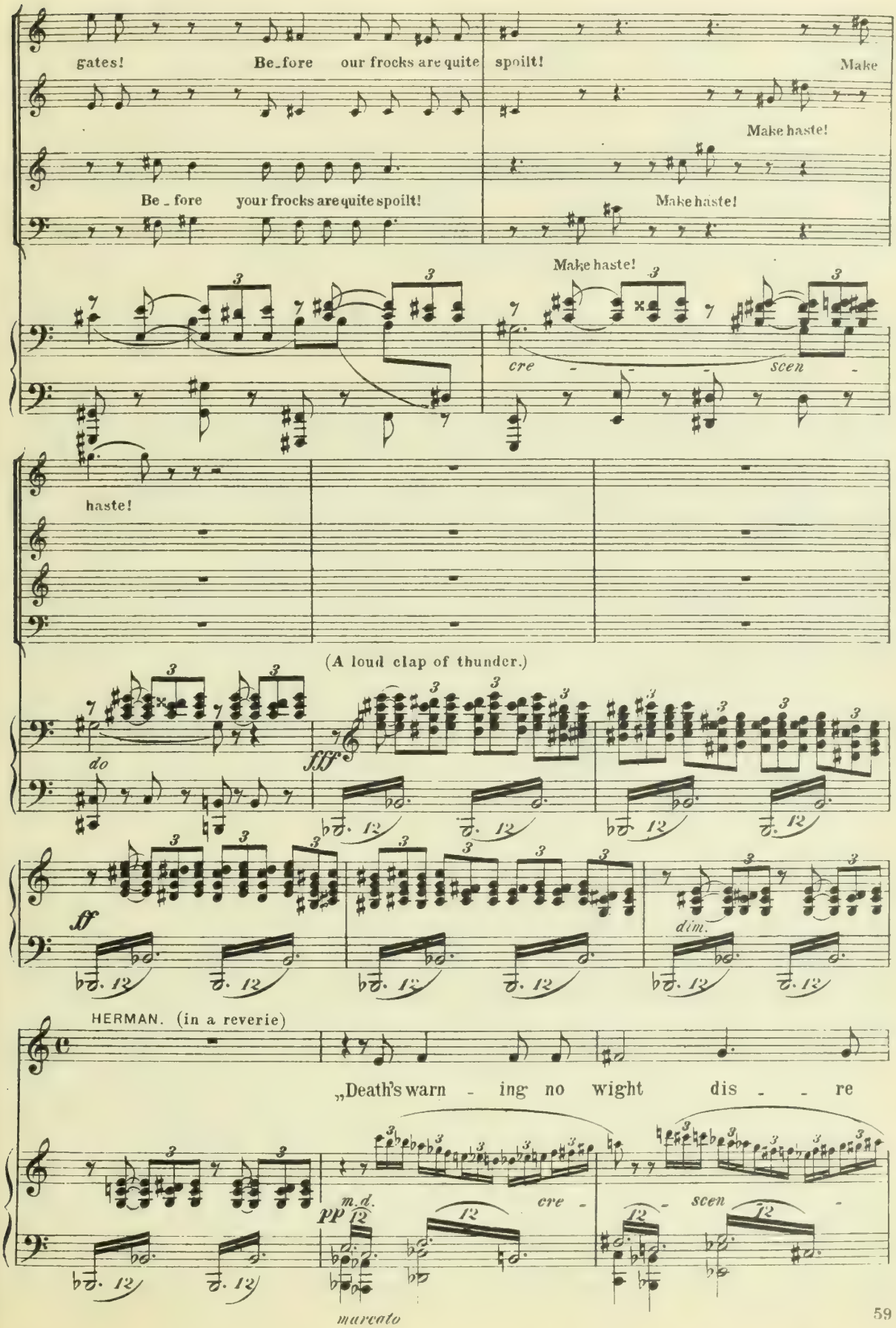

T
S
and pond - er it!
„When a third man, im - pell'd by his
„When a third man, im - pell'd by his
pp
marcato
T.
S.
love and des - pair shall strive from thy bos - om the
love and des - pair shall strive from thy bos om the
T.
S.
se - - - cret to tear of three cards,
se - - - cret to tear of three cards,
mf
f
f
T.
S.
of three cards, of three cards!"
(exeunt Tchekalinsky & Sourin.)
of three cards, of three cards!"
8

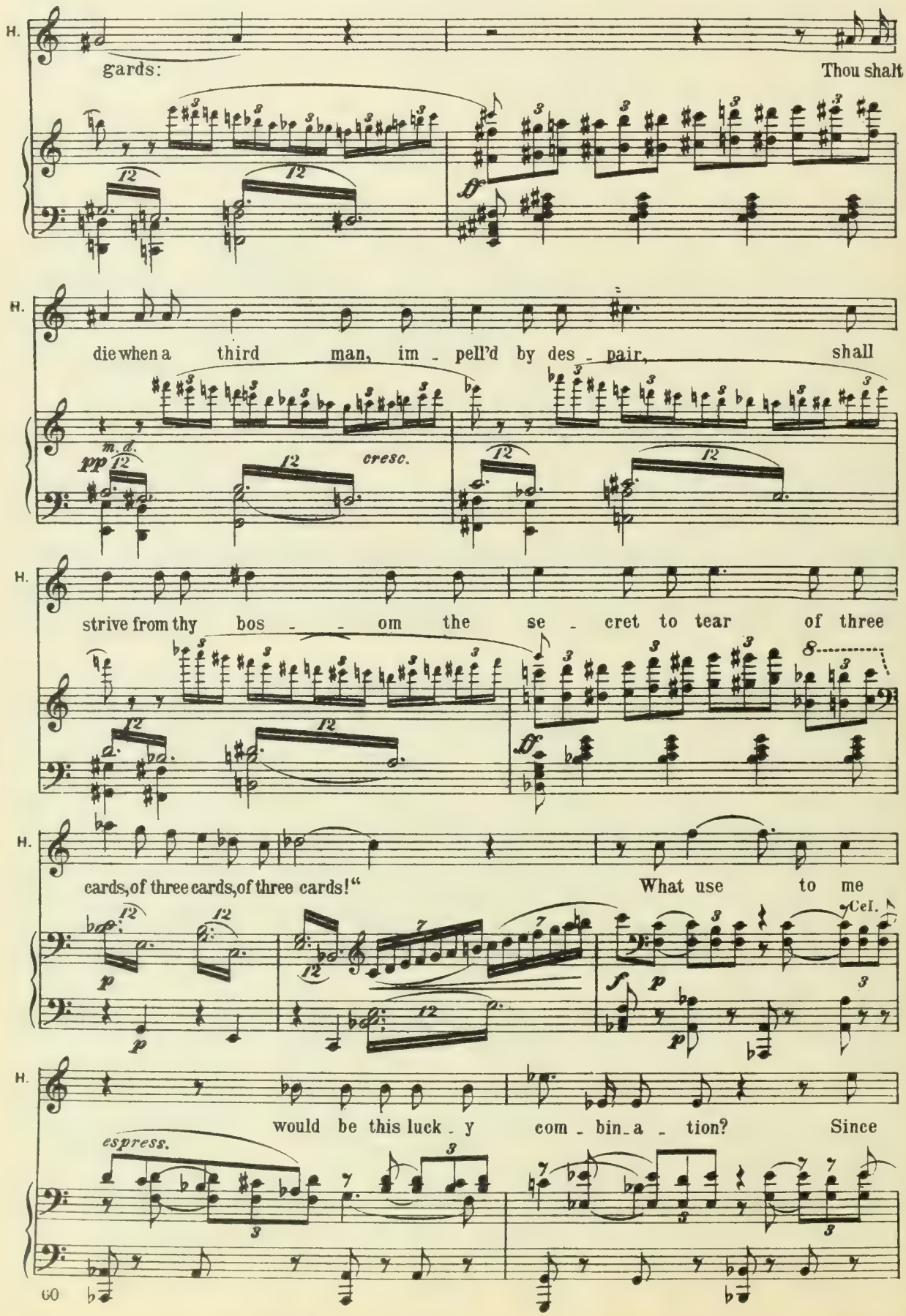
(A loud clap of thunder. The storm bursts overhead and the promenaders are seen hurrying in all directions.)



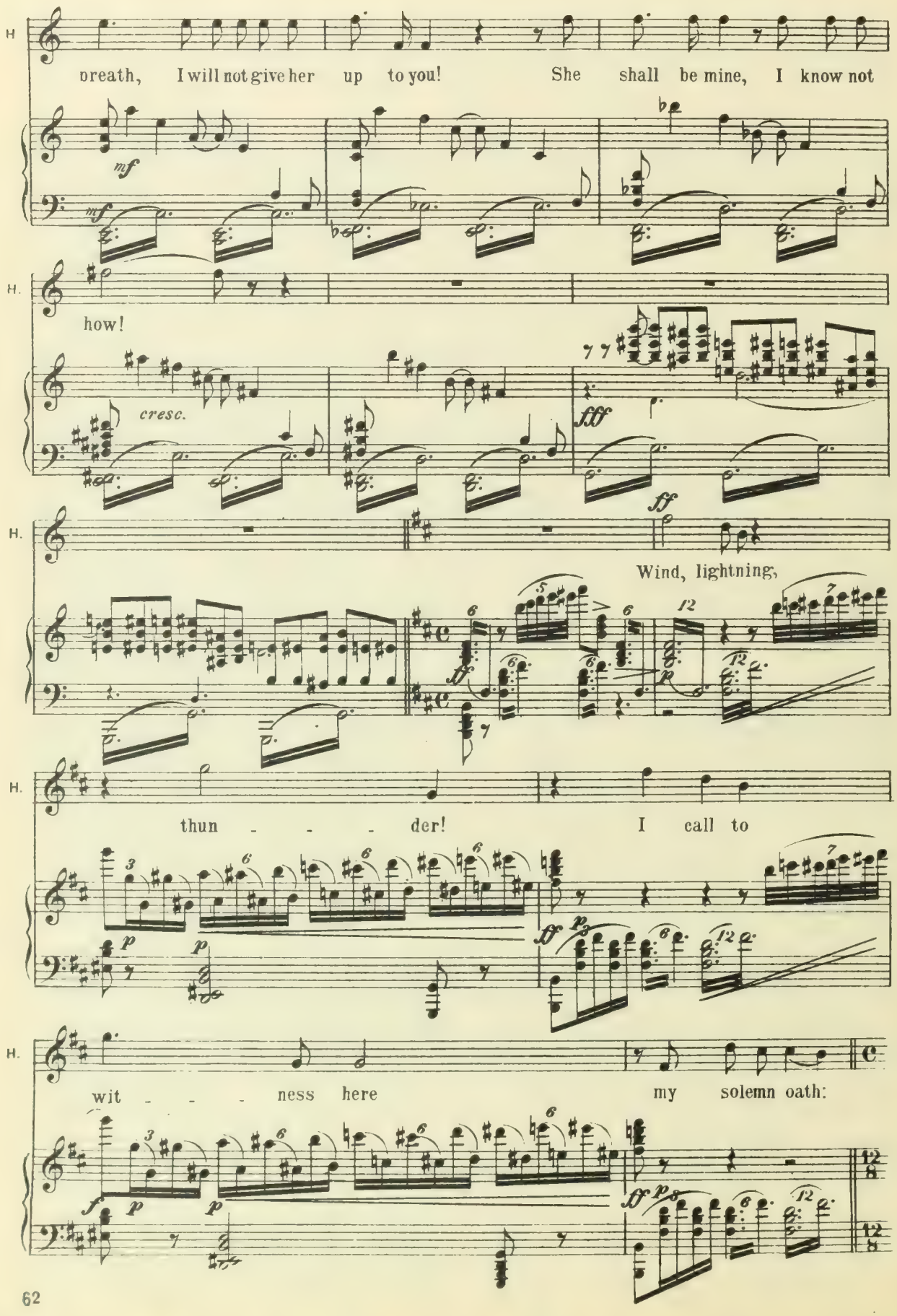

How quick - ly the storm clouds have gath'er'd! Why, who could have thought!
gather'd! Why, who could have thought such rain was com - - ing!
hark!
who could have thought such rain, such rain was com - - - ing!
p
the light - ning is flash - ing, thun - der is roll - ing!
the light - ning is flash - ing, thun der is roll - ing!
cre - scen - do
fff
Make haste to get home!
fff
Make haste to get home!
fff
8
fff

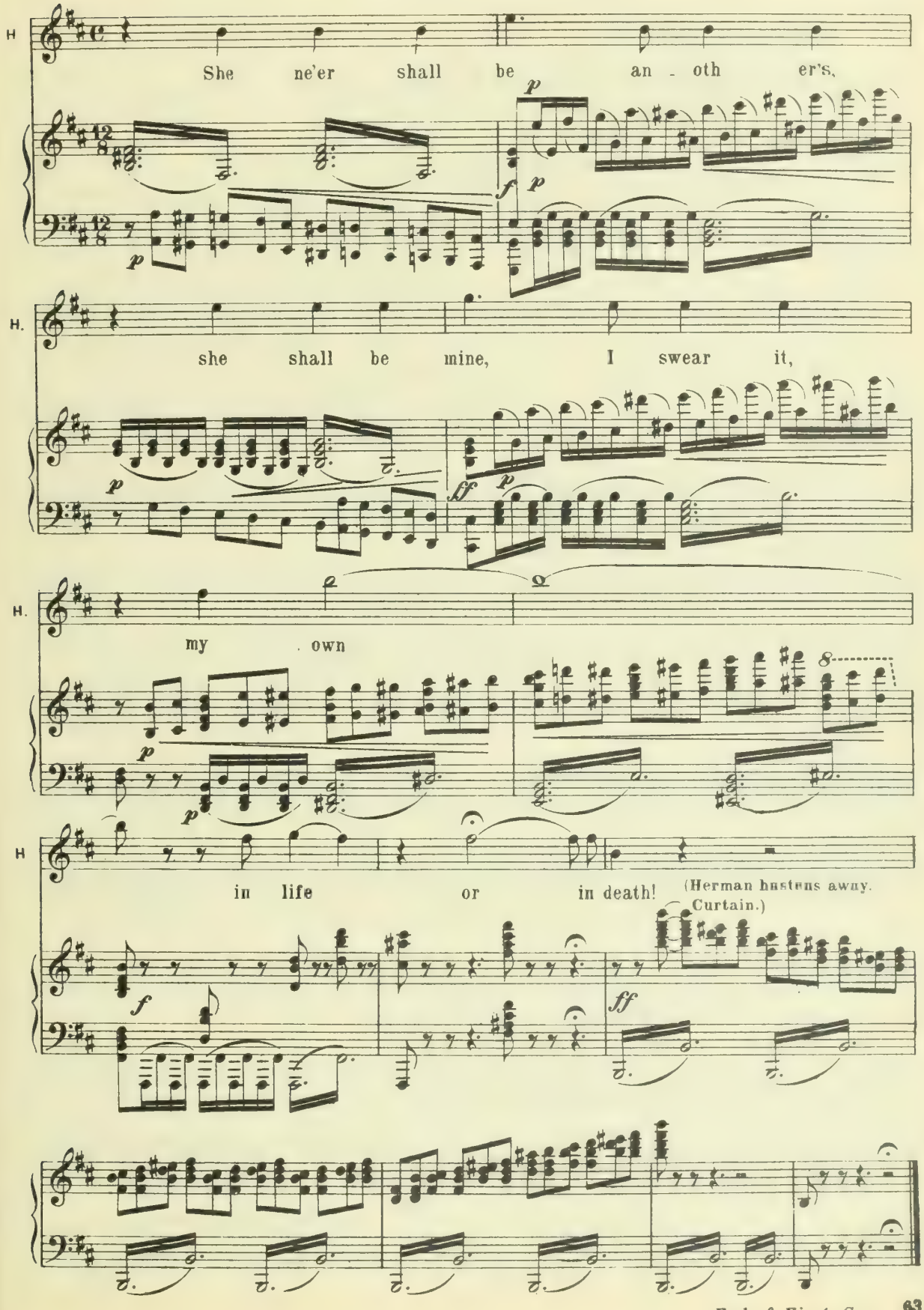

Now run for the gates e're we're drenched!
Now
(All hurry off. The thunder gets louder.)
(voices dying away.)
Come
(distant.)
Come, hast - en home!
run for the gates!
(distant.)
Come, hast - en home!
hast - en home! How
wet we are!
Now, run for the
(distant.)
Come home! (distant.)
Now run for the gates!
Come home!
Now run for the gates!
espr.


gates! Be_fore our frocks are quite spoilt! Make
Make haste!
Be_fore your frocks are quite spoilt!
Make haste!
Make haste!
cre - scen -
haste!
(A loud clap of thunder.)
do
fff
ff
dim.
HERMAN. (in a reverie)
„Death's warn - ing no wight dis - - re
m.d.
pp
cre - scen -
marcato


H.
gards:
Thou shalt
H.
die when a third man, im - pell'd by des - pair, shall
pp m.d.
cresc.
H.
strive from thy bos - - om the se - cret to tear of three
H.
cards, of three cards, of three cards!"
What use to me
Cel.
H.
would be this luck - y com - bin - a - tion? Since
espress.


H.
all my hopes are fled? An_other calls her bride!
cre - scen - do
ff Cor.
H.
The storm can_not fright me! My
mf
ff Cor.
H.
in_most soul is riv - en with such des_pair and grief, such
mf
H.
wild re_venge_ful pas_sions, the tempest seems as nought beside them!
M. T. Д.
H.
No, Prince! While I have
ff
mf
ff


H.
breath, I will not give her up to you! She shall be mine, I know not
mf
mf
H.
how!
cresc.
fff
ff
H.
Wind, lightning,
ff
p
H.
thun - - - der! I call to
p
p
ff
p
H.
wit - - - ness here my solemn oath:
f
p
p
ff
p

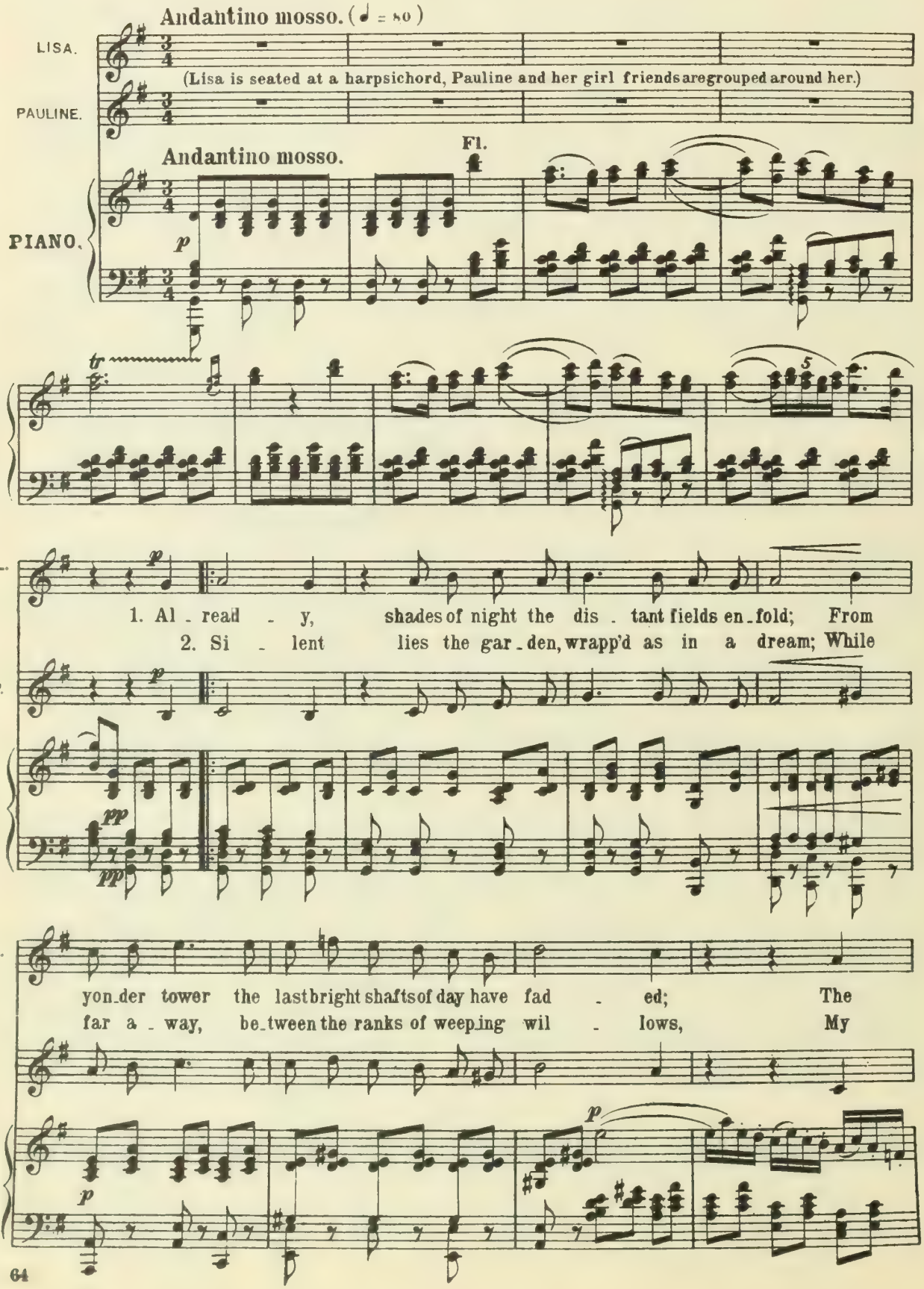


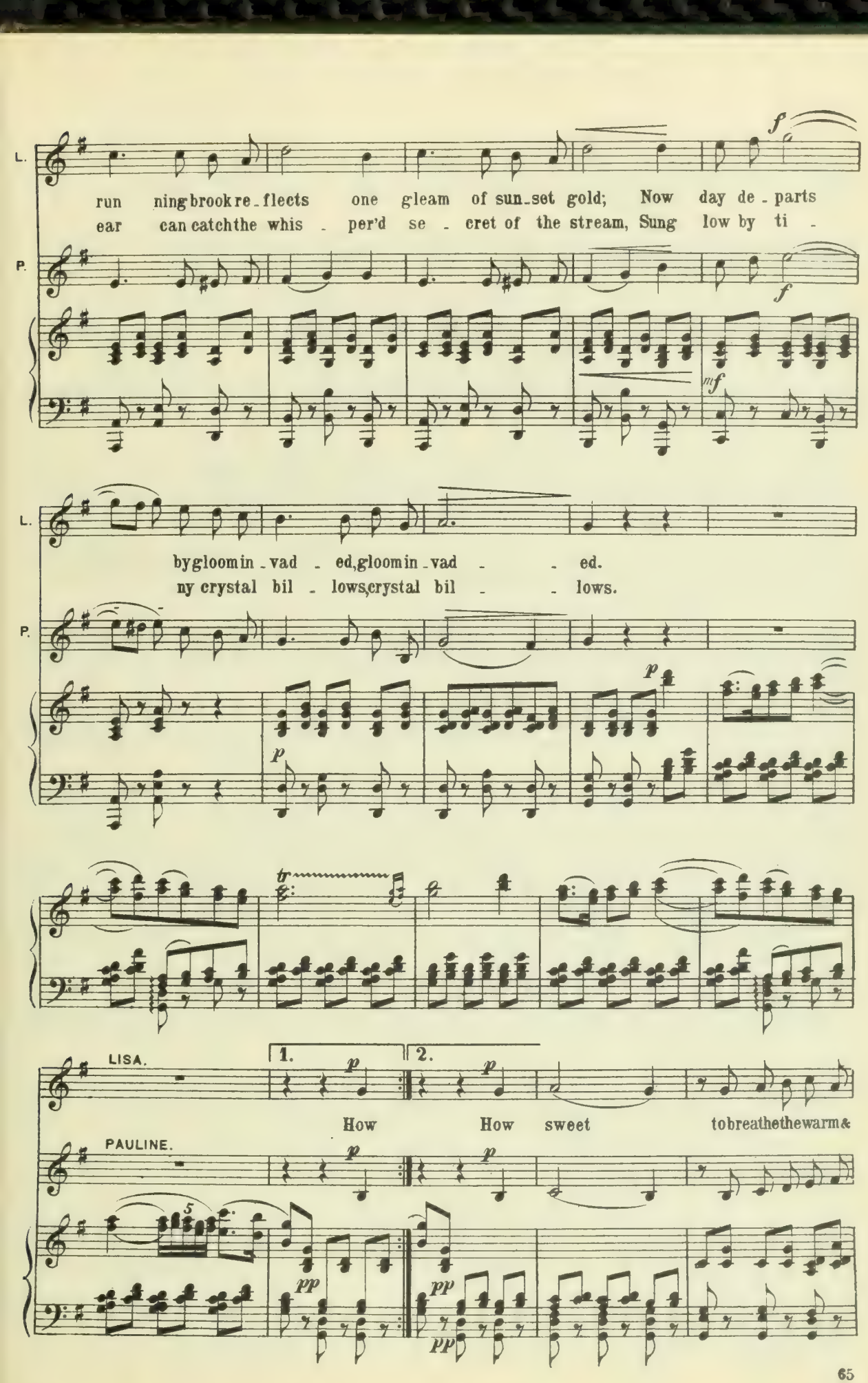
End of First Scene.

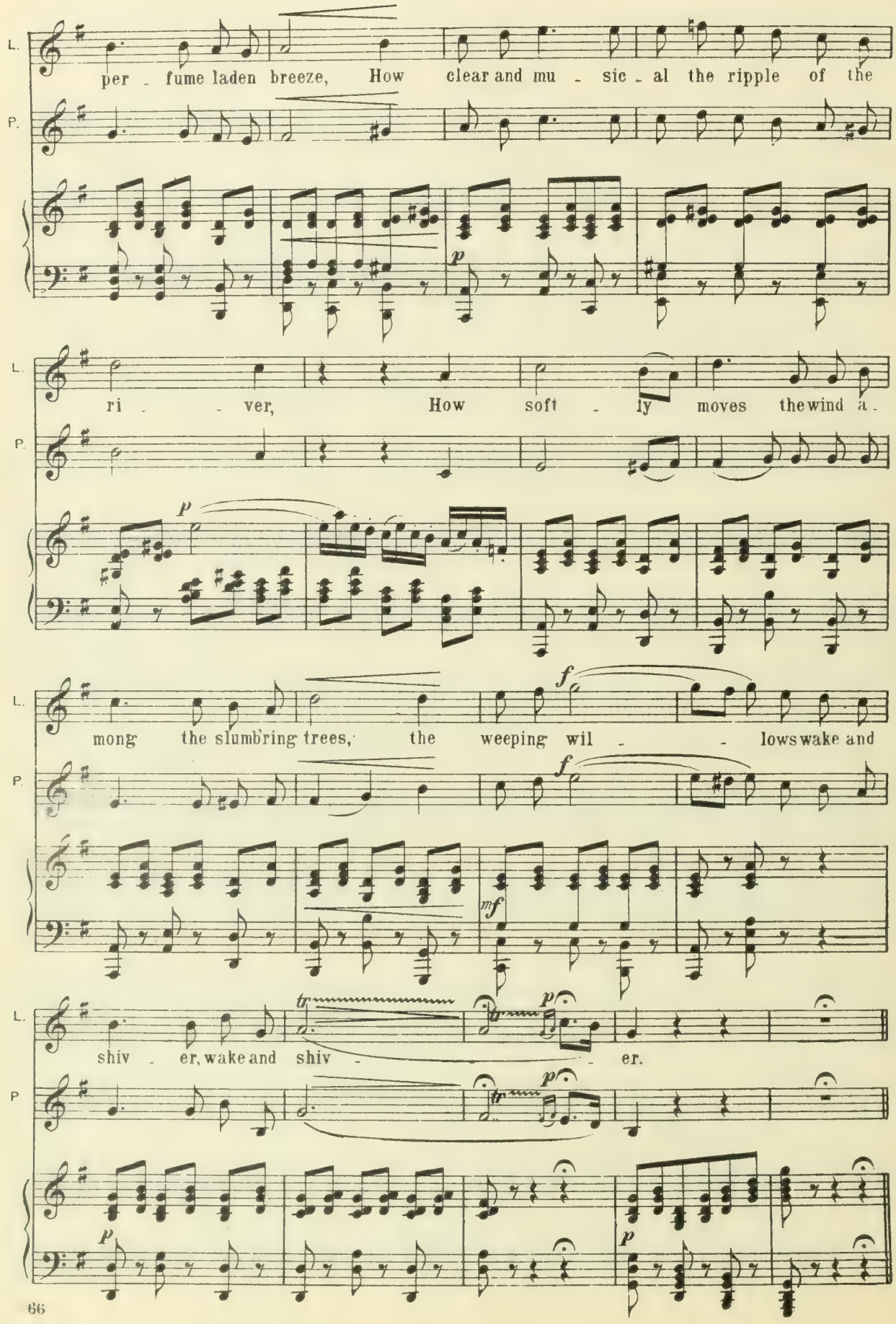
SCENE II.

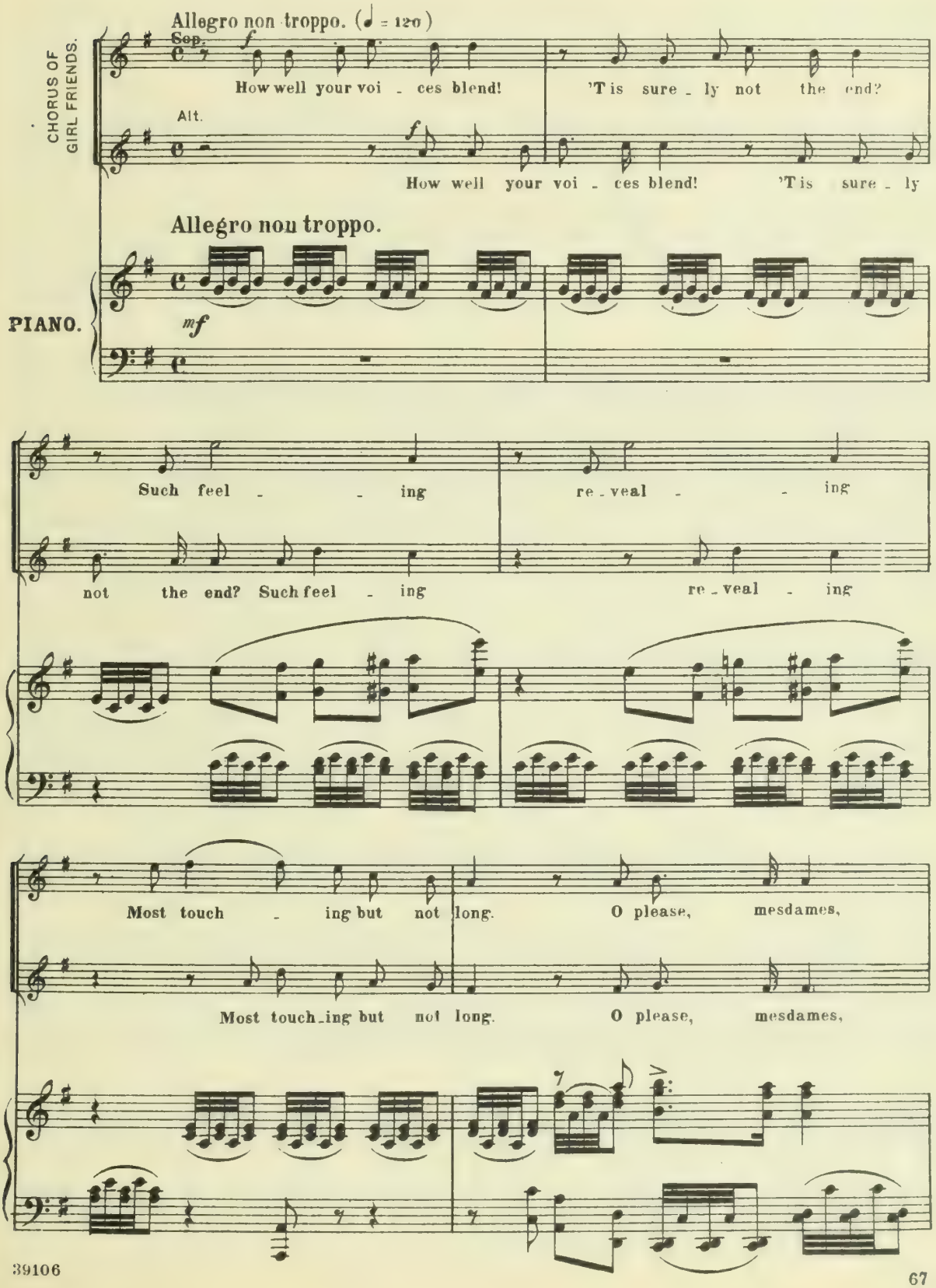
Lisa's room. A door opening on to the balcony which leads into the garden.

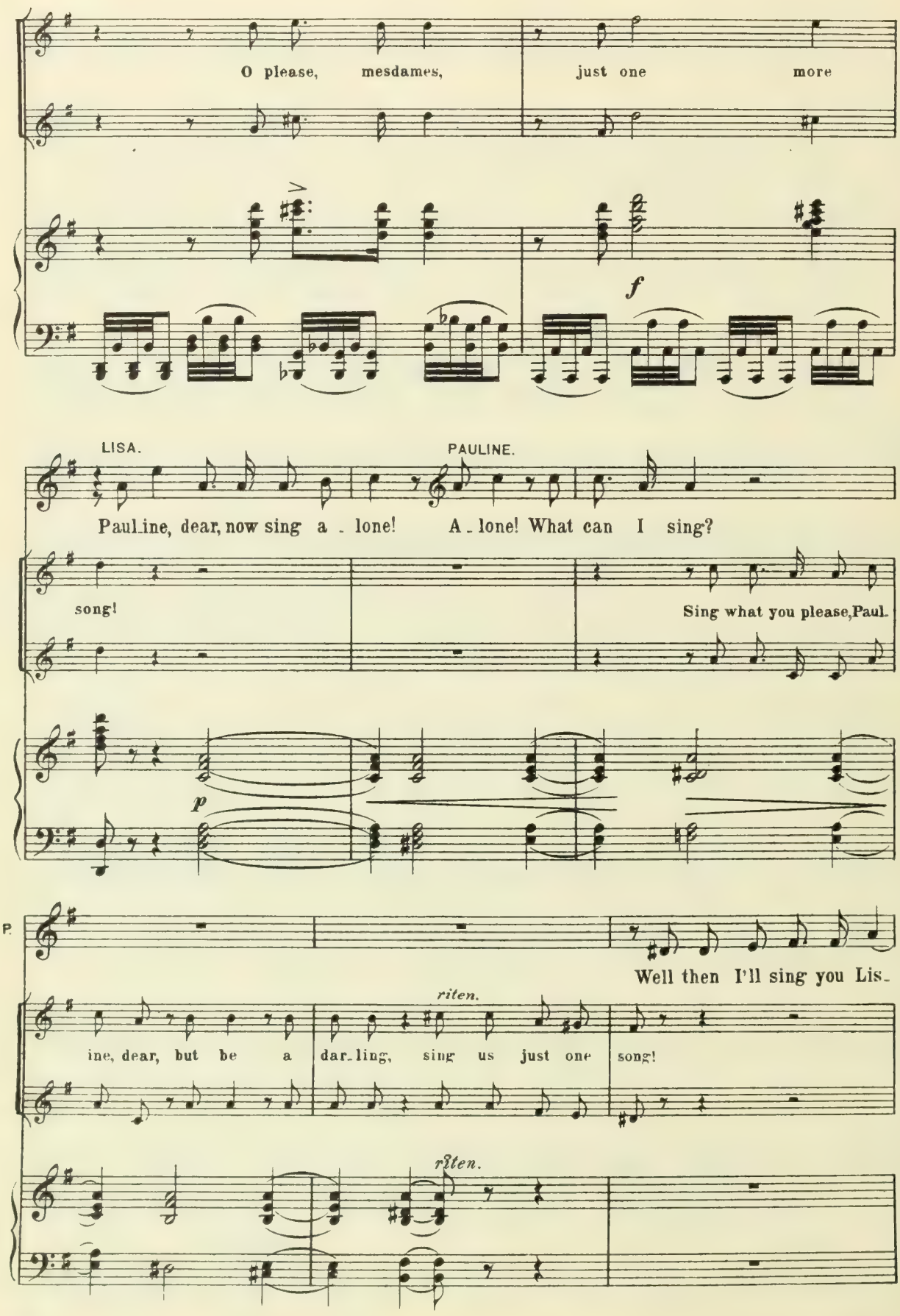
№ 7. Duet.



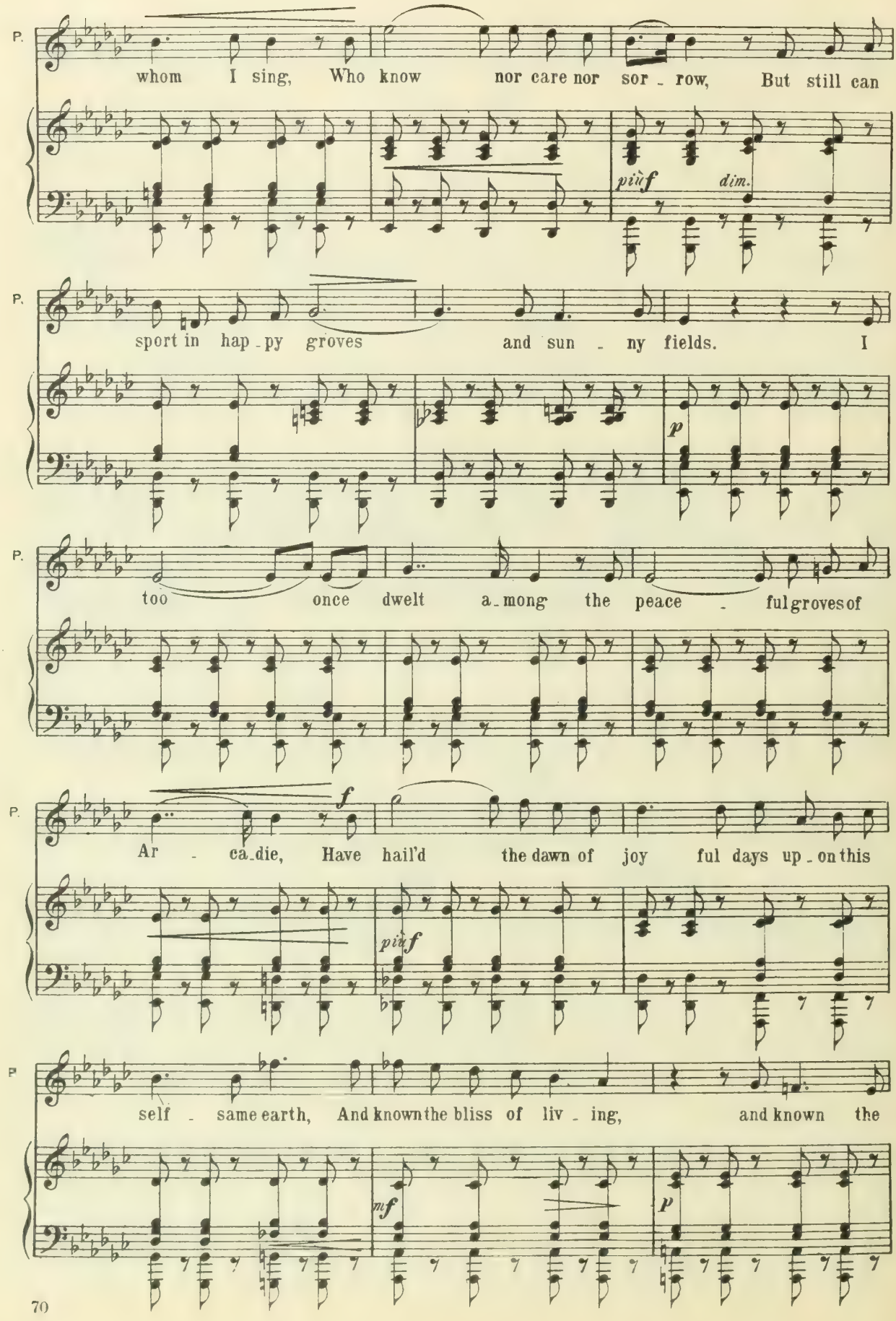

L.
run ning brook re_flects one gleam of sun_set gold; Now day de_parts
ear can catch the whis_per'd se_cret of the stream, Sung low by ti_
P.
f
mf
L.
by gloomin_vad_ed, gloomin_vad_ed.
ny crystal bil_lows, crystal bil_lows.
P.
p
p
tr
LISA.
1.
2.
p
p
How How sweet to breathe the warm&
PAULINE.
p
p
5
pp
pp
pp

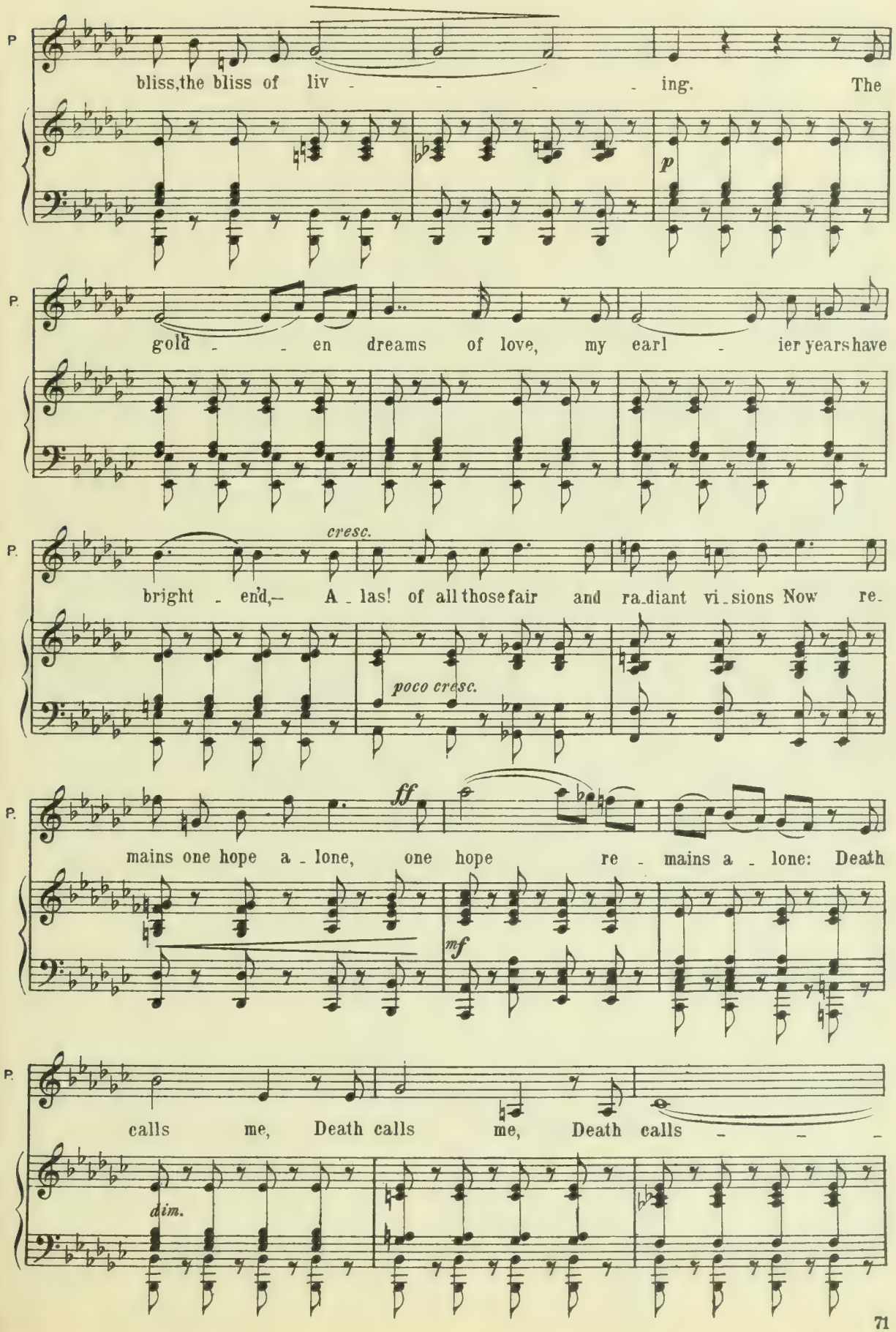

L.
per - fume laden breeze, How clear and mu - sic - al the ripple of the
P.
p
L.
ri - - ver, How soft - ly moves the wind a -
P.
p
L.
mong the slumb'ring trees, the weeping wil - - lows wake and
f
P.
f
mf
L.
shiv - er, wake and shiv - - er.
tr
p
P
tr
p
p
p

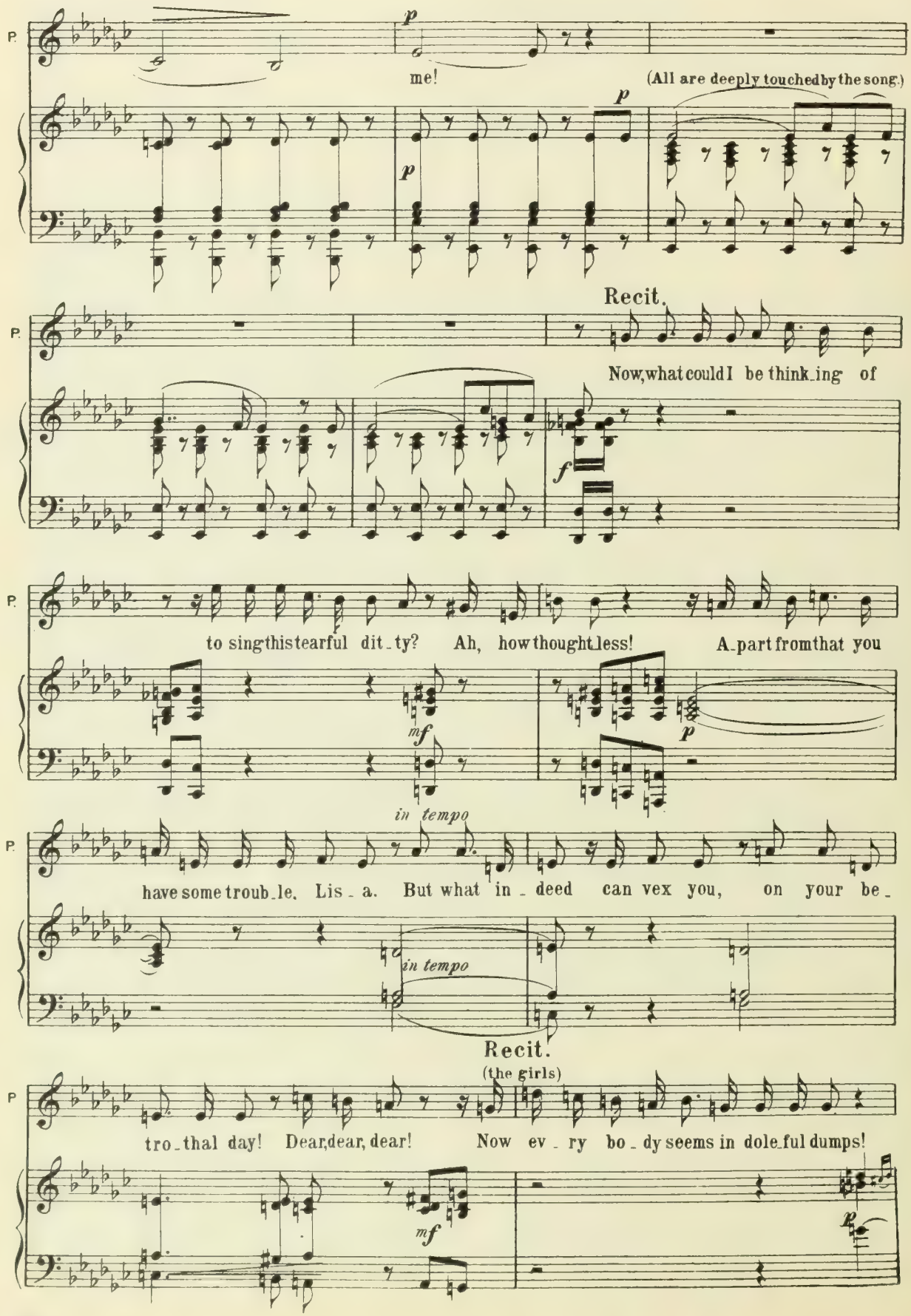

Allegro non troppo. (♩ = 120)
CHORUS OF GIRL FRIENDS.
Sop.
How well your voi - ces blend!
'T is sure - ly not the end?
Alt.
How well your voi - ces blend!
'T is sure - ly
Allegro non troppo.
PIANO.
Such feel - - ing
re - veal - - ing
not the end? Such feel - ing
re - veal - ing
Most touch - ing but not long.
O please, mesdames,
Most touch - ing but not long.
O please, mesdames,

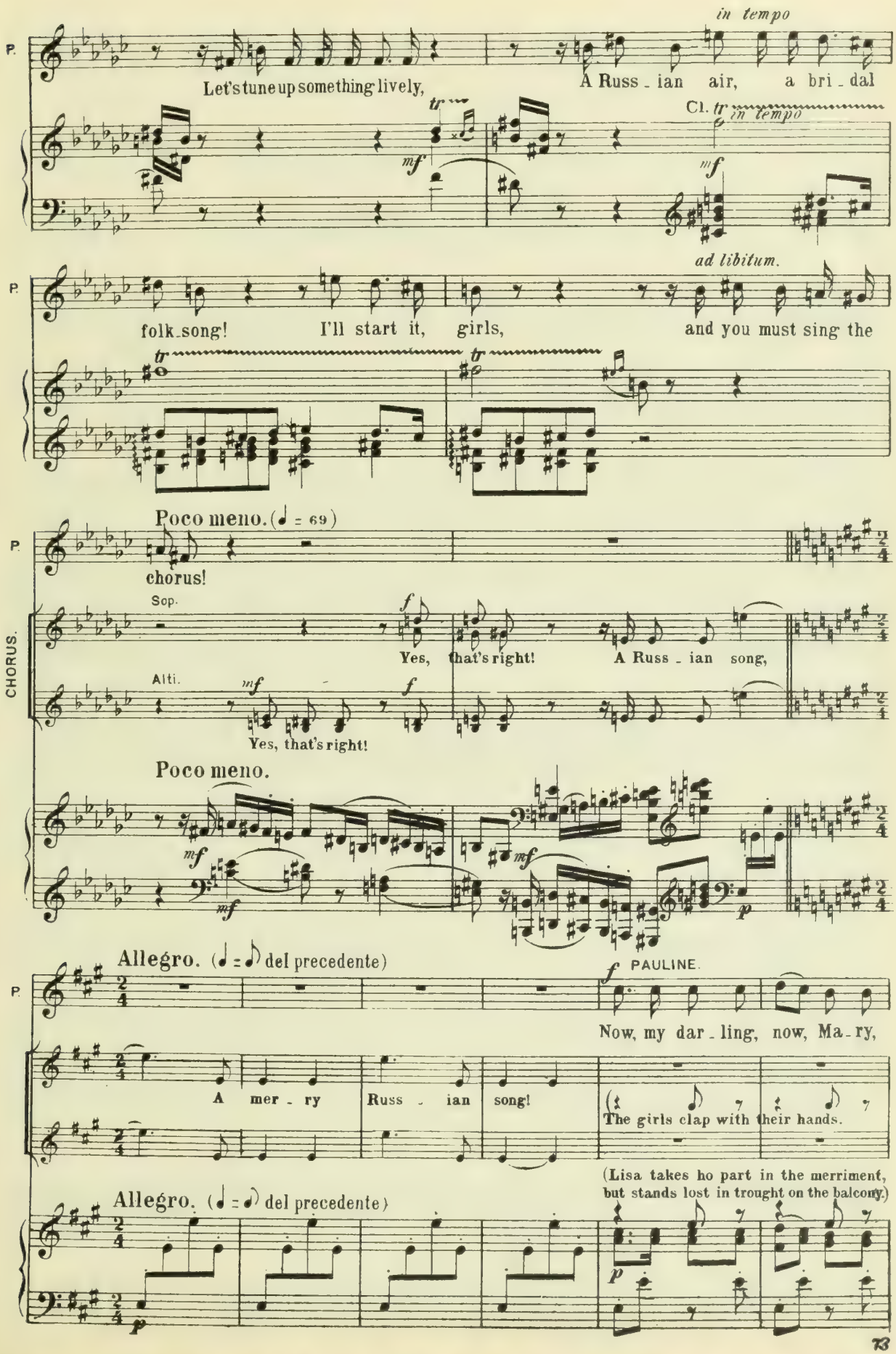

O please, mesdames, just one more
f
LISA.
PAULINE.
Pauline, dear, now sing a - lone! A - lone! What can I sing?
song!
Sing what you please, Paul.
p
P.
Well then I'll sing you Lis-
riten.
ine, dear, but be a dar-ling, sing us just one song!
riten.

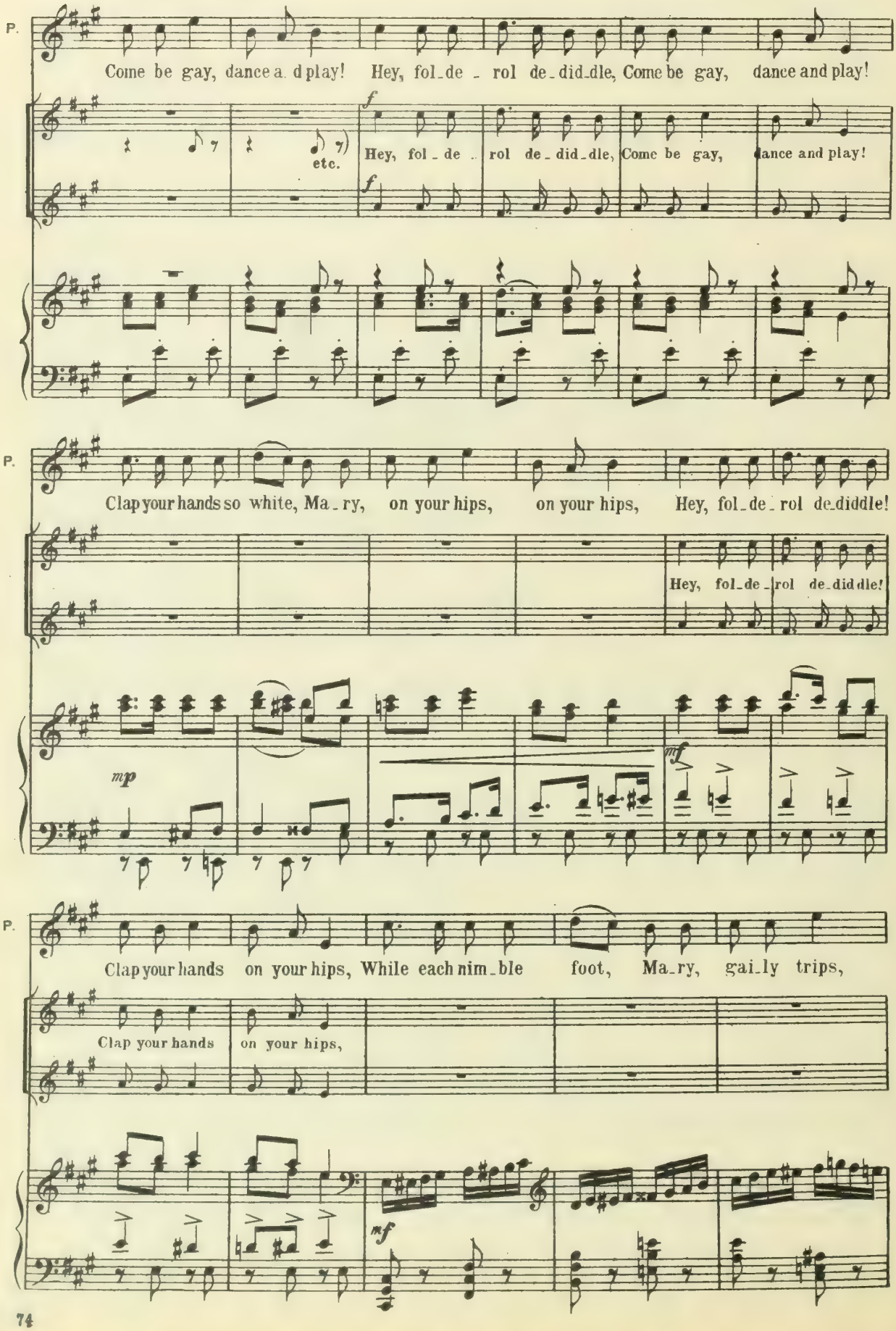

(Pauline seats herself at the harpsichord.)
P.
a's fav_or_ite song.
Let's see now...
How it goes...
p
Andante non tanto. (♩ = 76)
P.
Andante non tanto.
(Pauline preluding.)
mf
10
13
13
17
P.
Ah! now I know
10
12
11
(with deep sentiment)
P.
Dear friends for whom I sing, dear friends for
p

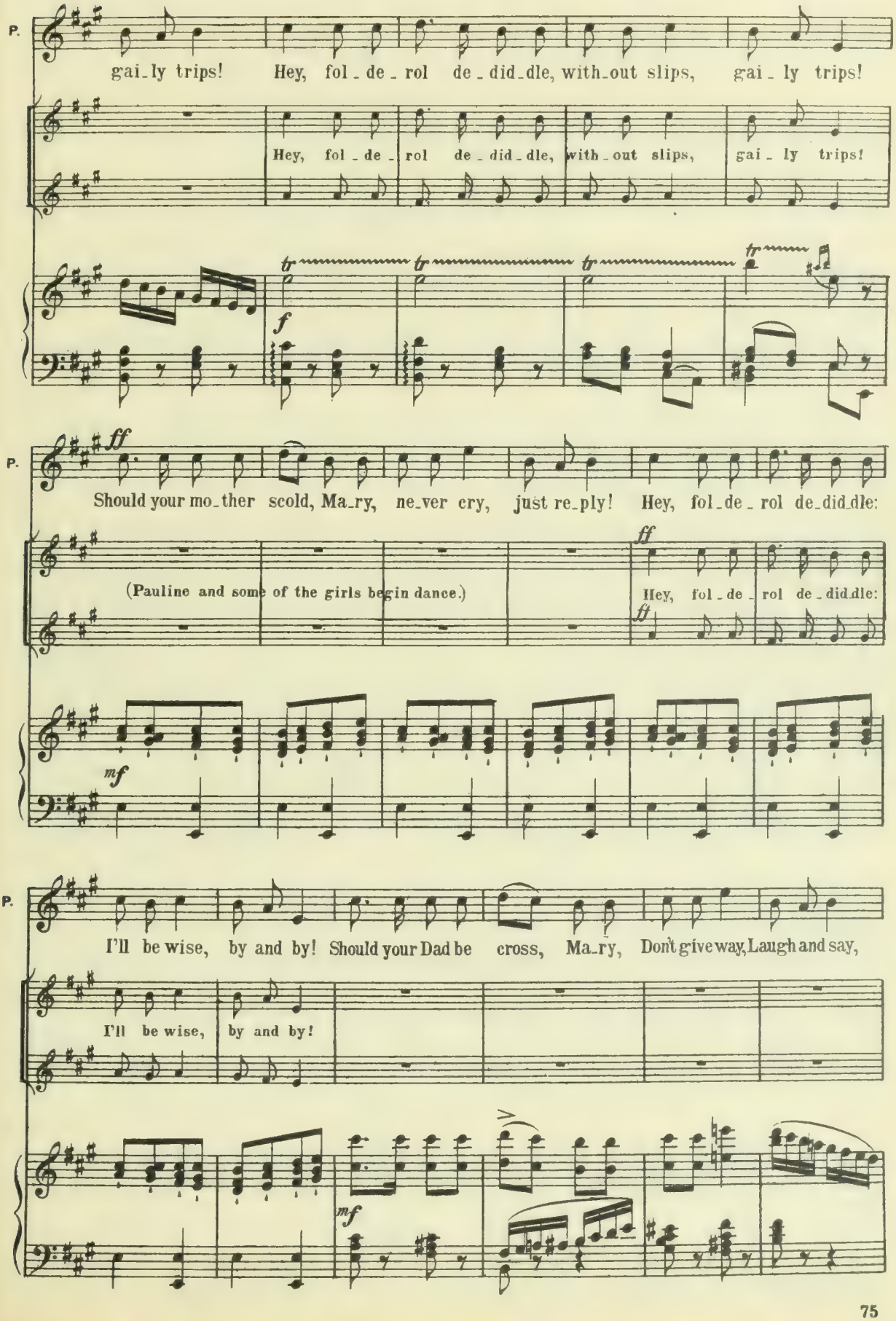

P.
whom I sing, Who know nor care nor sor - row, But still can
più f
dim.
P.
sport in hap - py groves and sun - ny fields. I
p
P.
too once dwelt a - mong the peace - ful groves of
P.
f
Ar - ca - die, Have hail'd the dawn of joy ful days up - on this
più f
P
self - same earth, And known the bliss of liv - ing, and known the
mf
p

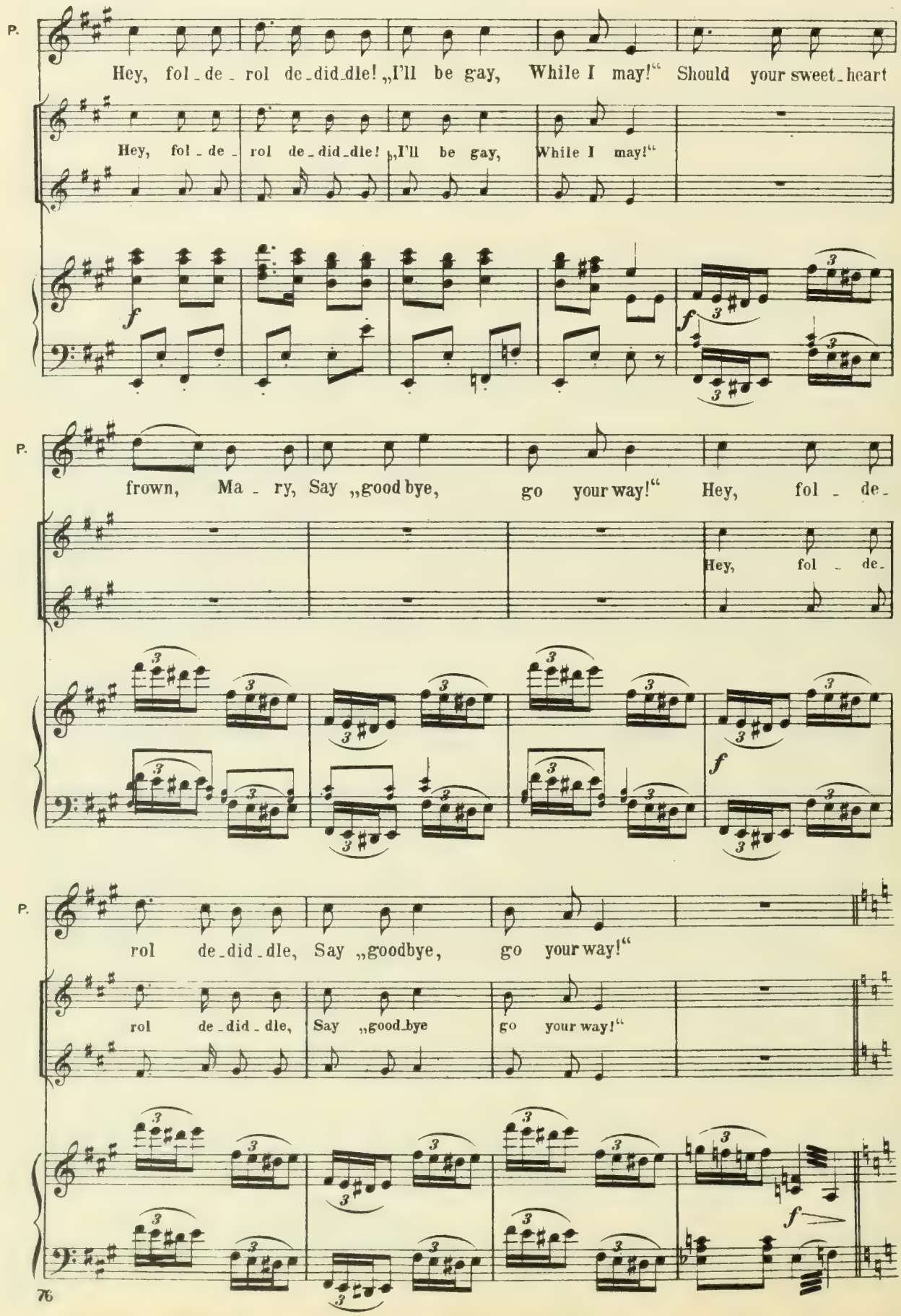

P.
bliss, the bliss of liv - - - - ing. The
p
P.
gold - - en dreams of love, my earl - ier years have
P.
cresc.
bright - end,— A - las! of all those fair and ra-diant vi-sions Now re-
poco cresc.
P.
ff
mains one hope a - lone, one hope re - mains a - lone: Death
mf
P.
calls me, Death calls me, Death calls - - -
dim.

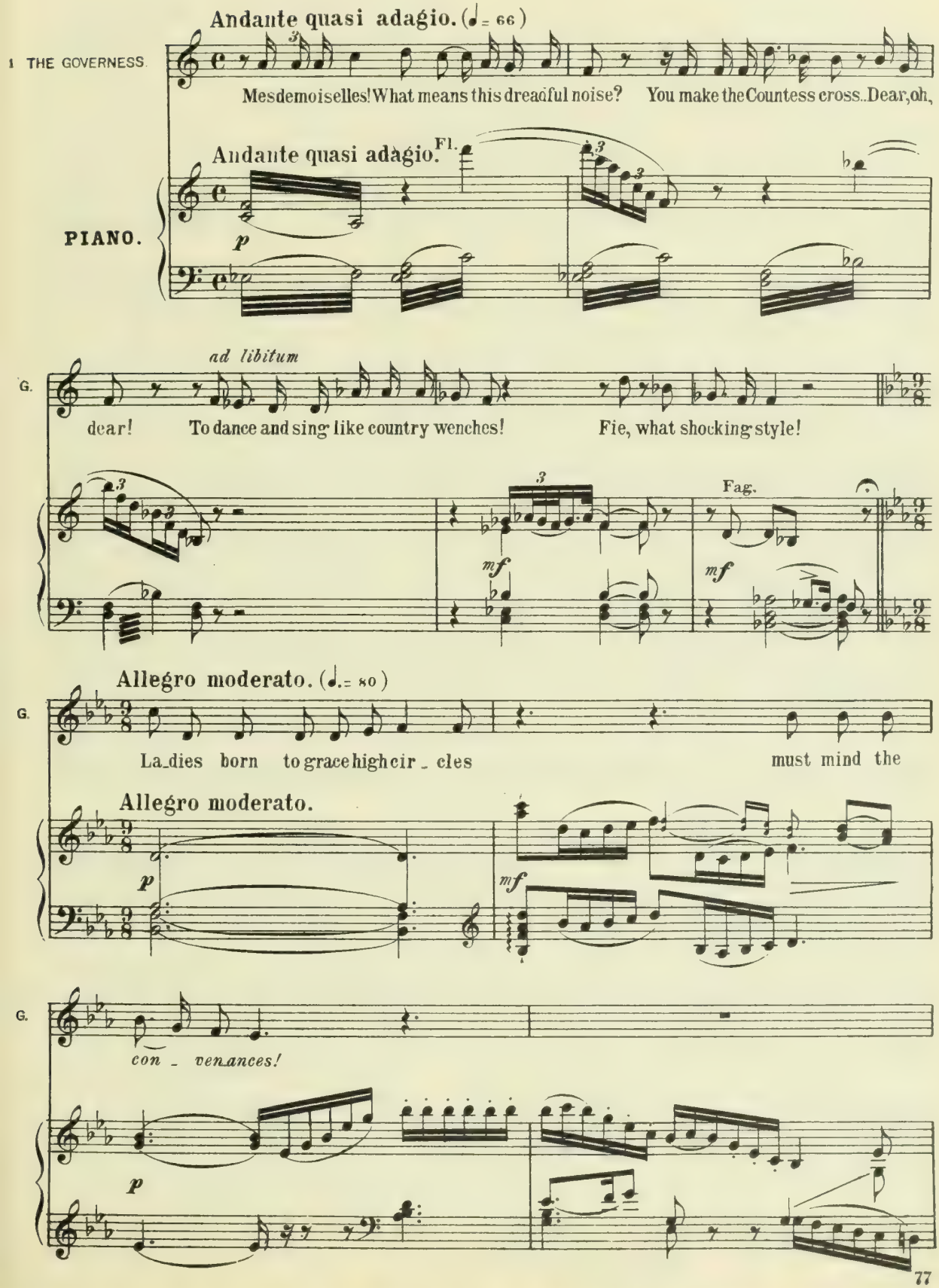

P.
p
me!
(All are deeply touched by the song.)
p
p
Recit.
P.
Now, what could I be think_ing of
f
P.
to sing this tearful dit_ty? Ah, how thoughtless! A_part from that you
mf
p
in tempo
P.
have some troub_le, Lis_a. But what in_deed can vex you, on your be_
in tempo
Recit.
(the girls)
P
tro_thal day! Dear, dear, dear! Now ev_ry bo_dy seems in dole_ful dumps!
mf
p

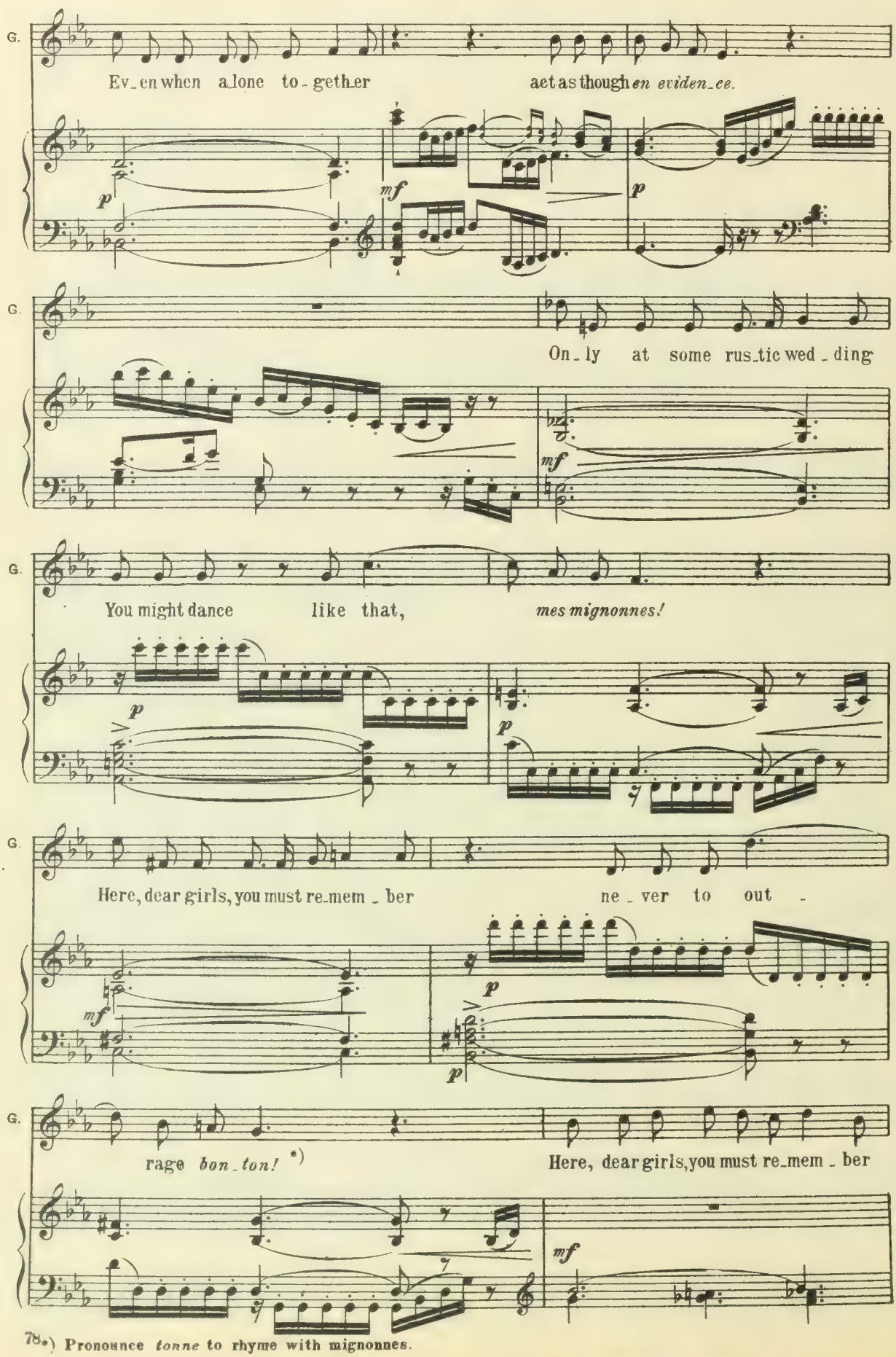

P.
Let's tune up something lively,
A Russ - ian air, a bri - dal
in tempo
Cl.
in tempo
ad libitum.
folk-song! I'll start it, girls, and you must sing the
Poco meno. (♩ = 69)
chorus!
CHORUS.
Sop.
Yes, that's right! A Russ - ian song,
Alti.
Yes, that's right!
Poco meno.
Allegro. (♩ = ♪ del precedente)
PAULINE.
Now, my dar - ling, now, Ma - ry,
A mer - ry Russ - ian song!
The girls clap with their hands.
(Lisa takes ho part in the merriment, but stands lost in trought on the balcony.)
Allegro. (♩ = ♪ del precedente)


P.
Come be gay, dance a. d play! Hey, fol_de _ rol de_did_dle, Come be gay, dance and play!
f
etc.
Hey, fol _ de .. rol de _ did _ dle, Come be gay, dance and play!
f
P.
Clap your hands so white, Ma _ ry, on your hips, on your hips, Hey, fol_de _ rol de_diddle!
Hey, fol_de _ rol de_diddle!
mp
mf
P.
Clap your hands on your hips, While each nim_ble foot, Ma_ry, gai_ly trips,
Clap your hands
on your hips,
mf

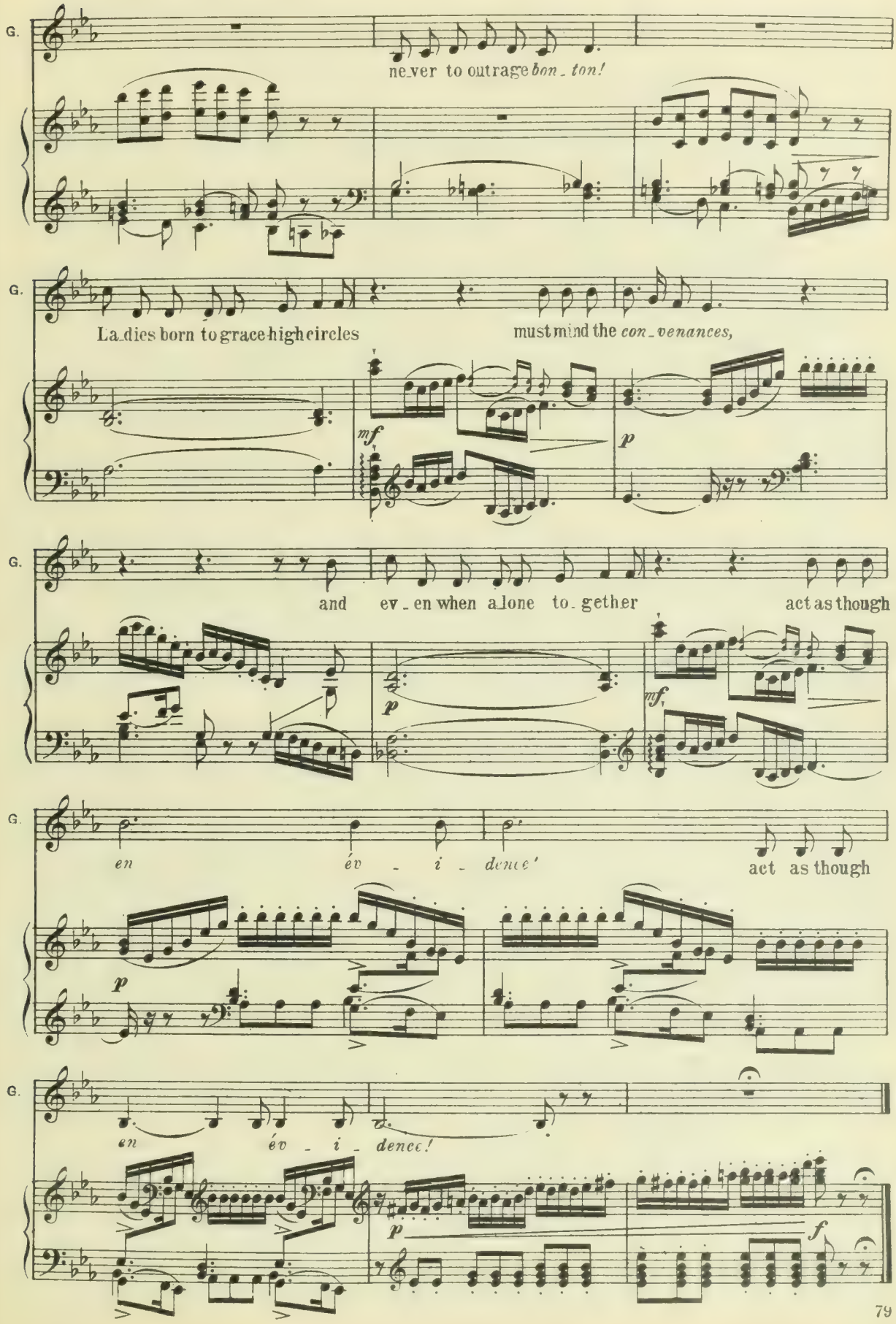

P.
gai_ly trips! Hey, fol_de_rol de_did_dle, with_out slips, gai_ly trips!
Hey, fol_de_rol de_did_dle, with_out slips, gai_ly trips!
tr
tr
tr
tr
f
P.
ff
Should your mo_ther scold, Ma_ry, ne_ver cry, just re_ply! Hey, fol_de_rol de_did_dle:
(Pauline and some of the girls begin dance.)
ff
Hey, fol_de_rol de_did_dle:
ff
mf
P.
I'll be wise, by and by! Should your Dad be cross, Ma_ry, Don't give way, Laugh and say,
I'll be wise, by and by!
mf


P.
Hey, fol - de - rol de - did - dle! „I'll be gay, While I may!“ Should your sweet - heart
Hey, fol - de - rol de - did - dle! „I'll be gay, While I may!“
f
f
P.
frown, Ma - ry, Say „good bye, go your way!“ Hey, fol - de -
Hey, fol - de -
f
P.
rol de - did - dle, Say „goodbye, go your way!“
rol de - did - dle, Say „good - bye go your way!“
f

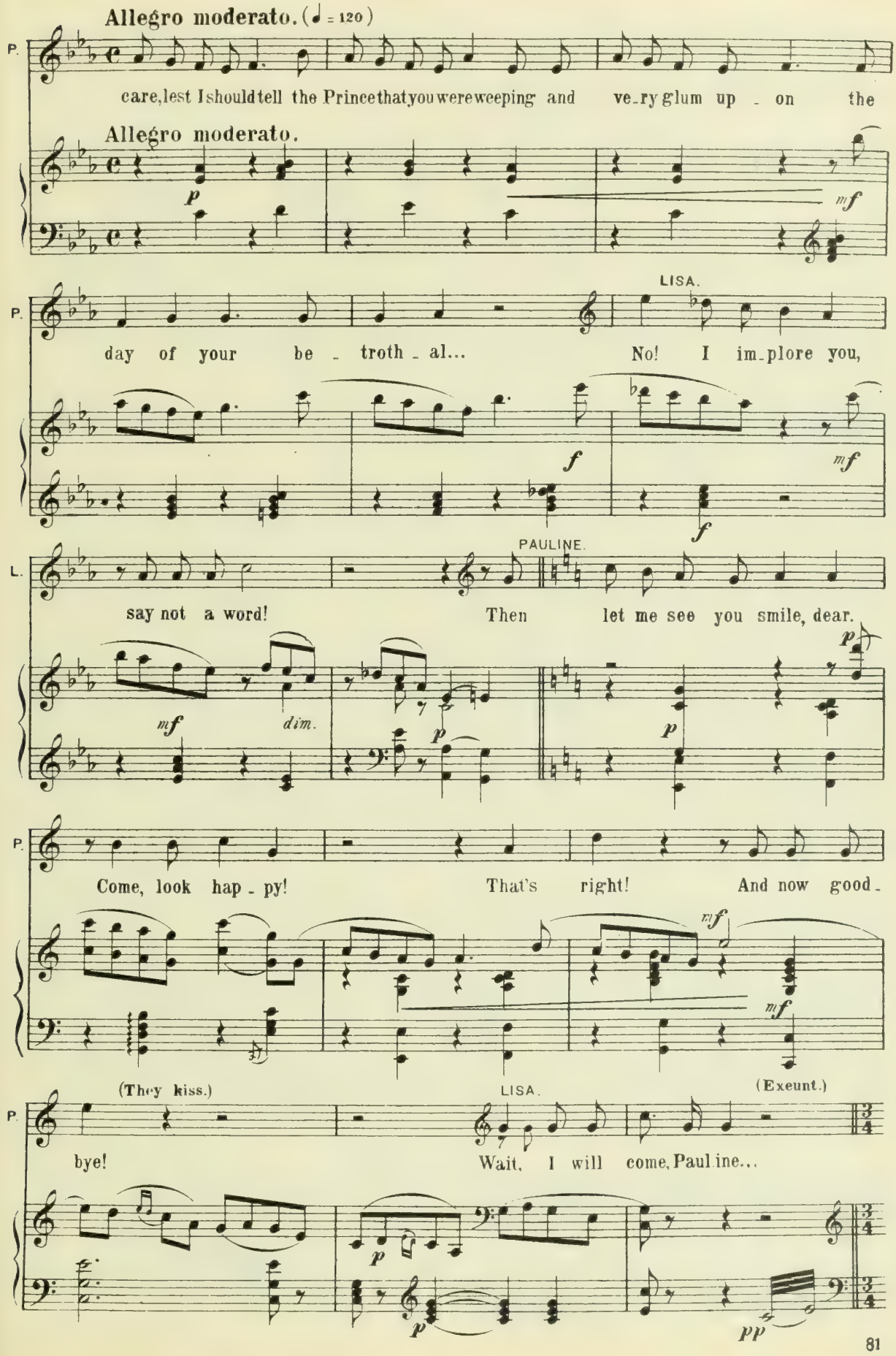

Andante quasi adagio. (♩= 66)
1 THE GOVERNESS.
Mesdemoiselles! What means this dreadful noise? You make the Countess cross. Dear, oh,
Andante quasi adagio.
Fl.
PIANO.
p
G.
ad libitum
dear! To dance and sing like country wenches! Fie, what shocking style!
Fag.
mf
mf
Allegro moderato. (♩.= 80)
G.
La_dies born to grace high cir_cles must mind the
Allegro moderato.
p
mf
G.
con_venances!
p

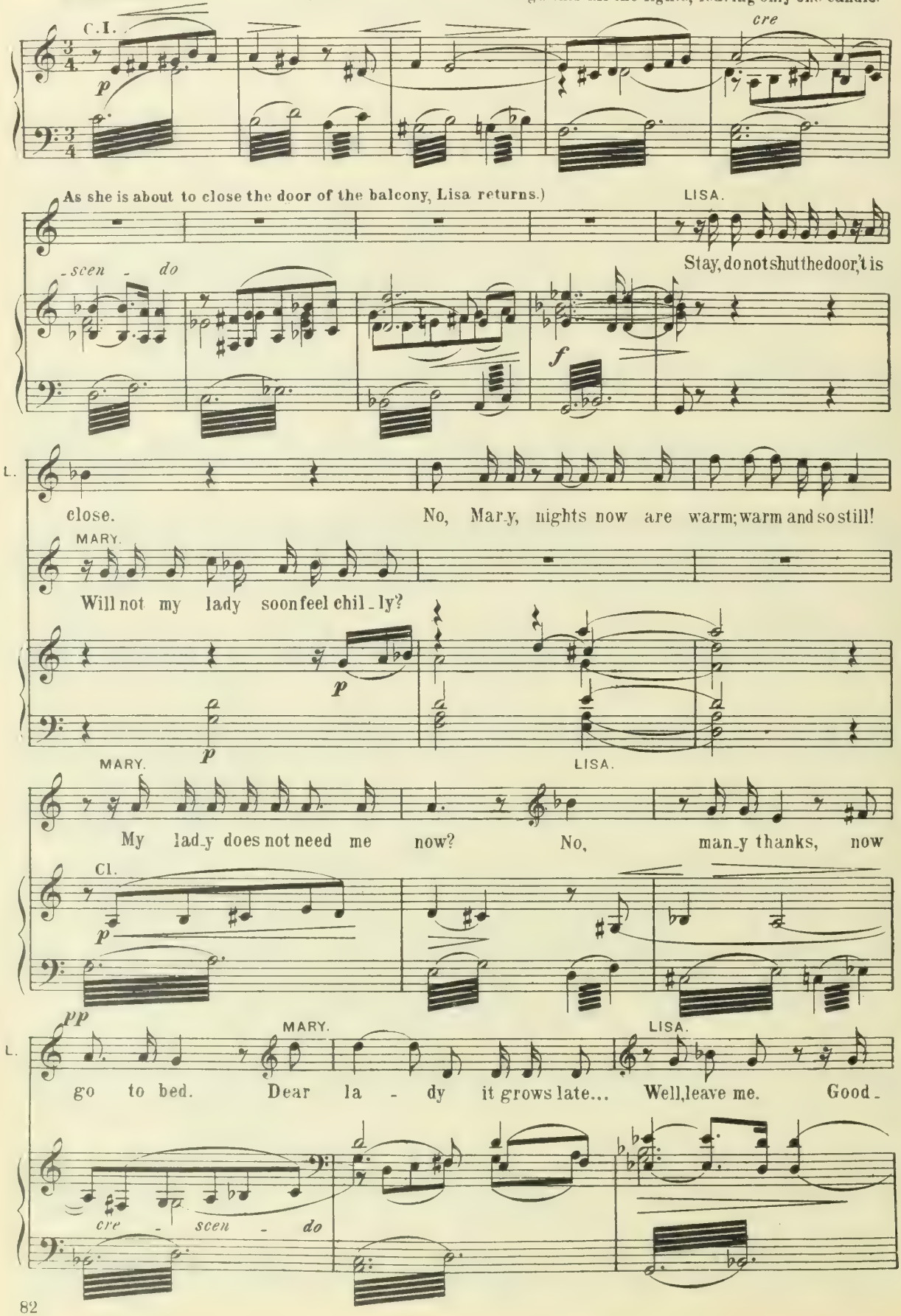


78*) Pronounce *tonne* to rhyme with mignonnes.


G.
never to outrage bon_ton!
G.
La_dies born to grace high circles
must mind the con_venances,
mf
p
G.
and ev_en when a_lone to_gether
act as though
p
mf
G.
en
év _ i _ dence!
act as though
p
G.
en
év _ i _ dence!
p
f


L'istesso tempo. ♩=♩.
THE GOVERNESS.
'Tis time you all went home. I was sent to bid you put on your
L'istesso tempo. ♩=♩.
PIANO.
mf
mf
(The young ladies disperse.)
PAULINE. (approaching Lisa)
L.
cloaks.
Lis_a, tell me,
p
LISA.
G.
why are you so gloomy? I? nonsense, dear! what fan_cies! Now look how calm &
p
PAUL.
P.
fair the world ap_pears at twi_light; see, af_ter storm what peace. Take
p


Allegro moderato. (♩ = 120)
P.
care, lest I should tell the Prince that you were weeping and very glum up - on the
Allegro moderato.
p
mf
LISA.
P.
day of your be - troth - al... No! I im - plore you,
f
mf
f
PAULINE.
L.
say not a word! Then let me see you smile, dear.
mf
dim.
p
p
p
P.
Come, look hap - py! That's right! And now good -
mf
mf
(They kiss.)
LISA.
(Exeunt.)
P.
bye! Wait, I will come, Pauline...
p
p
pp


Andante. (♩ = 66)
(Enter a servant who extinguishes all the lights, leaving only one candle.
C.I.
cre
(As she is about to close the door of the balcony, Lisa returns.)
LISA.
Stay, do not shut the door, 't is
scen - do
close.
No, Mar-y, nights now are warm; warm and so still!
MARY.
Will not my lady soon feel chil-ly?
MARY.
LISA.
My lad-y does not need me now?
No, man-y thanks, now
Cl.
MARY.
LISA.
go to bed.
Dear la - dy it grows late...
Well, leave me.
Good-
cre - scen - do

(Exit Mary. Lisa stands as though lost in thought, and then begins to weep quietly.)

L.

night!

p

f

pp

(with much sentiment.)

L.

O burn_ing tears of girl _ hood, why must ye flow?

L.

A_las, youth's radiant visions, Ah, say, why must ye go?

pp

L.

cresc.

A_las, youth's radiant visions, O say, why must ye go?

f

cre - - - scen - - do

Poco più animato.

L.

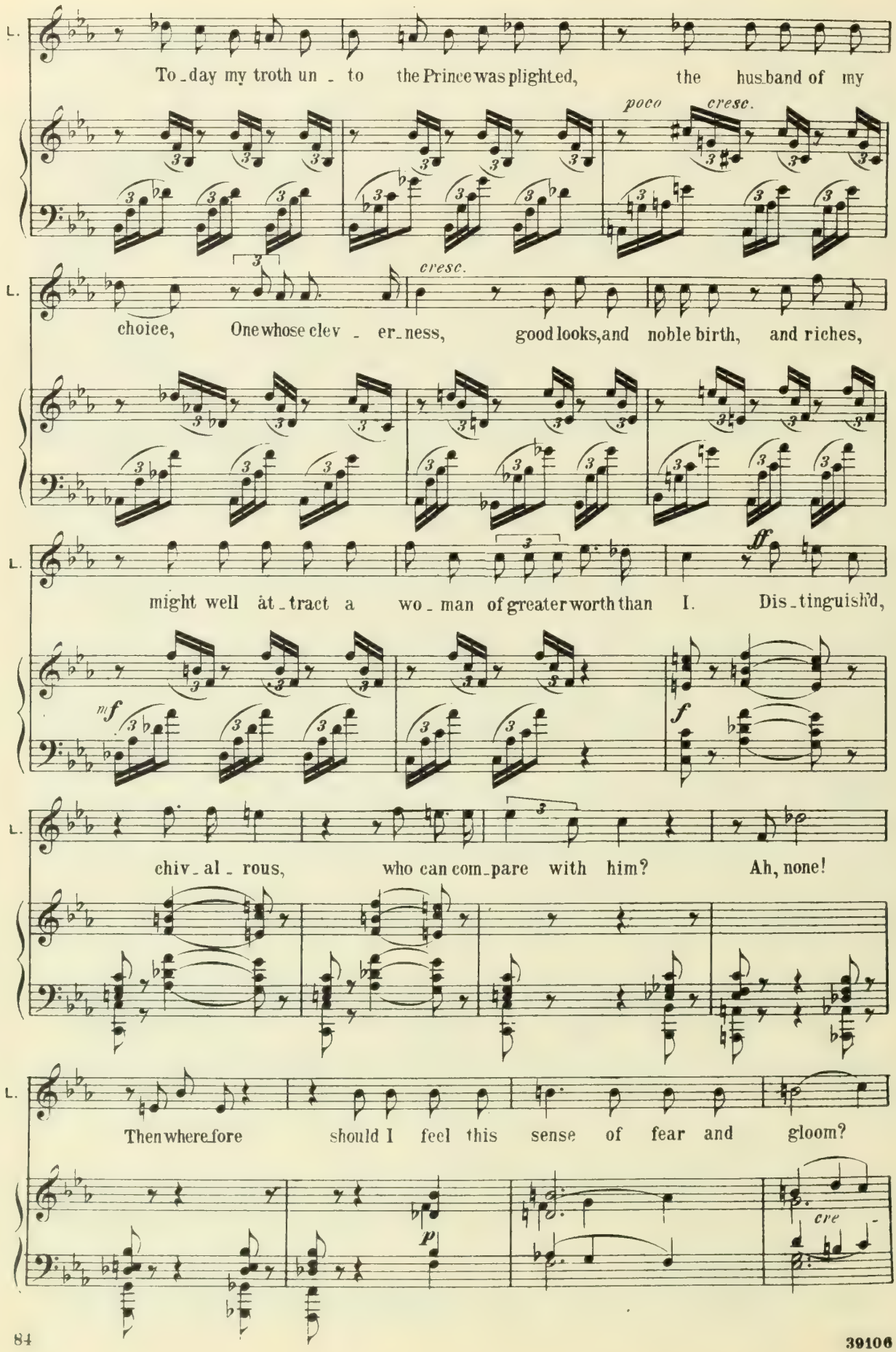
f

Thus are my dreams of hap _ pi_ness ful_filled!

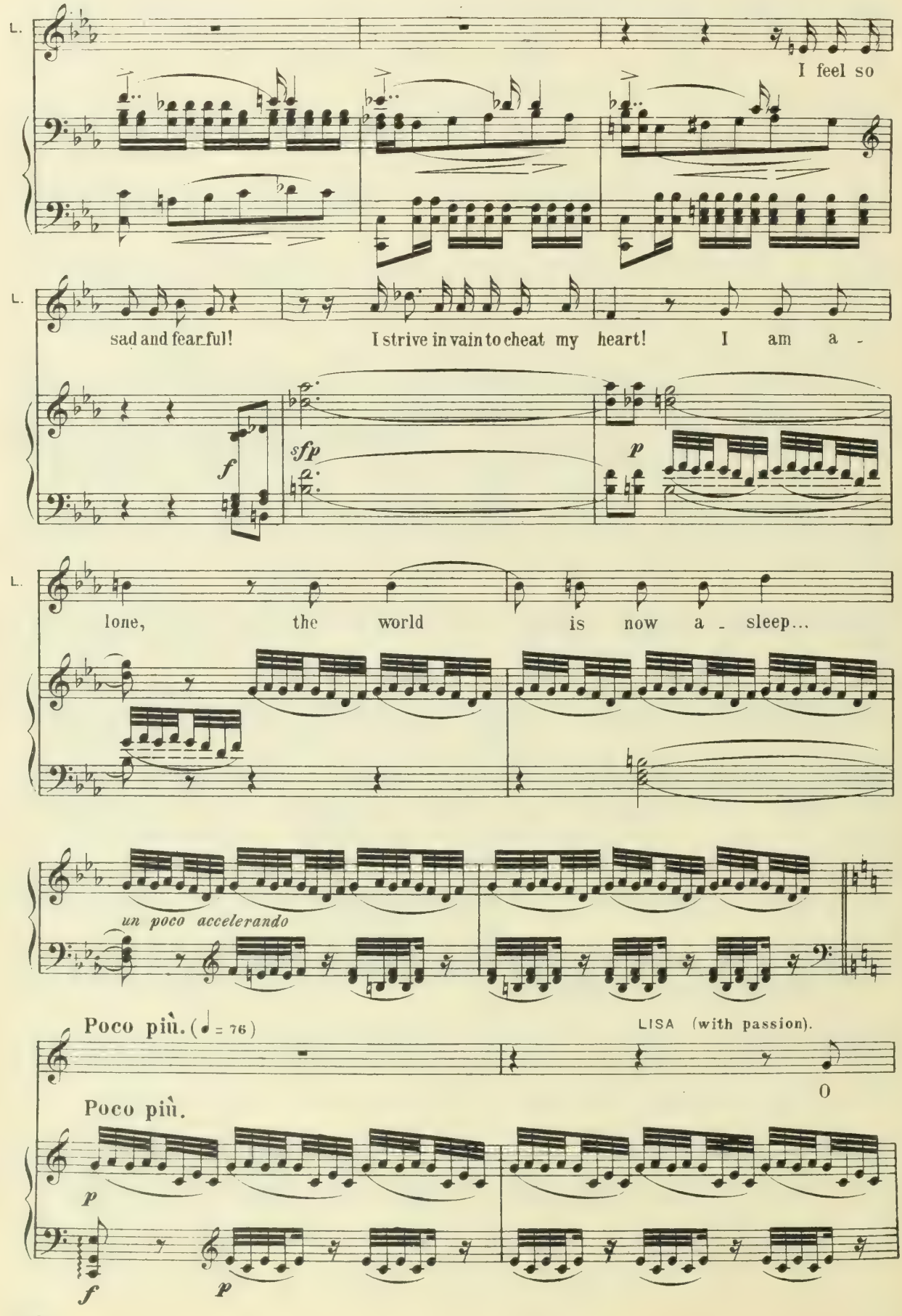
Poco più animato.

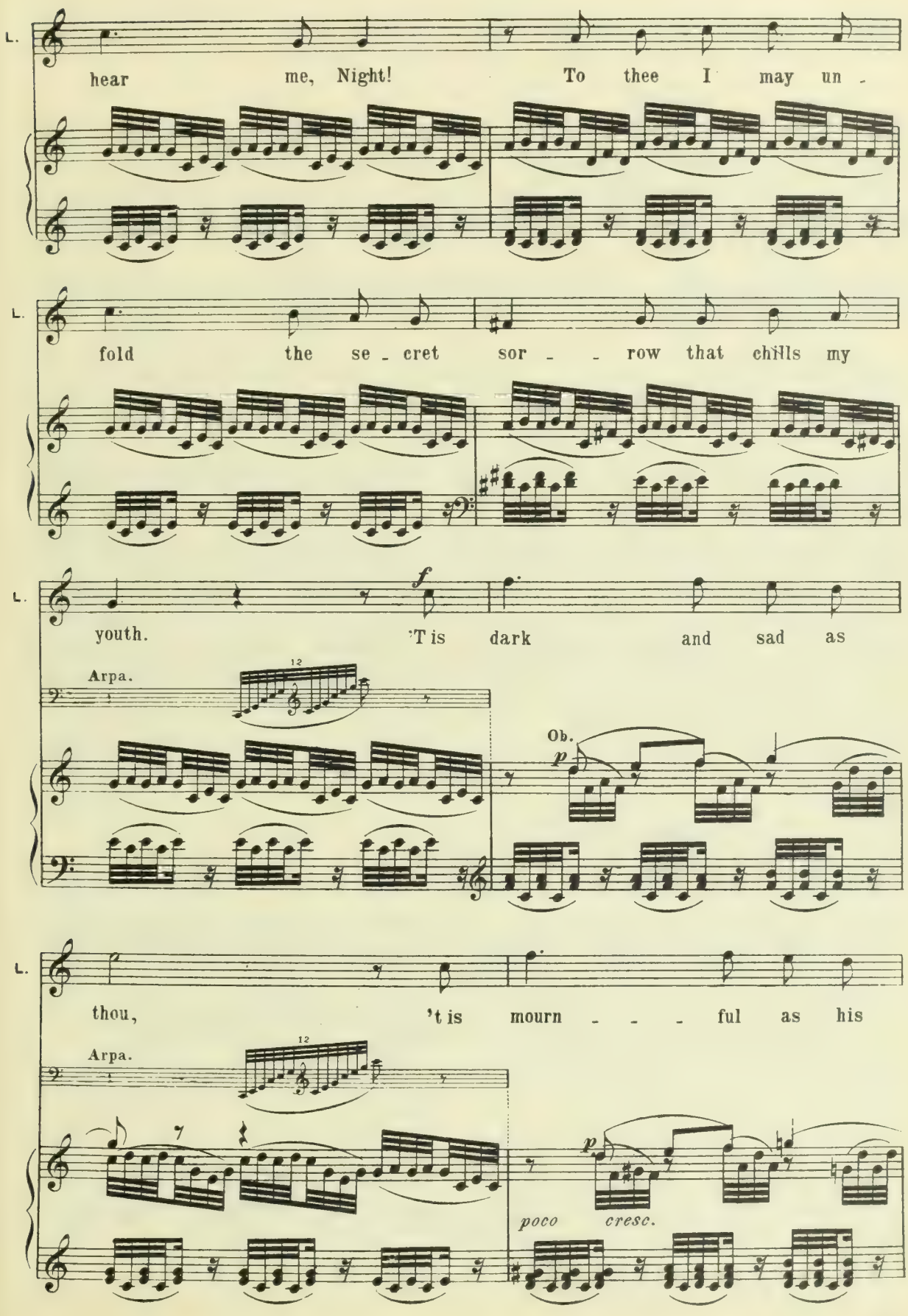
f

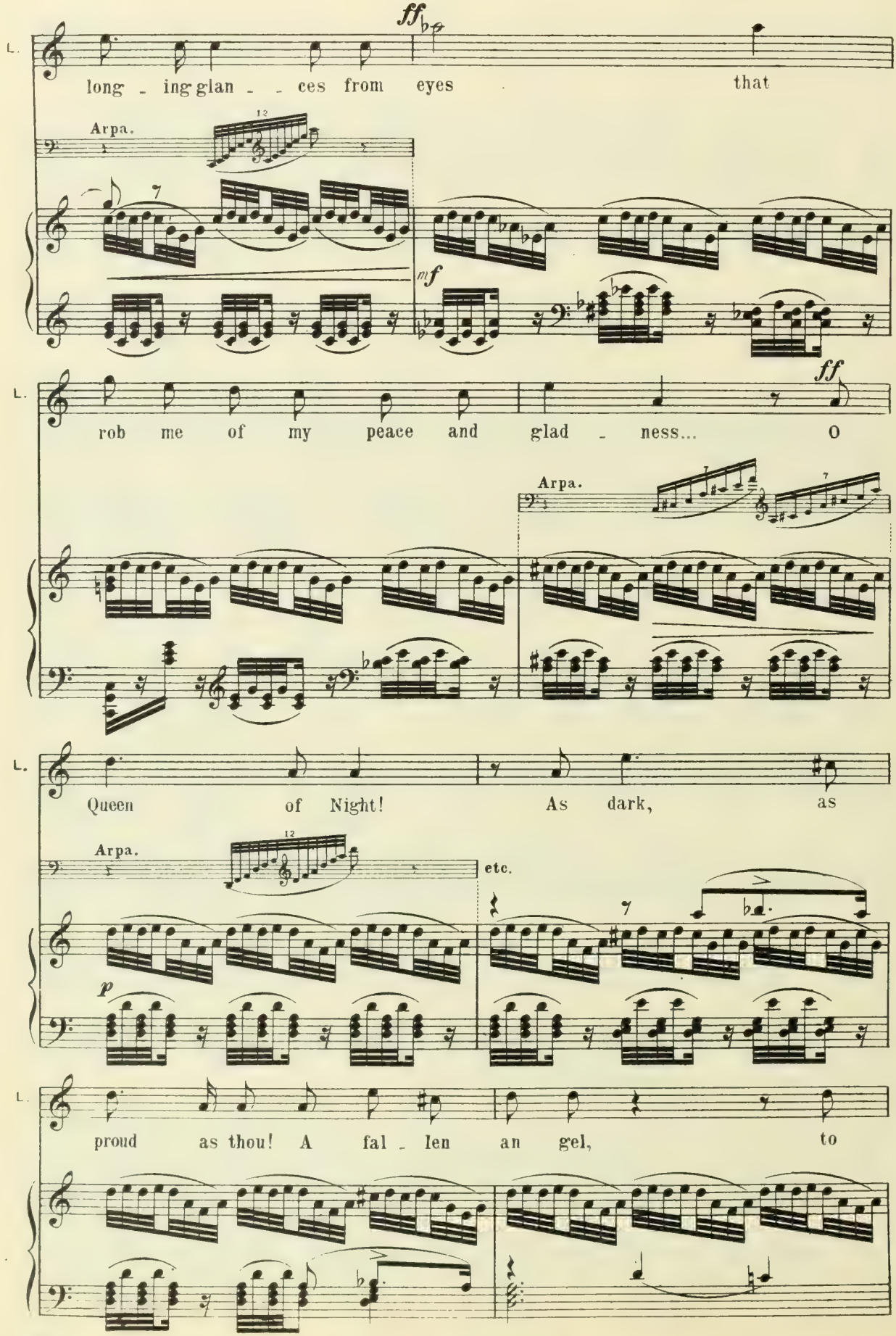
p


L.
To-day my troth un-to the Prince was plighted, the hus-band of my
poco
cresc.
L.
choice, One whose clev-er-ness, good looks, and noble birth, and riches,
cresc.
L.
might well at-tract a wo-man of greater worth than I. Dis-tinguish'd,
ff
mf
f
L.
chiv-al-rous, who can com-pare with him? Ah, none!
L.
Then where-fore should I feel this sense of fear and gloom?
p
cre

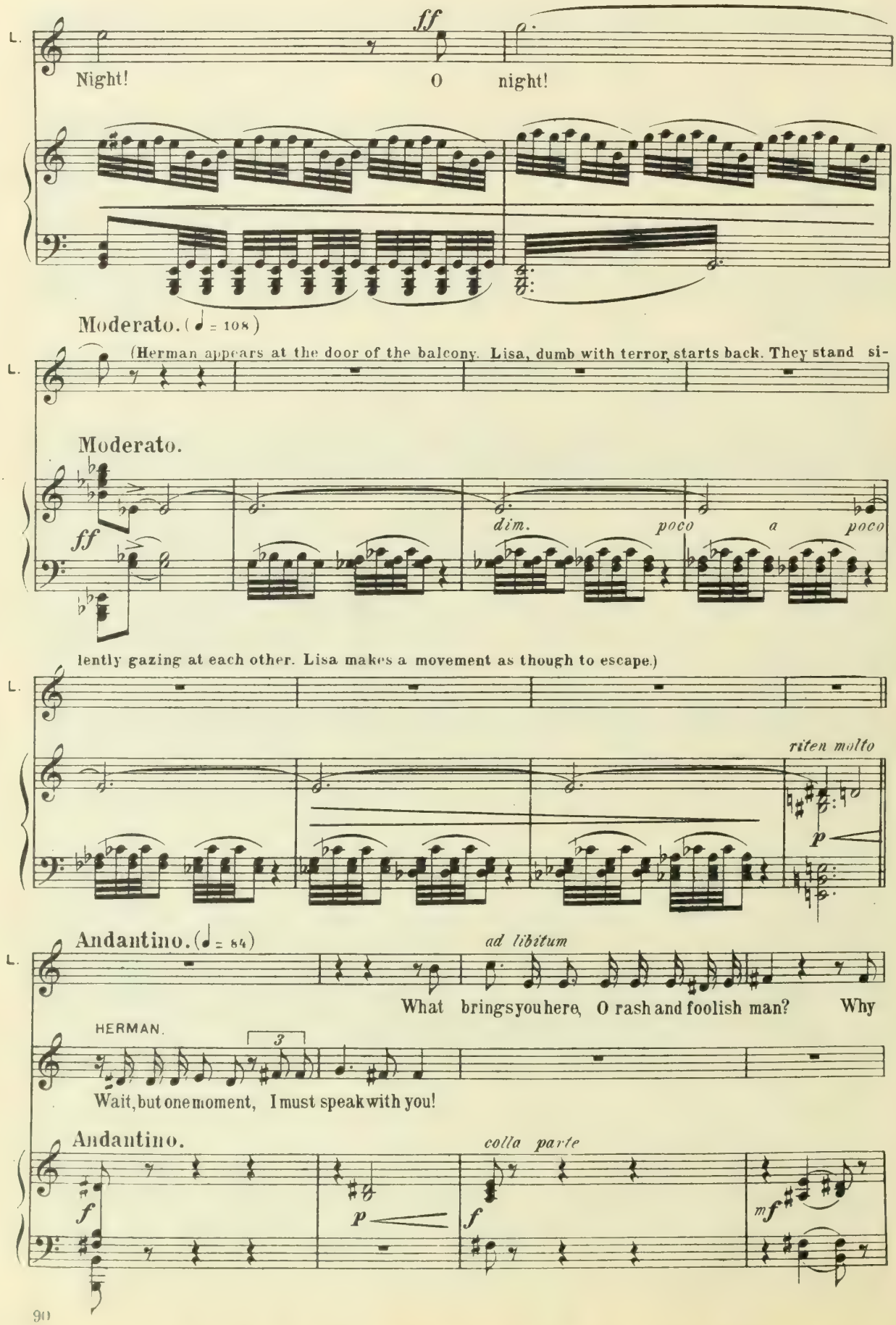

riten.
Tempo I.
L.
I weep and trem - ble! O, burning tears of girl - hood, why
- scen - do
riten.
Tempo I.
f
pp
must ye flow? A - las, youth's radiant visions, ah, say, why
pp
pp
must ye go? A - las, youth's radiant visions, ah, say, why
cre - scen - do
must ye go? Ah, say, why
f
p
(she weeps.)
must ye go?
espress.
pp

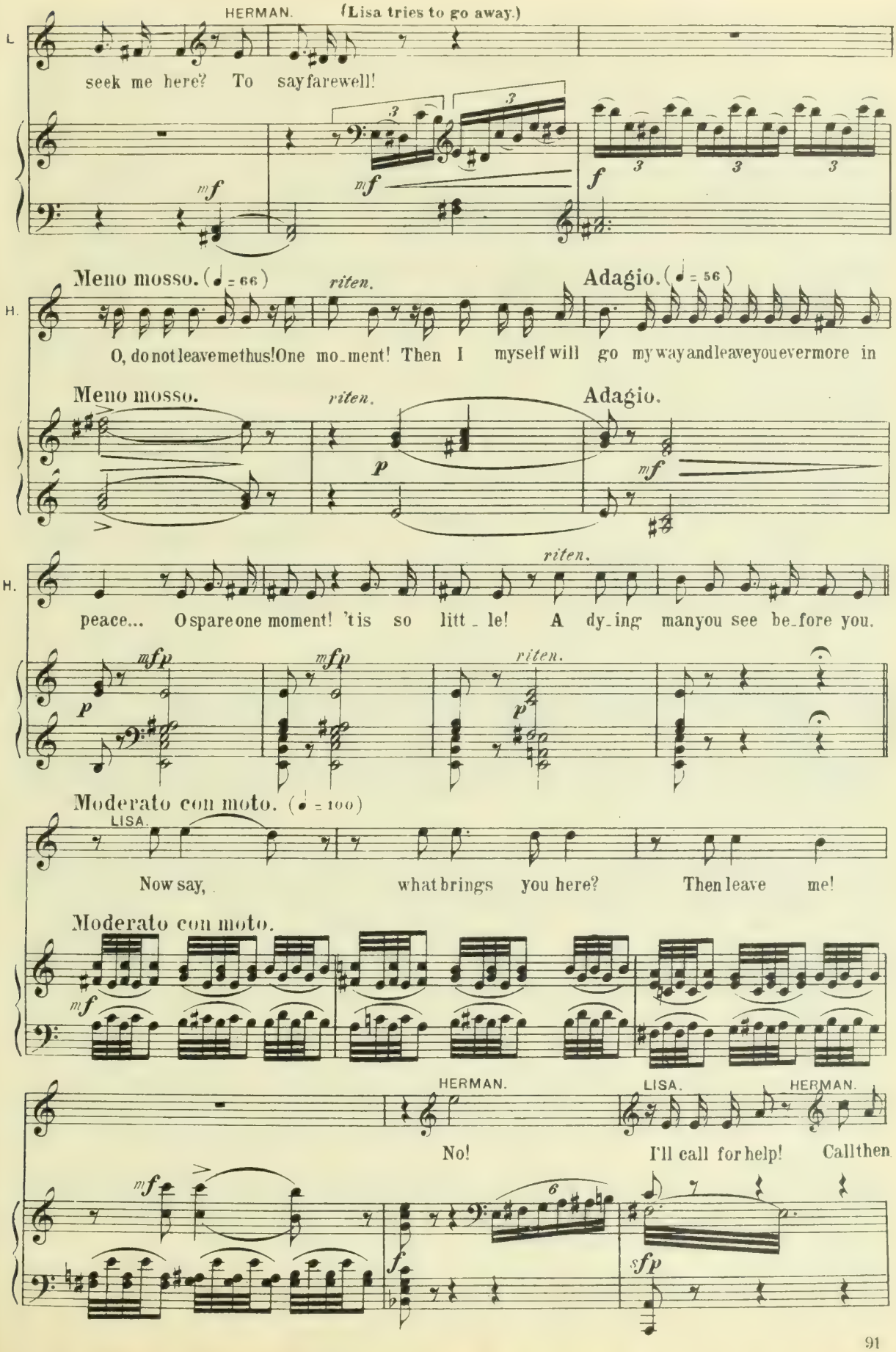

L.
I feel so
L.
sad and fear.ful!
I strive in vain to cheat my heart!
I am a -
f
sfp
p
L.
lone,
the world
is now a - sleep...
un poco accelerando
Poco più. (♩ = 76)
LISA (with passion).
O
Poco più.
p
f
p

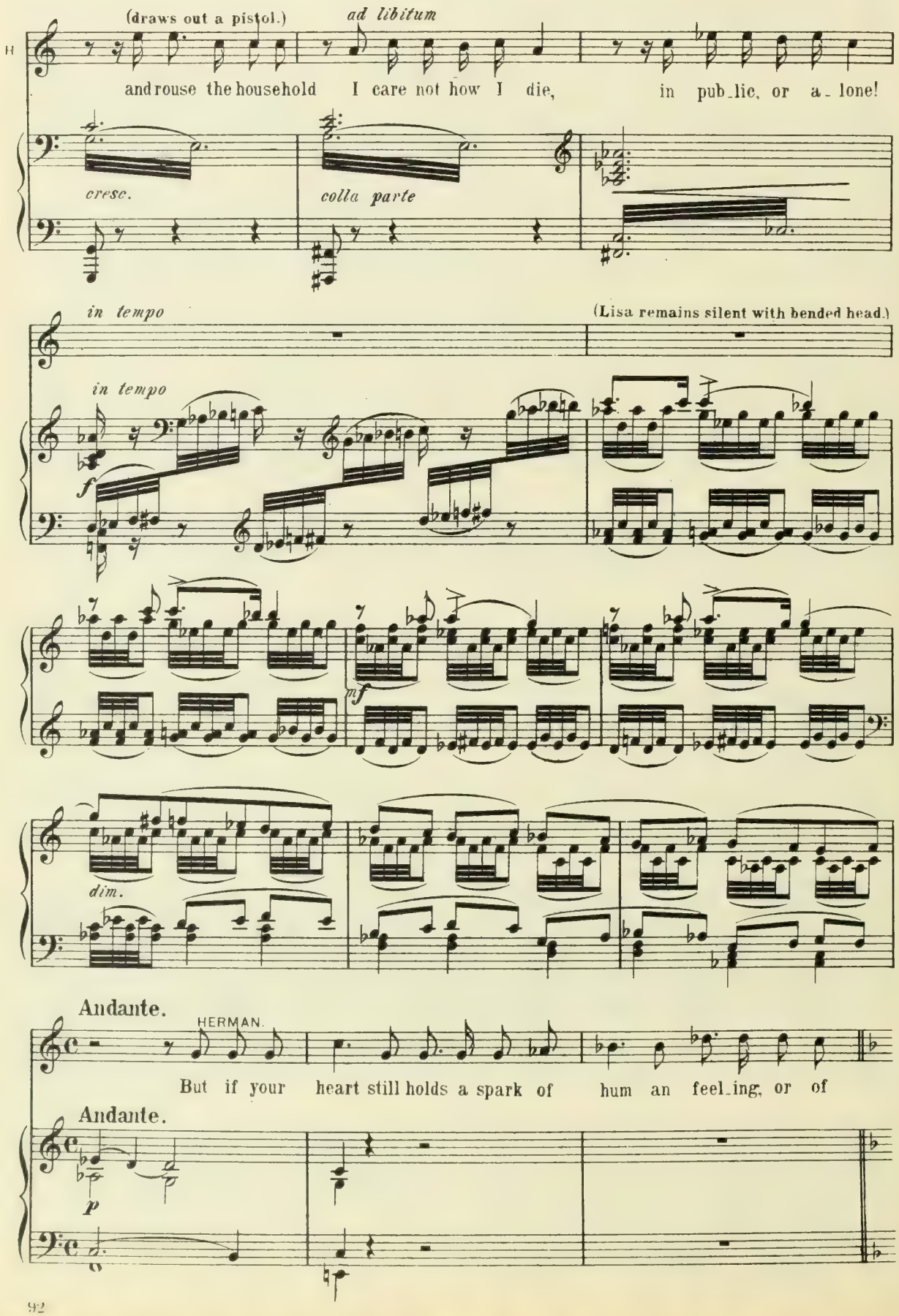

L.
hear me, Night! To thee I may un -
L.
fold the se - cret sor - - row that chills my
L.
youth. 'T is dark and sad as
Arpa.
Ob.
L.
thou, 't is mourn - - - ful as his
Arpa.
poco cresc.

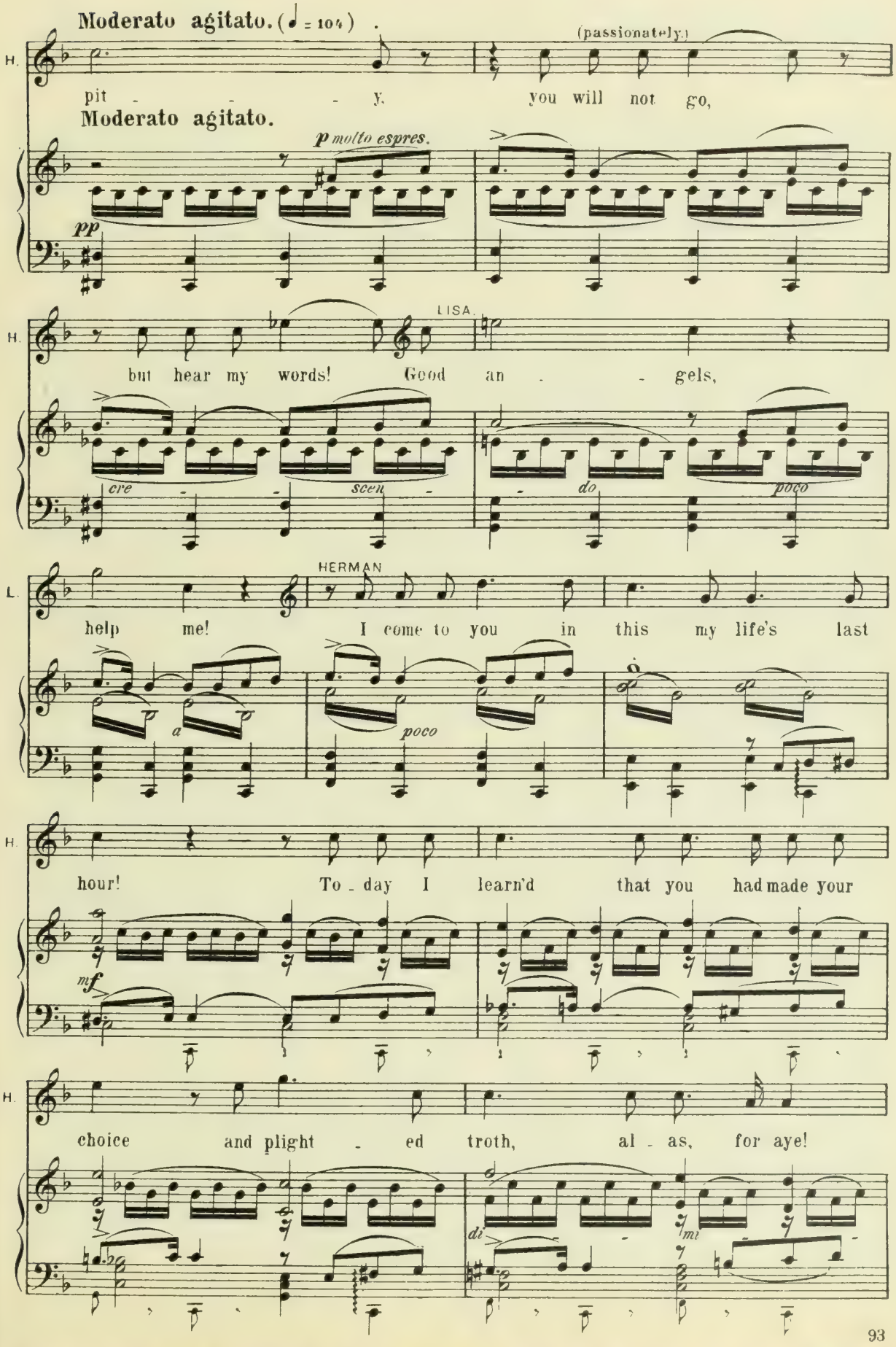

ff
L.
long - ing glan - - ces from eyes that
Arpa.
mf
L.
rob me of my peace and glad - ness... O
ff
Arpa.
L.
Queen of Night! As dark, as
Arpa.
etc.
p
L.
proud as thou! A fal - len an gel, to

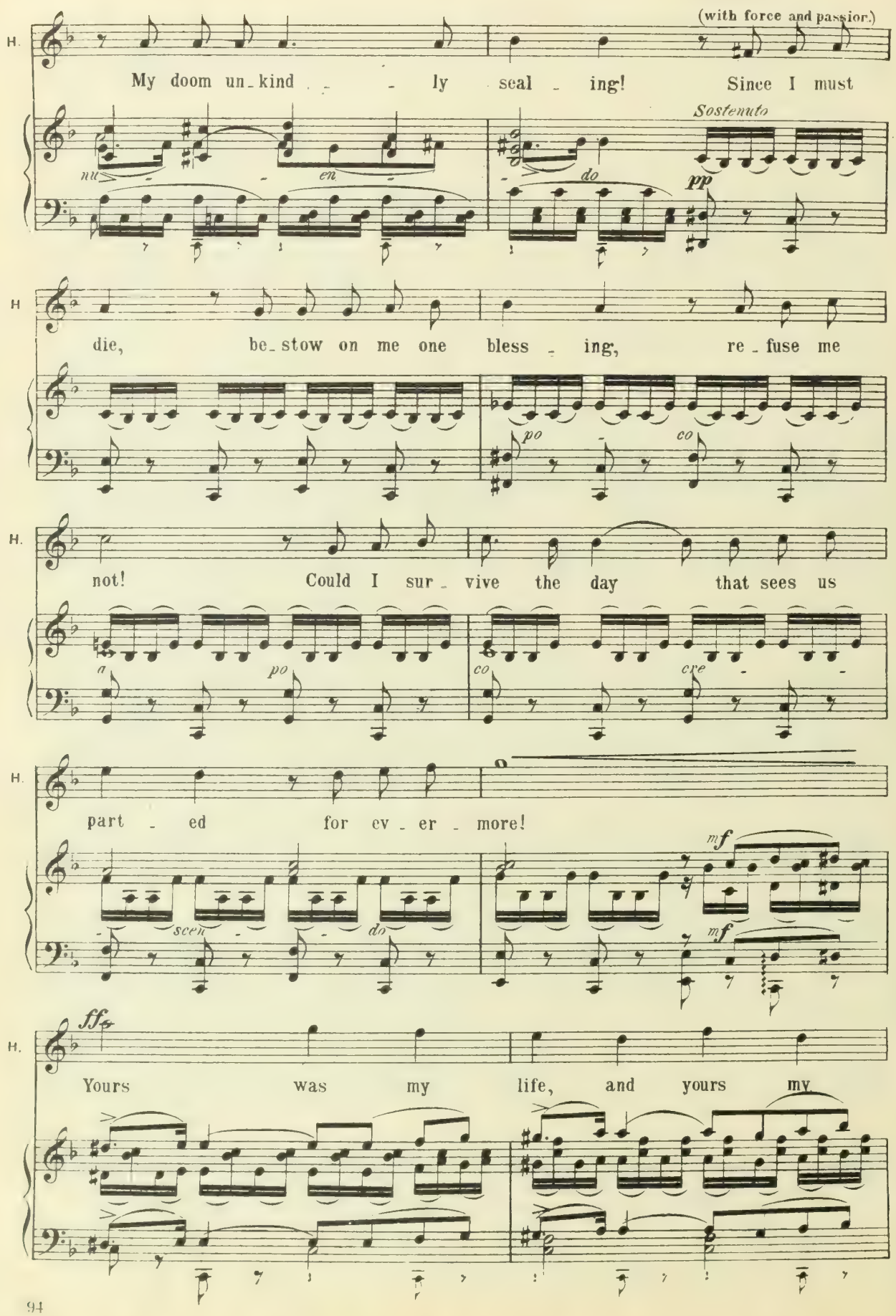

me he seems, his eyes with
L.
wild and ard - ent pas - - - sion
Un poco stringendo.
L.
burn - - - ing! A wond - rous dream
Un poco stringendo.
mf
pp
L.
pos - ess - es me, and all my soul is
L.
thrall and cap - tive to its spell! O


L.
ff
Night!
O night!
Moderato. (♩ = 108)
(Herman appears at the door of the balcony. Lisa, dumb with terror, starts back. They stand si-
Moderato.
ff
dim.
poco a poco
lently gazing at each other. Lisa makes a movement as though to escape.)
riten molto
p
Andantino. (♩ = 84)
ad libitum
What brings you here, O rash and foolish man? Why
HERMAN.
3
Wait, but one moment, I must speak with you!
Andantino.
colla parte
f
p
f
mf

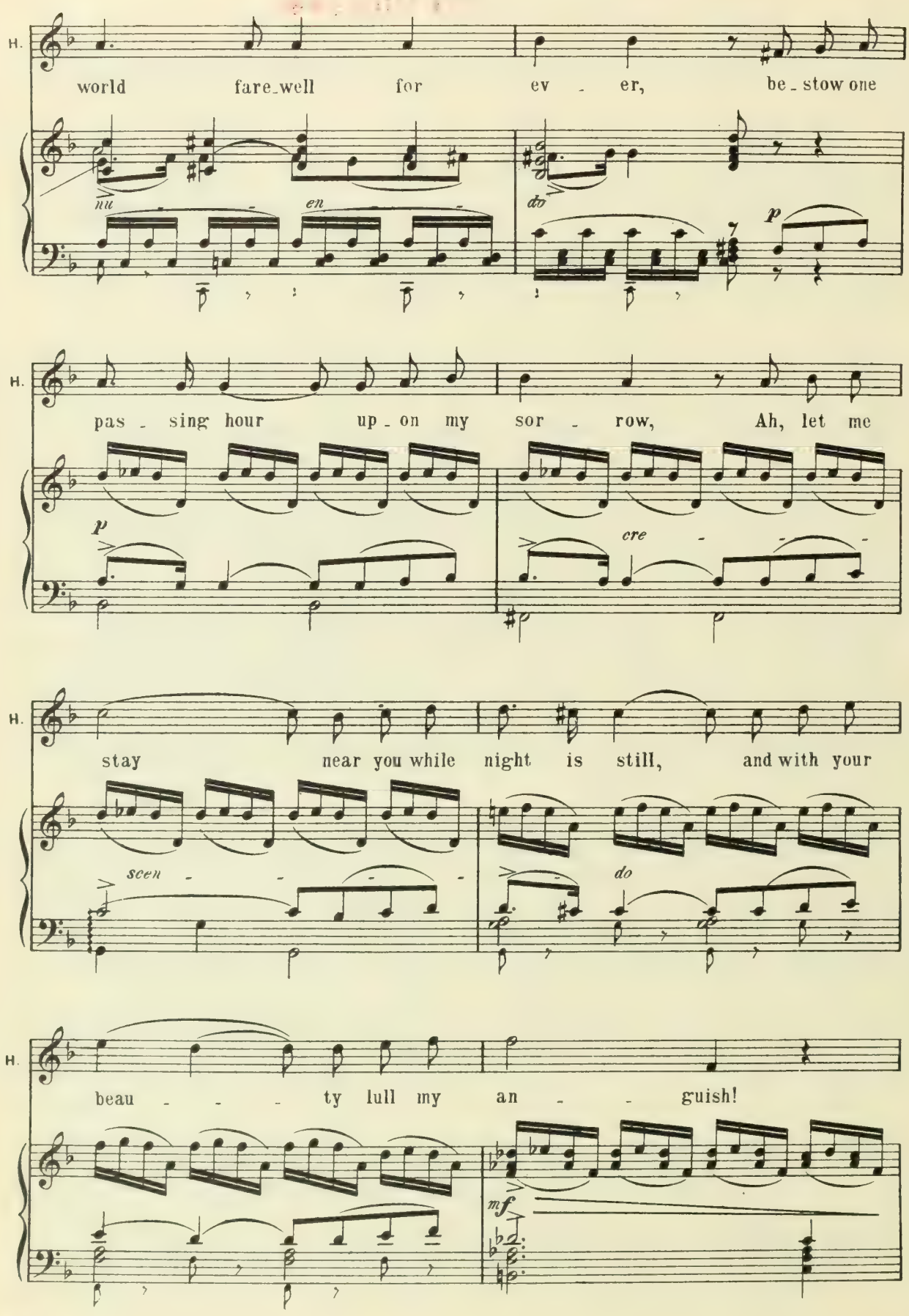

HERMAN. (Lisa tries to go away.)
seek me here? To say farewell!
Meno mosso. (♩ = 66)
riten.
Adagio. (♩ = 56)
O, do not leave me thus! One mo_ment! Then I myself will go my way and leave you evermore in
Meno mosso.
riten.
Adagio.
riten.
peace... O spare one moment! 'tis so litt_le! A dy_ing man you see be_fore you.
riten.
Moderato con moto. (♩ = 100)
LISA.
Now say, what brings you here? Then leave me!
Moderato con moto.
HERMAN.
LISA.
HERMAN.
No! I'll call for help! Call then


(draws out a pistol.)
ad libitum
and rouse the household I care not how I die, in pub_lic, or a_lone!
cresc.
colla parte
in tempo
(Lisa remains silent with bended head.)
in tempo
f
mf
dim.
Andante.
HERMAN.
But if your heart still holds a spark of hum an feel_ing, or of
Andante.
p


Moderato agitato. (♩ = 104)
(passionately.)
H.
pit - - - y, you will not go,
Moderato agitato.
p molto espres.
pp
LISA.
H.
but hear my words! Good an - - gels,
cre - scen - do poco
HERMAN
L.
help me! I come to you in this my life's last
a
poco
H.
hour! To - day I learn'd that you had made your
mf
H.
choice and plight - ed troth, al - as, for aye!
di mi

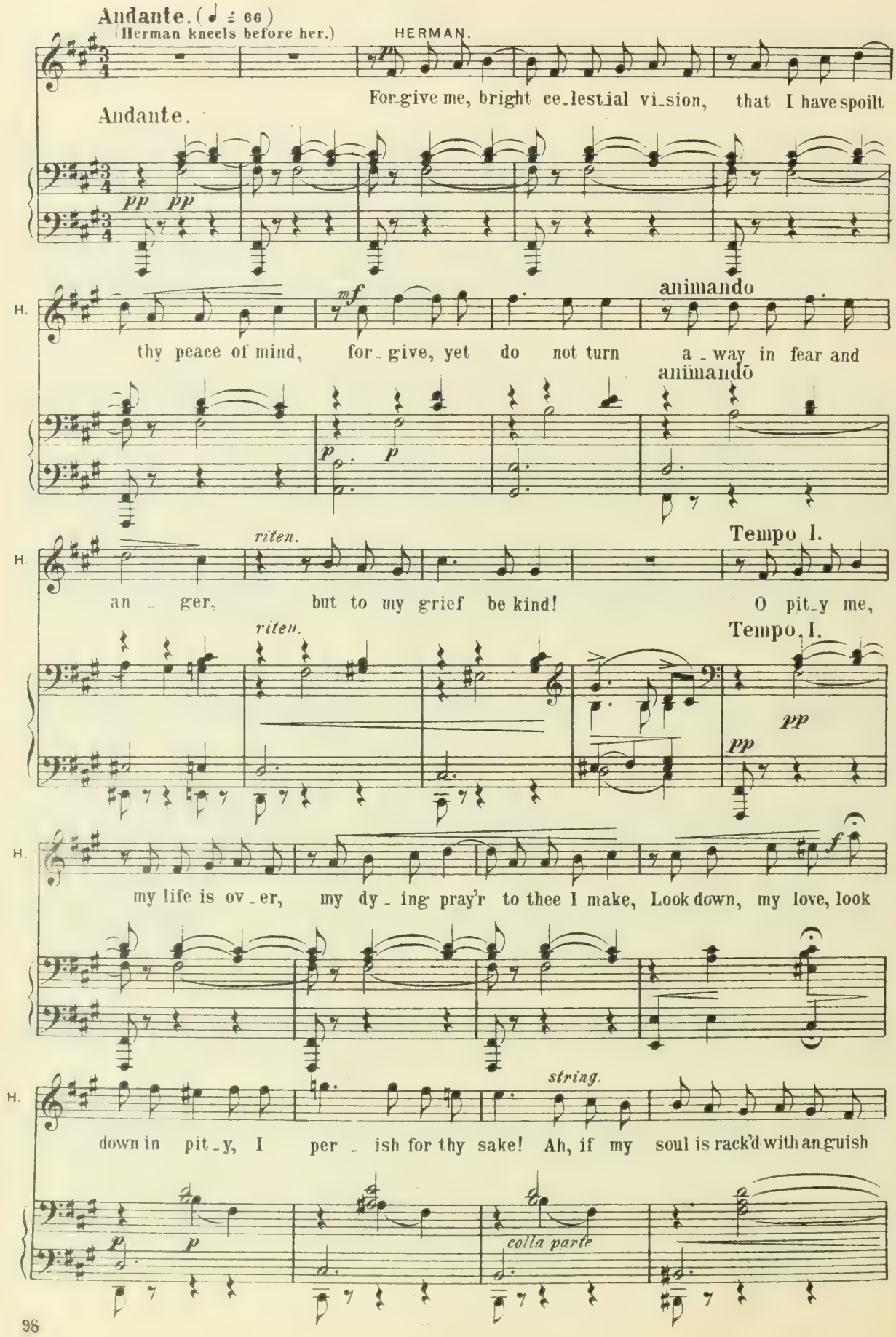

Sostenuto
(with force and passion.)
H.
My doom un_kind _ _ _ ly seal _ ing! Since I must
Sostenuto
pp
H
die, be_stow on me one bless _ ing, re _ fuse me
H.
not! Could I sur _ vive the day that sees us
H.
part _ ed for ev _ er _ more!
mf
mf
H.
ff
Yours was my life, and yours my

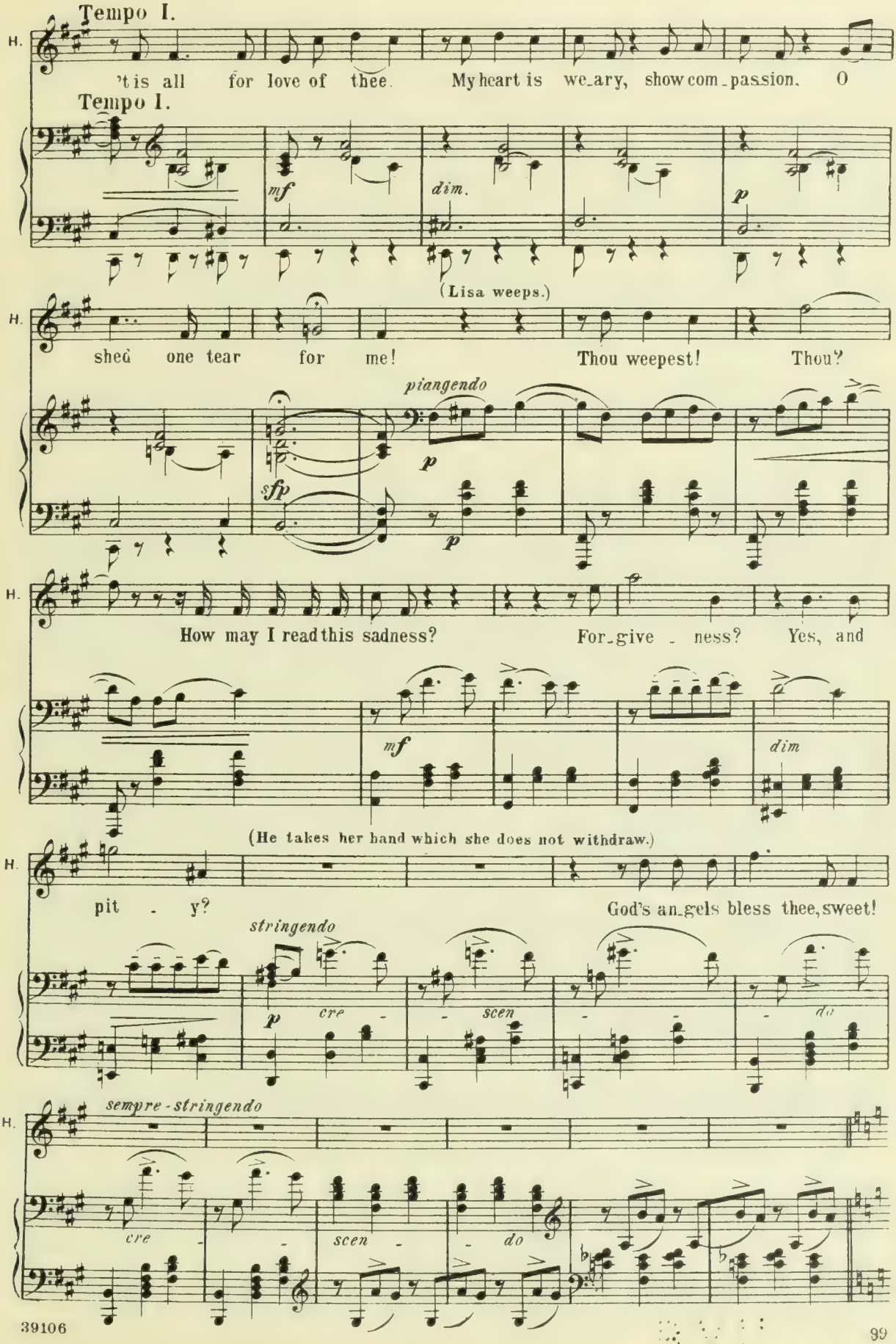

H.
wor - - ship, you were the
H.
one and on - ly dream that
mf
H.
filled my heart! The end has
H.
come, yet e'er I bid this
di - - mi - - -

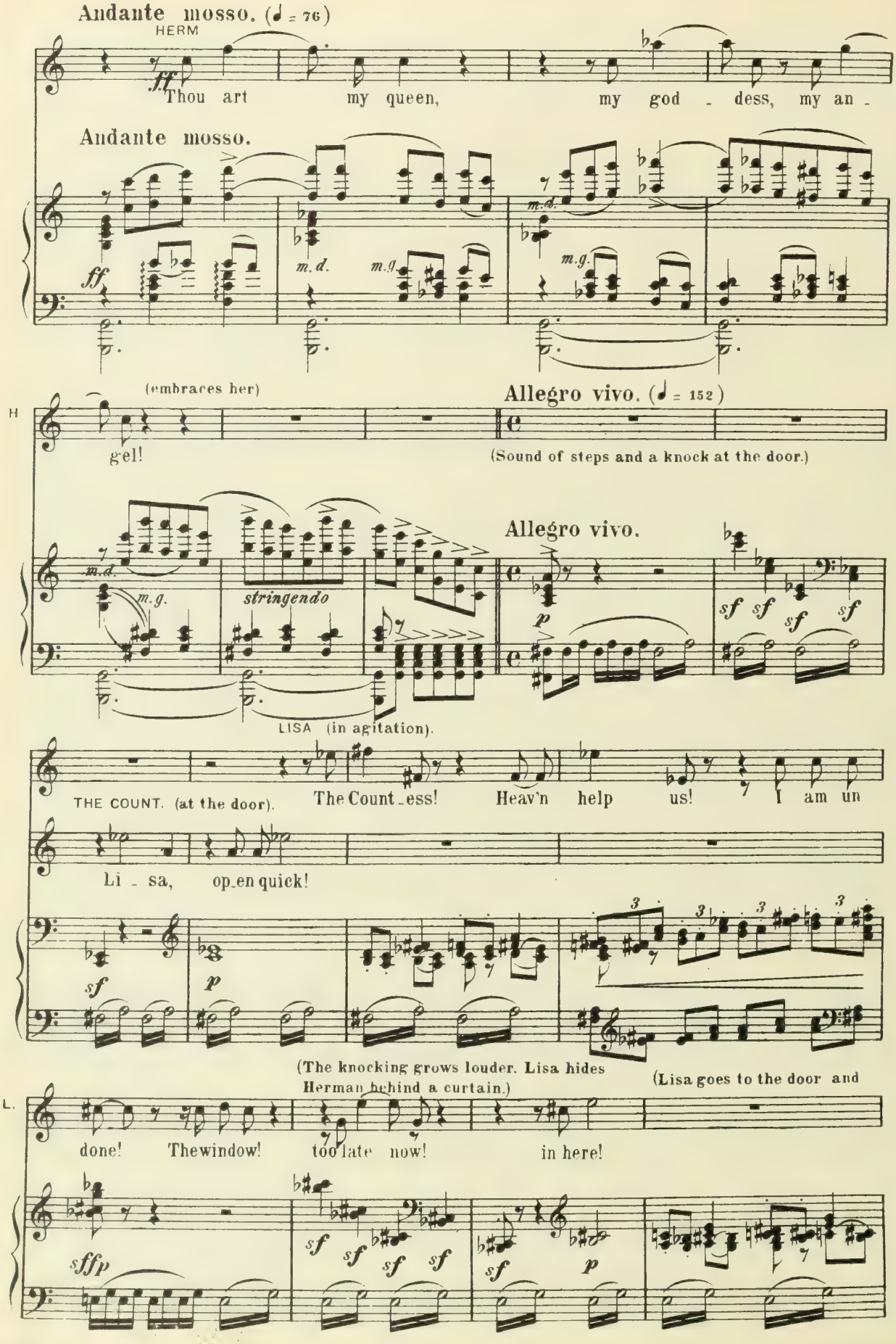

H.
world fare_well for ev - er, be_stow one
nu - en
do
p
H.
pas - sing hour up_on my sor - row, Ah, let me
p
cre -
H.
stay near you while night is still, and with your
scen - -
do
H.
beau - - - ty lull my an - - guish!
mf

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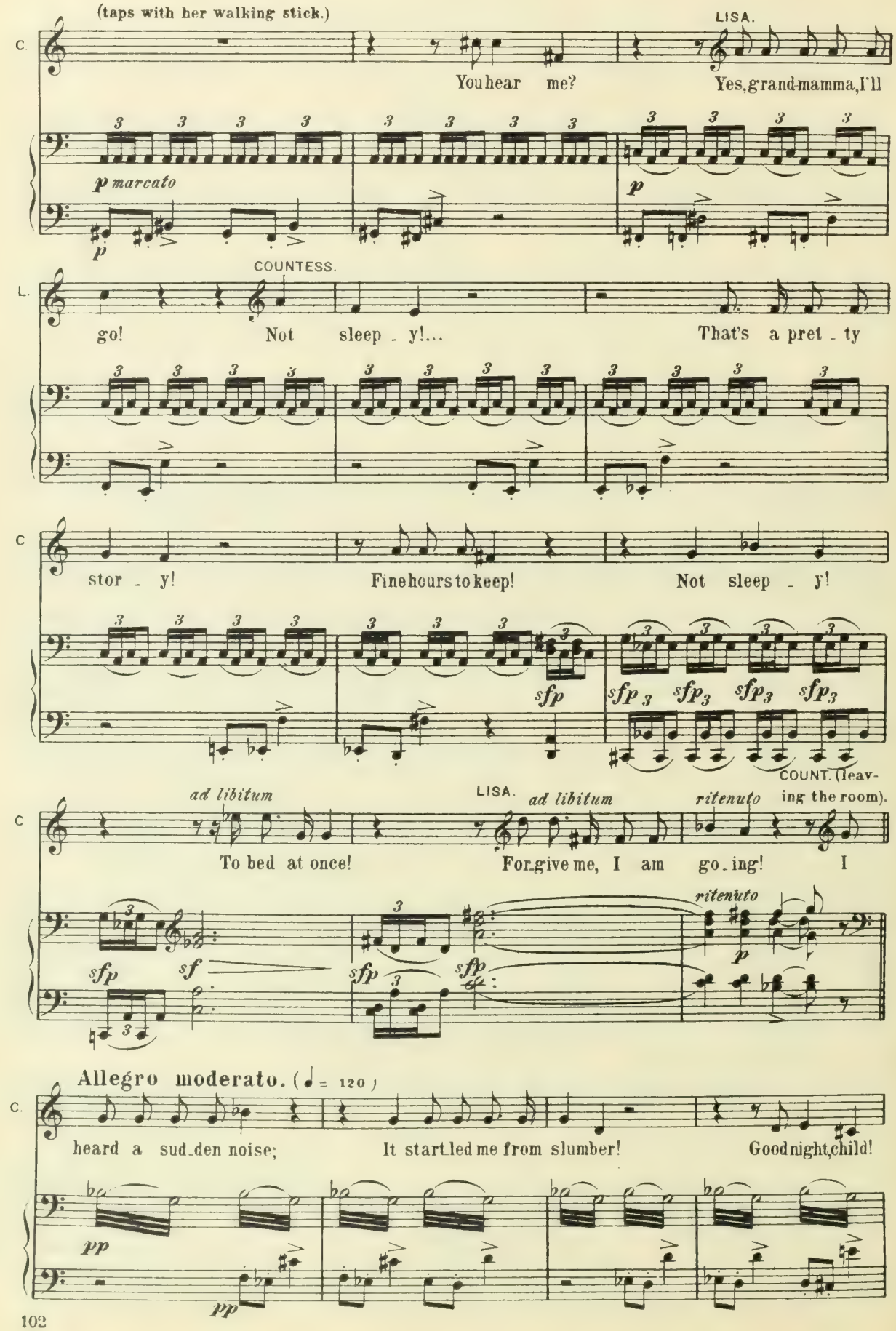


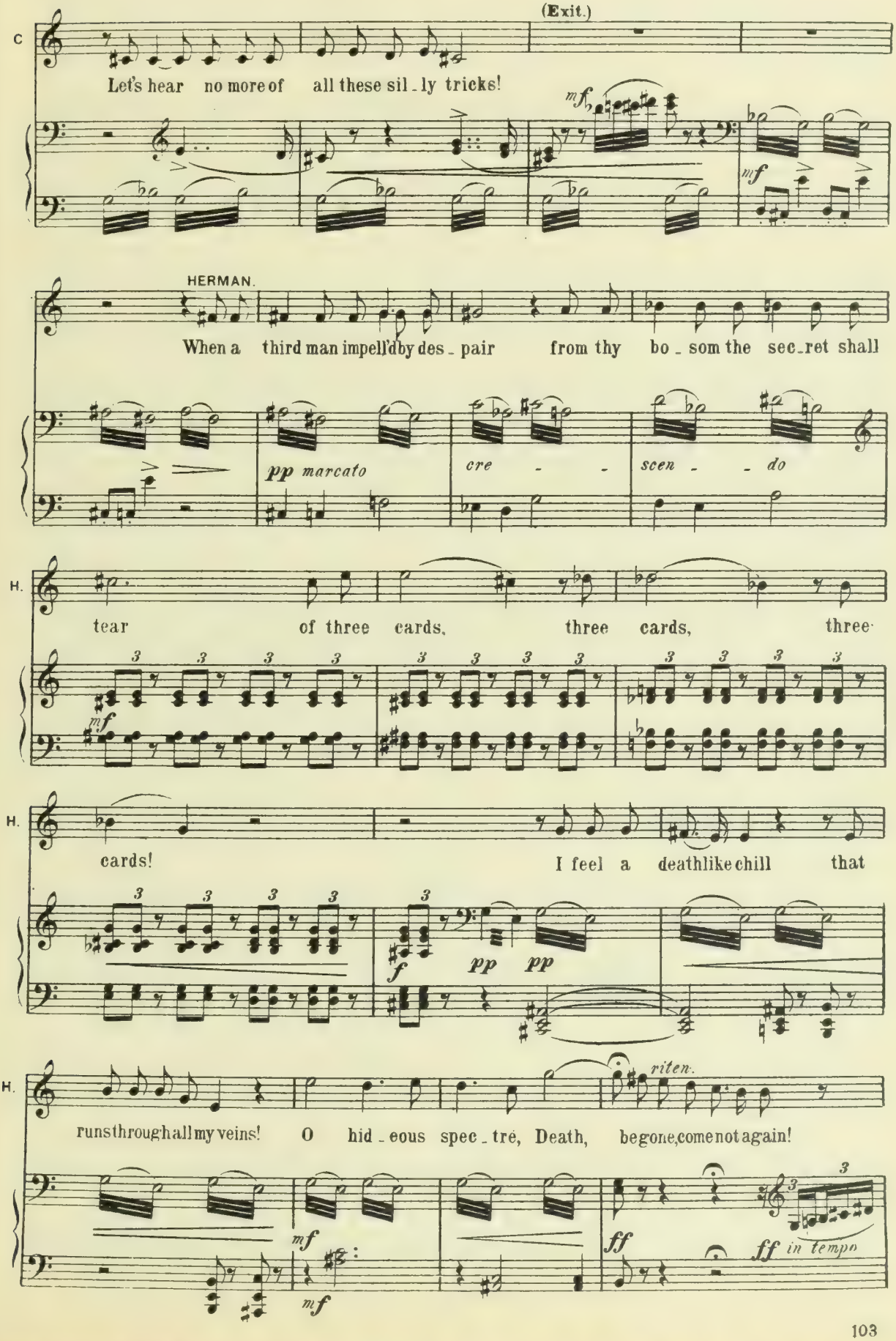

Andante. (♩ = 66)
(Herman kneels before her.)
HERMAN.
For-give me, bright ce-lestial vi-sion, that I have spoilt
Andante.
pp pp
H.
mf
animando
thy peace of mind, for-give, yet do not turn a-way in fear and
animando
p p
H.
riten.
Tempo I.
an-ger, but to my grief be kind! O pit-y me,
riten.
Tempo. I.
pp
pp
H.
f
my life is ov-er, my dy-ing pray'r to thee I make, Look down, my love, look
H.
string.
down in pit-y, I per-ish for thy sake! Ah, if my soul is rack'd with anguish
p p
colla parte


Tempo I.
H.
't is all for love of thee. My heart is we_ary, show com_passion. O
Tempo I.
mf
dim.
p
(Lisa weeps.)
H.
shed one tear for me! Thou weepest! Thou?
piangendo
sfp
p
p
H.
How may I read this sadness? For_give _ ness? Yes, and
mf
dim
(He takes her hand which she does not withdraw.)
H.
pit _ y?
God's an_gels bless thee, sweet!
stringendo
p
cre _
scen _
do
sempre - stringendo
H.
cre _
scen _
do

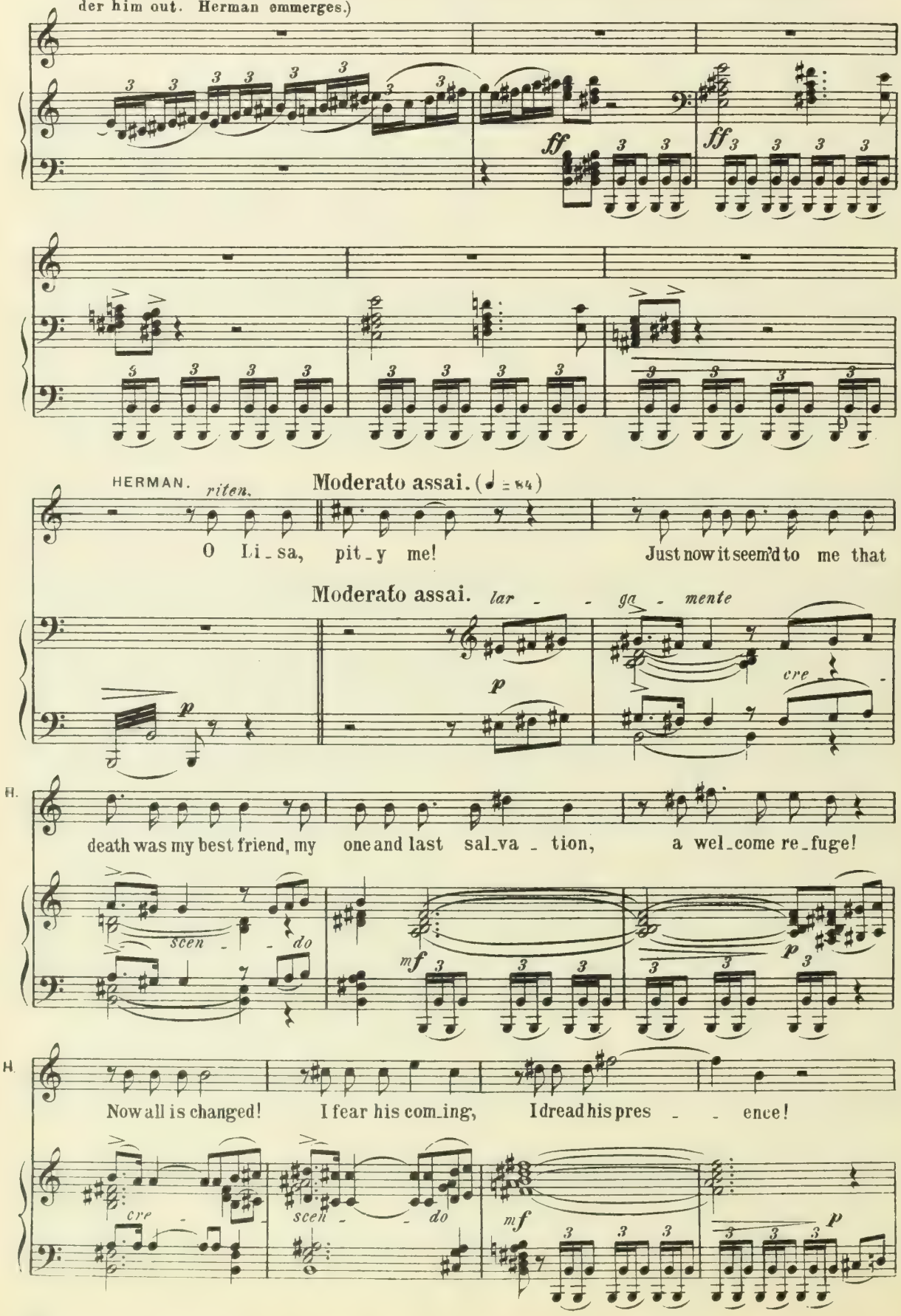

Andante mosso. (♩ = 76)
HERM
Thou art my queen, my god - dess, my an -
Andante mosso.
m.d.
m.g.
(embraces her)
gel!
Allegro vivo. (♩ = 152)
(Sound of steps and a knock at the door.)
Allegro vivo.
stringendo
LISA (in agitation).
THE COUNT. (at the door).
The Count - ess! Heav'n help us! I am un
Li - sa, op - en quick!
(The knocking grows louder. Lisa hides Herman behind a curtain.)
(Lisa goes to the door and
done! The window! too late now! in here!

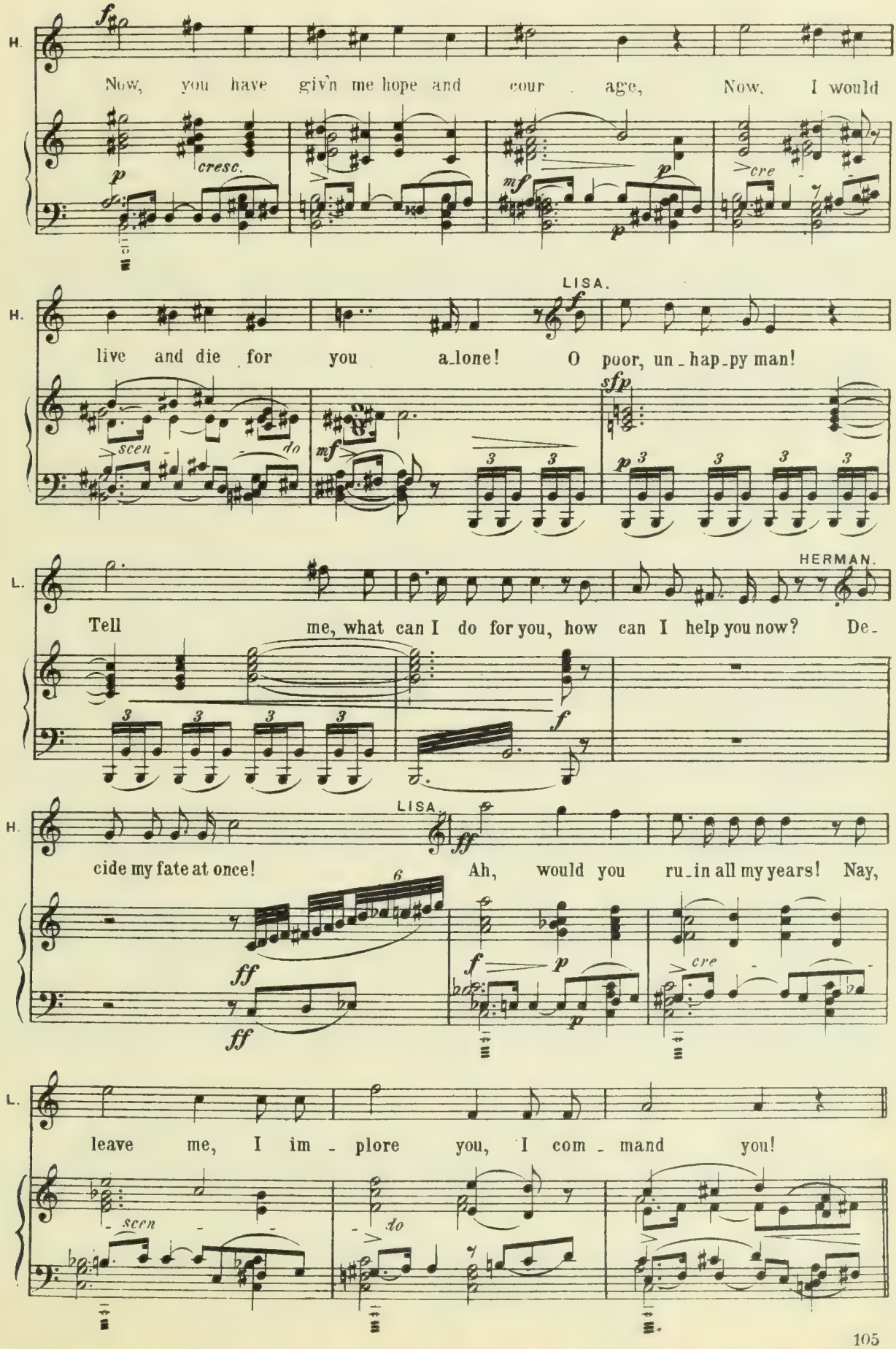

opens it. Enter the Countess in night attire, surrounded by maids with candles.)
COUNTESS.
What, not a - sleep? Not yet un - dress'd? What means this noise?
LISA (dumbfounded).
O grand-mamma, I could not get to sleep to night, I feel so rest - less...
Poco meno. (♩ = 138)
COUNTESS (signs to her to shut the balcony door).
This door wide op - en still? Come, what's the mat - ter, child, what silly fancies!
Poco meno.
what non - sense! 't is enough, now quick, to bed!

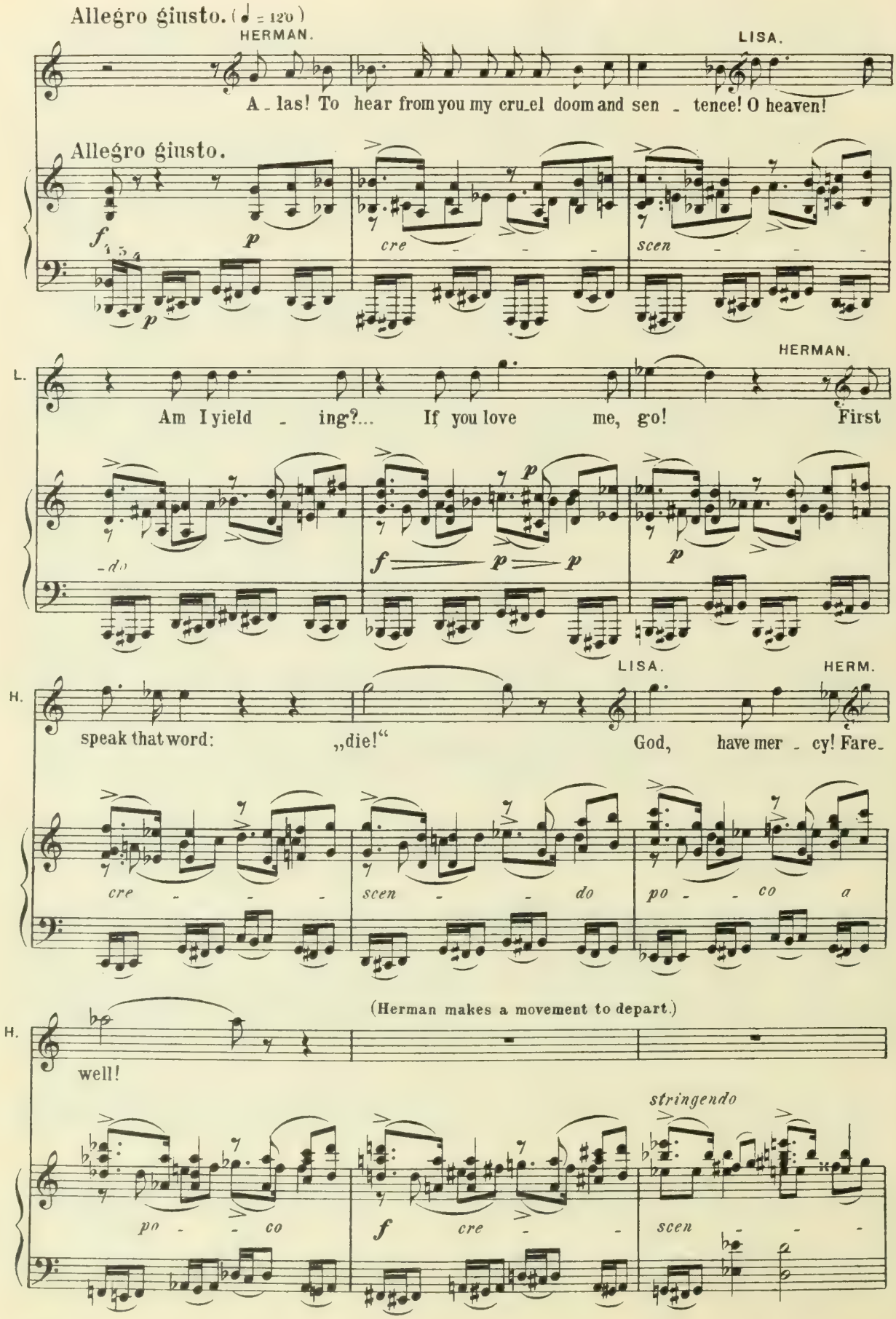

(taps with her walking stick.)
C.
You hear me?
LISA.
Yes, grand-mamma, I'll
p marcato
p
p
COUNTESS.
L.
go! Not sleep - y!...
That's a pret - ty
C
stor - y!
Fine hours to keep!
Not sleep - y!
sfp
sfp 3 sfp 3 sfp 3 sfp 3
COUNT. (leav-
ad libitum
LISA.
ad libitum
ritenuto
ing the room).
C
To bed at once!
For-give me, I am go-ing!
I
ritenuto
sfp
sf
sfp
sfp
p
Allegro moderato. (♩ = 120)
C.
heard a sud-den noise;
It start-led me from slumber!
Good night, child!
pp
pp

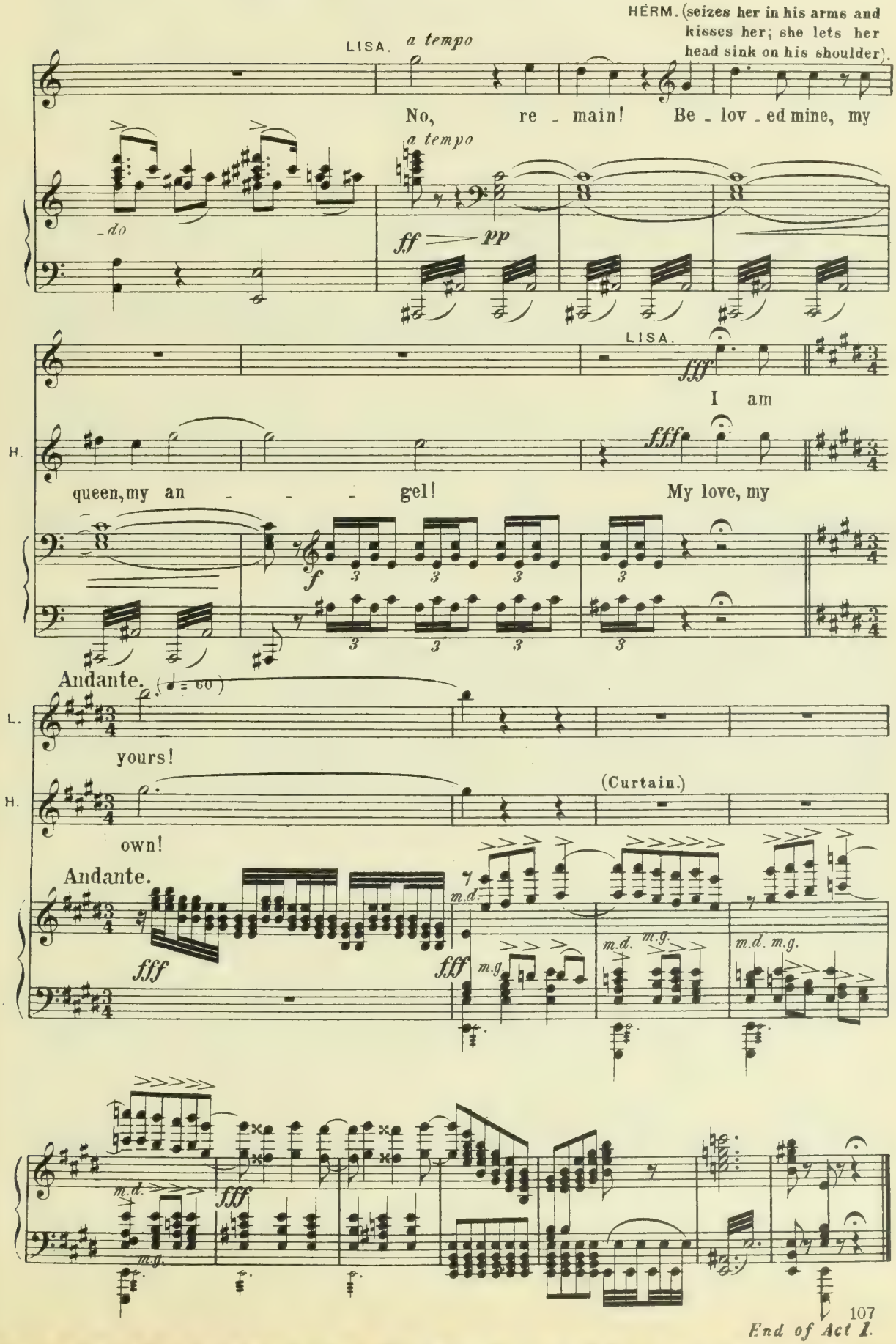

(Exit.)
C
Let's hear no more of all these sil - ly tricks!
mf
mf
HERMAN.
When a third man impell'd by des - pair from thy bo - som the sec - ret shall
pp marcato
cre - -
scen - - do
H.
tear of three cards, three cards, three
mf
H.
cards! I feel a deathlike chill that
f
pp pp
H.
riten.
runs through all my veins! O hid - eous spec - tre, Death, be gone, come not again!
mf
mf
ff
ff in tempo

(Lisa locks the door after the Countess and, approaching the balcony, opens it and makes a sign to order him out. Herman emmerges.)




H.
Now, you have giv'n me hope and cour - age, Now, I would
cresc.
cre
LISA.
live and die for you a_lone! O poor, un_hap_py man!
scen - do
sfp
L.
HERMAN.
Tell me, what can I do for you, how can I help you now? De_
H.
LISA.
cide my fate at once! Ah, would you ru_in all my years! Nay,
cre
L.
leave me, I im - plore you, I com - mand you!
scen
do


Allegro giusto. (♩ = 120)
HERMAN.
LISA.
A - las! To hear from you my cru-el doom and sen - tence! O heaven!
Allegro giusto.
cre - - -
scen - - -
L.
HERMAN.
Am I yield - ing?... If you love me, go! First
-do
LISA.
HERM.
H.
speak that word: „die!“ God, have mer - cy! Fare-
cre - - -
scen - - do
po - - co a
(Herman makes a movement to depart.)
H.
well!
stringendo
po - - co
cre - - -
scen - - -

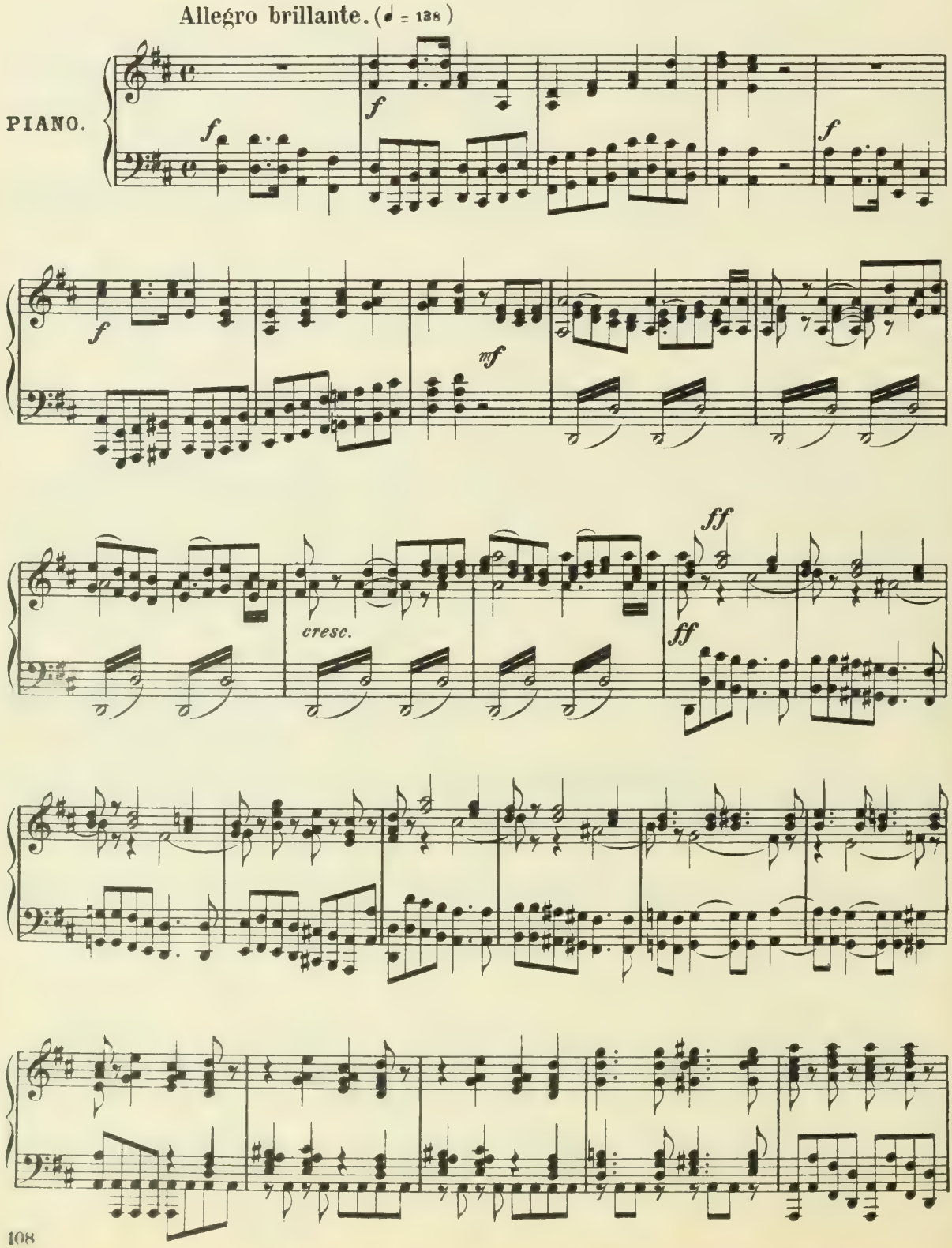

HERM. (seizes her in his arms and kisses her; she lets her head sink on his shoulder).
LISA. a tempo
No, re - main! Be - lov - ed mine, my
a tempo
- do
ff pp
LISA.
fff
I am
H.
fff
queen, my an - - - gel! My love, my
f
Andante. (♩ = 60)
L.
yours!
H.
(Curtain.)
own!
Andante.
fff
m.d.
m.g.
fff
m.d. m.g.
m.d. m.g.
m.d.
fff
m.g.

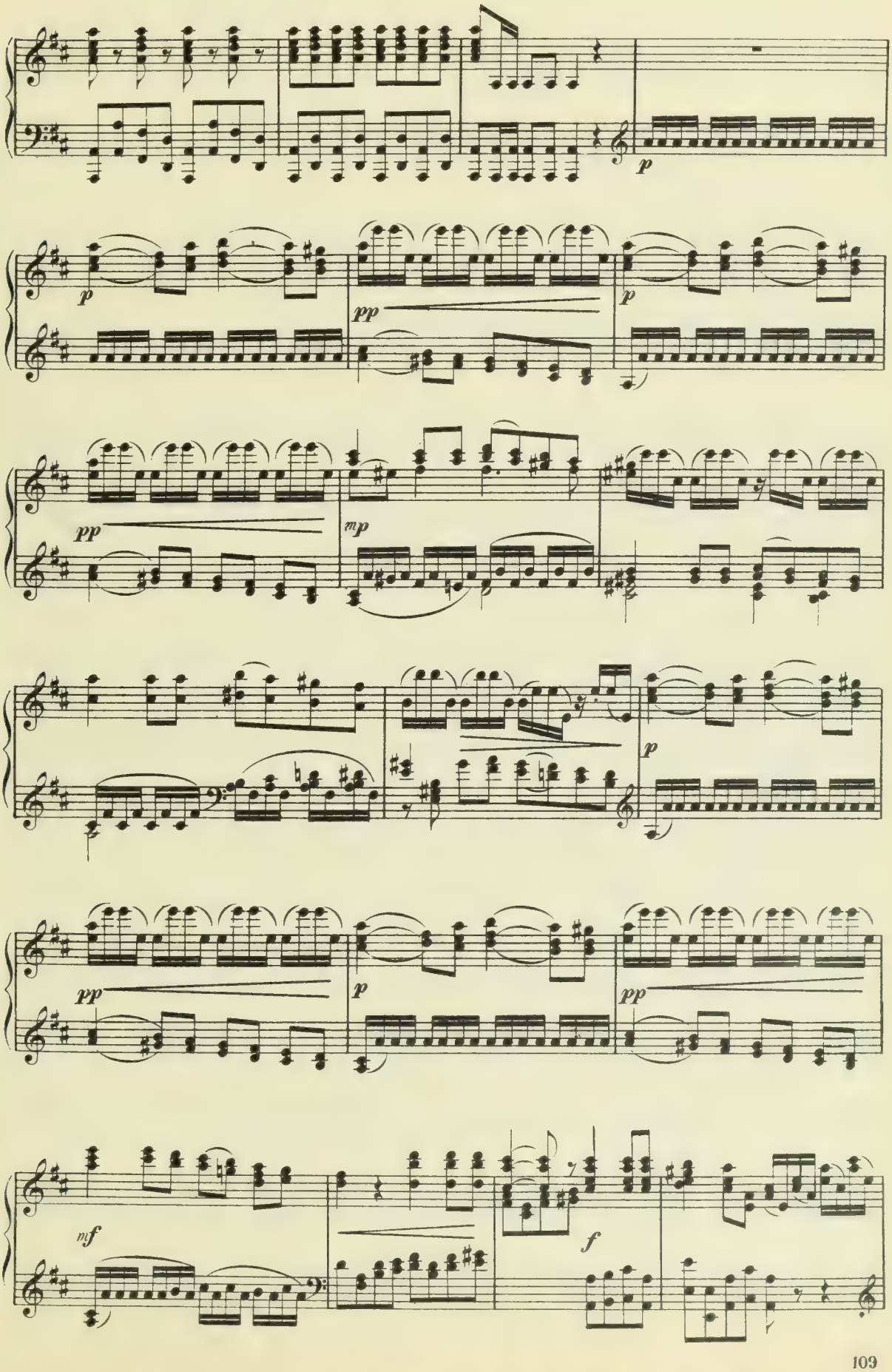
End of Act I.

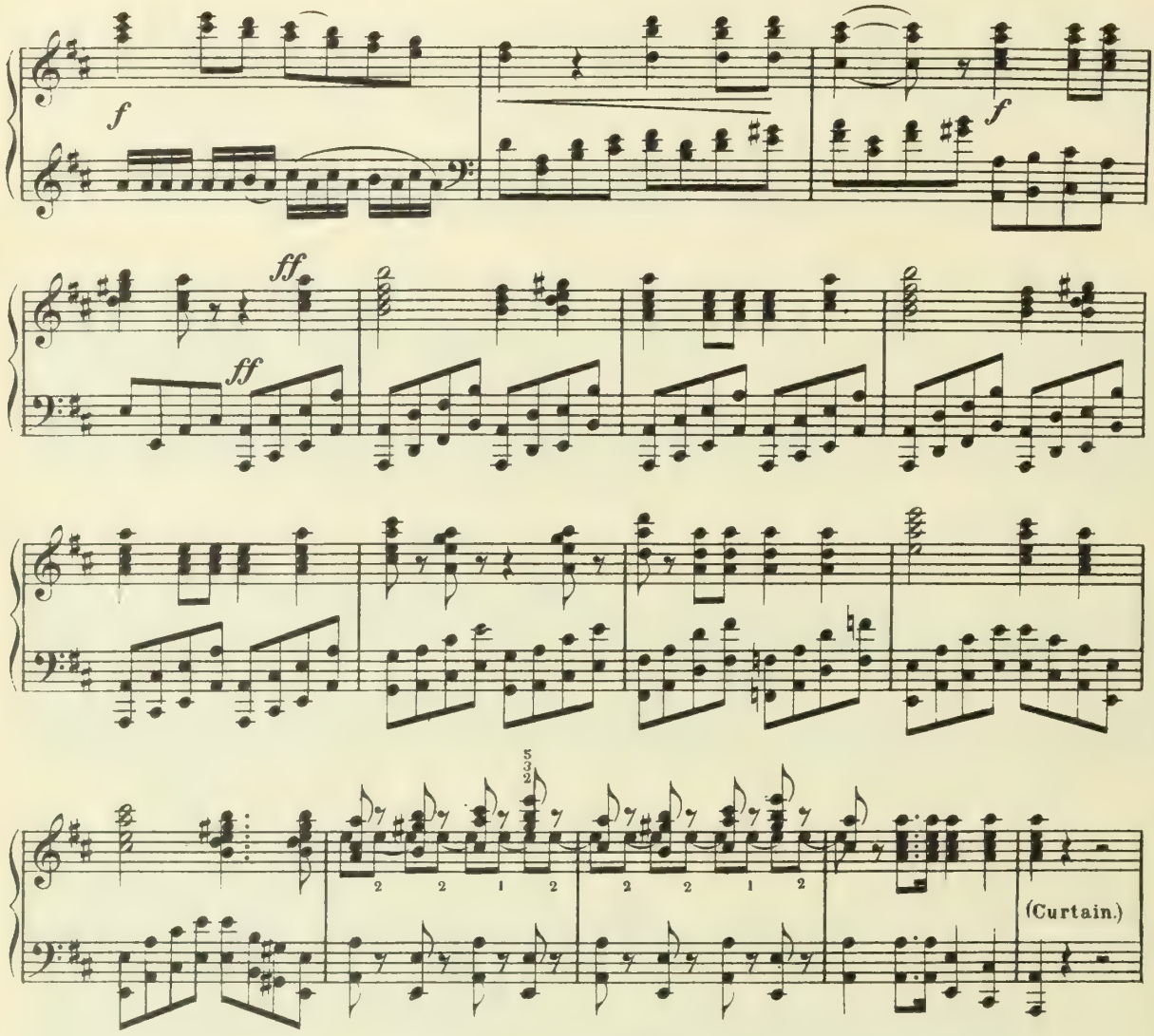
ACT II.

SCENE III.

№ 11. Entr'acte and Chorus.

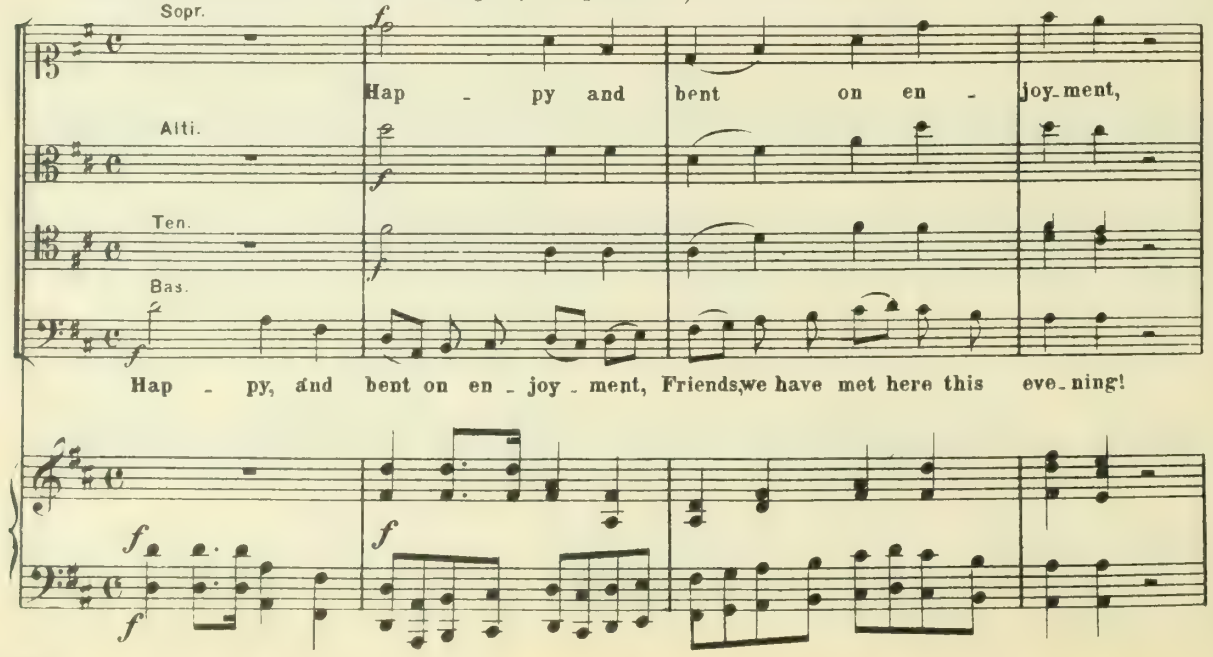


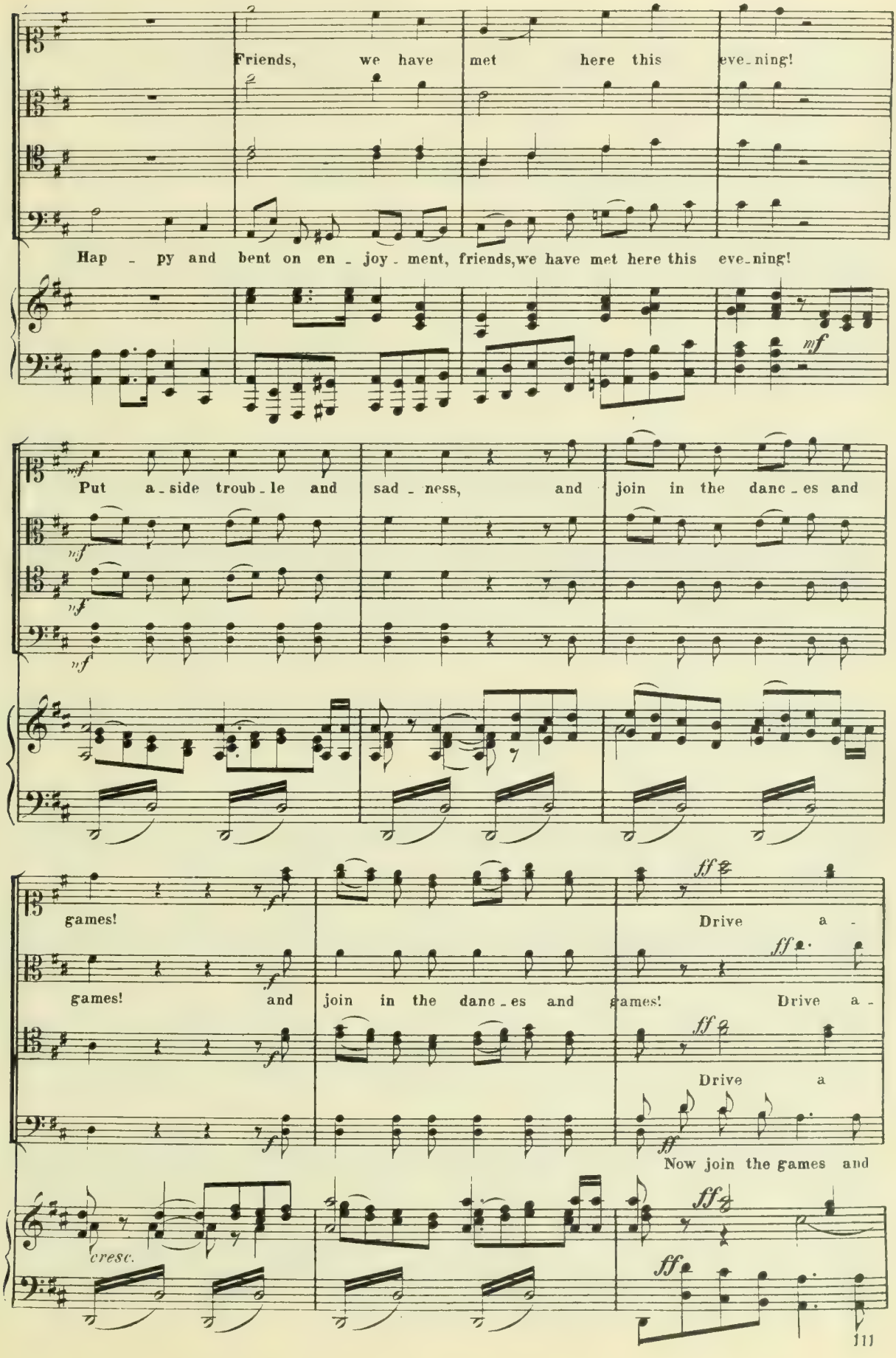

p
p
pp
p
pp
mp
p
pp
p
pp
mf
f

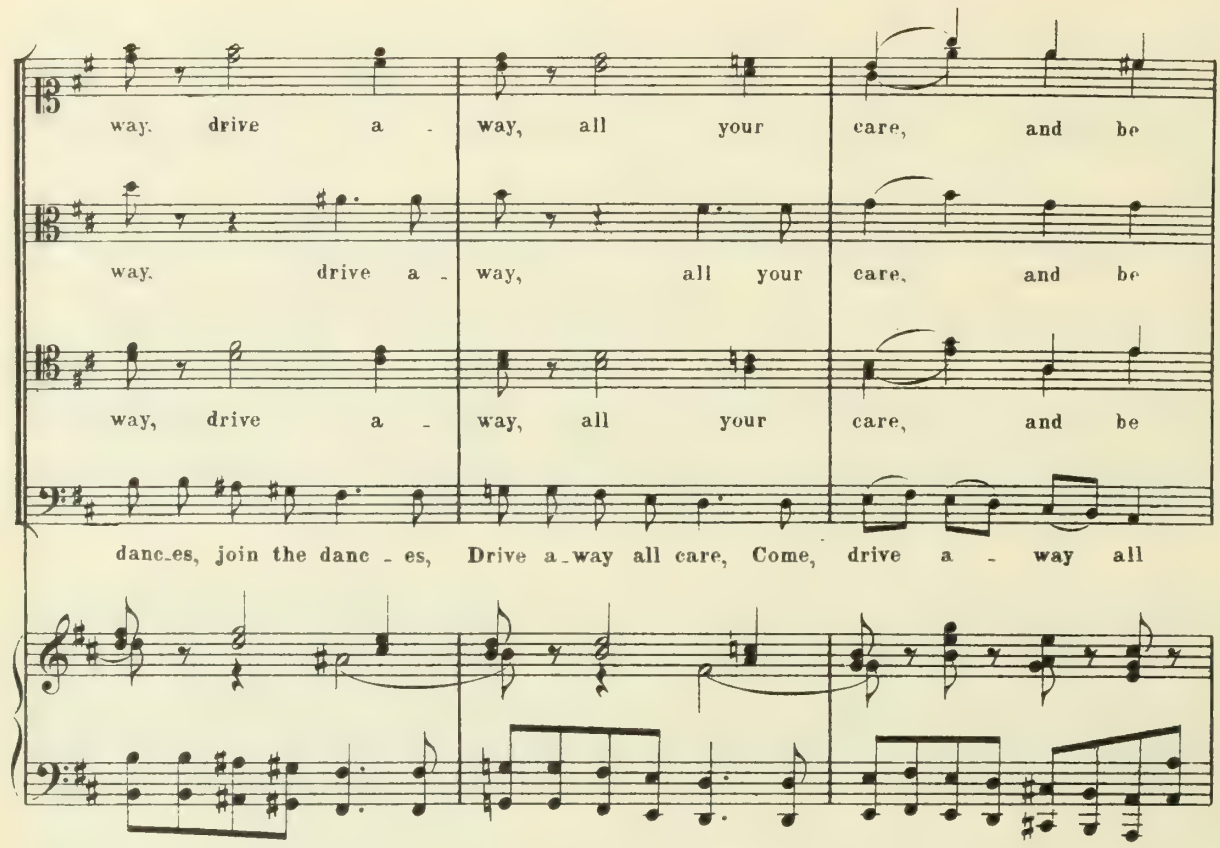


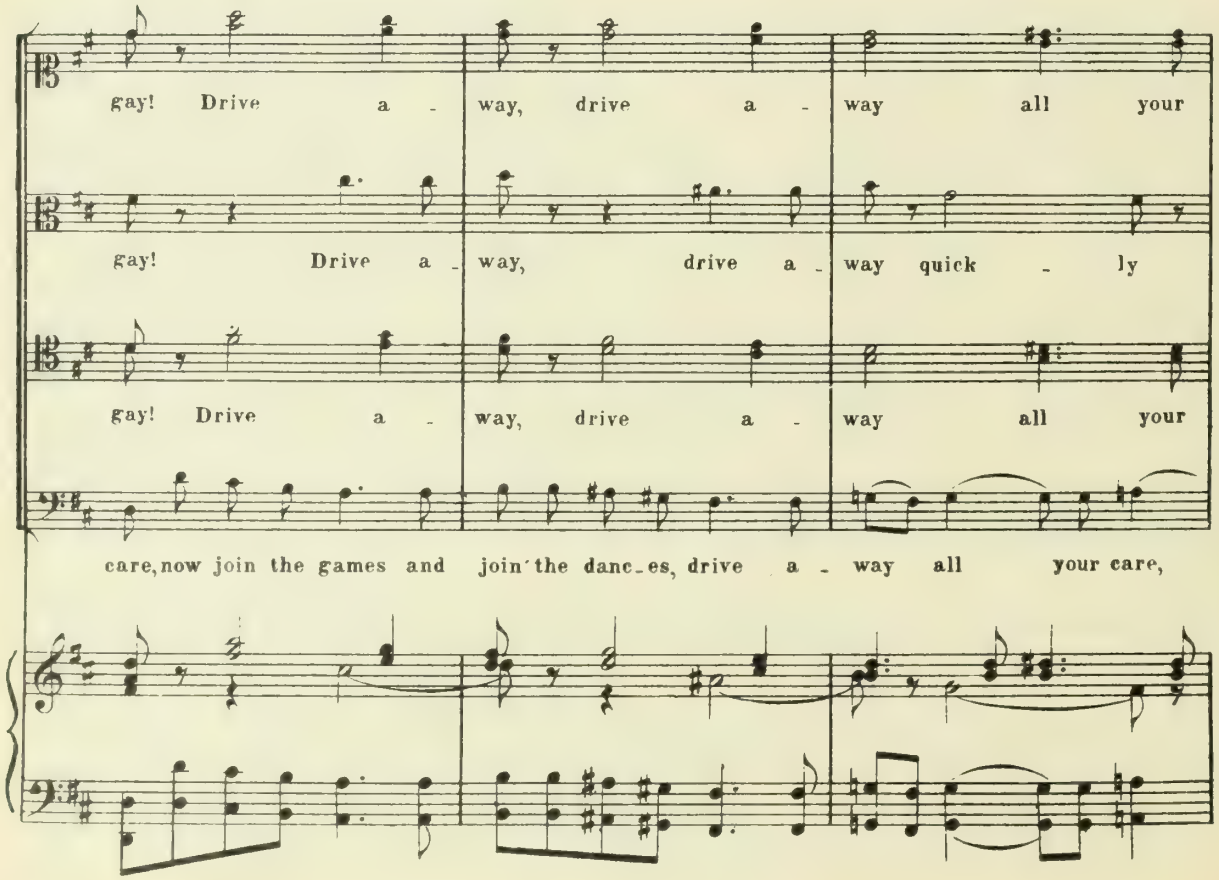
(A large reception room. A masked ball at the house of a rich dignitary. Theatrical boxes down the sides of the room between the columns. A quadrille in which young people in various costumes take part. *Contredanses.* A choir of singers, on a platform.)

CHOIR OF SINGERS.

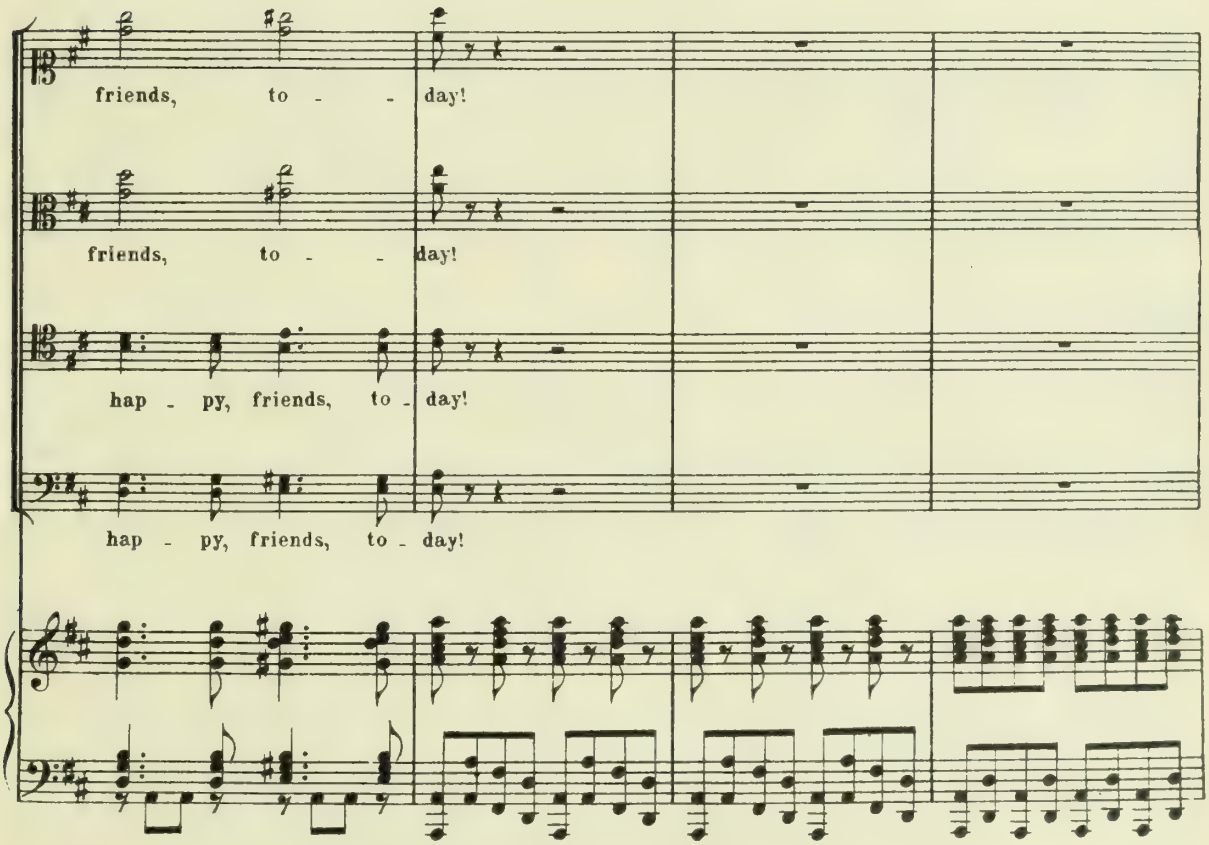


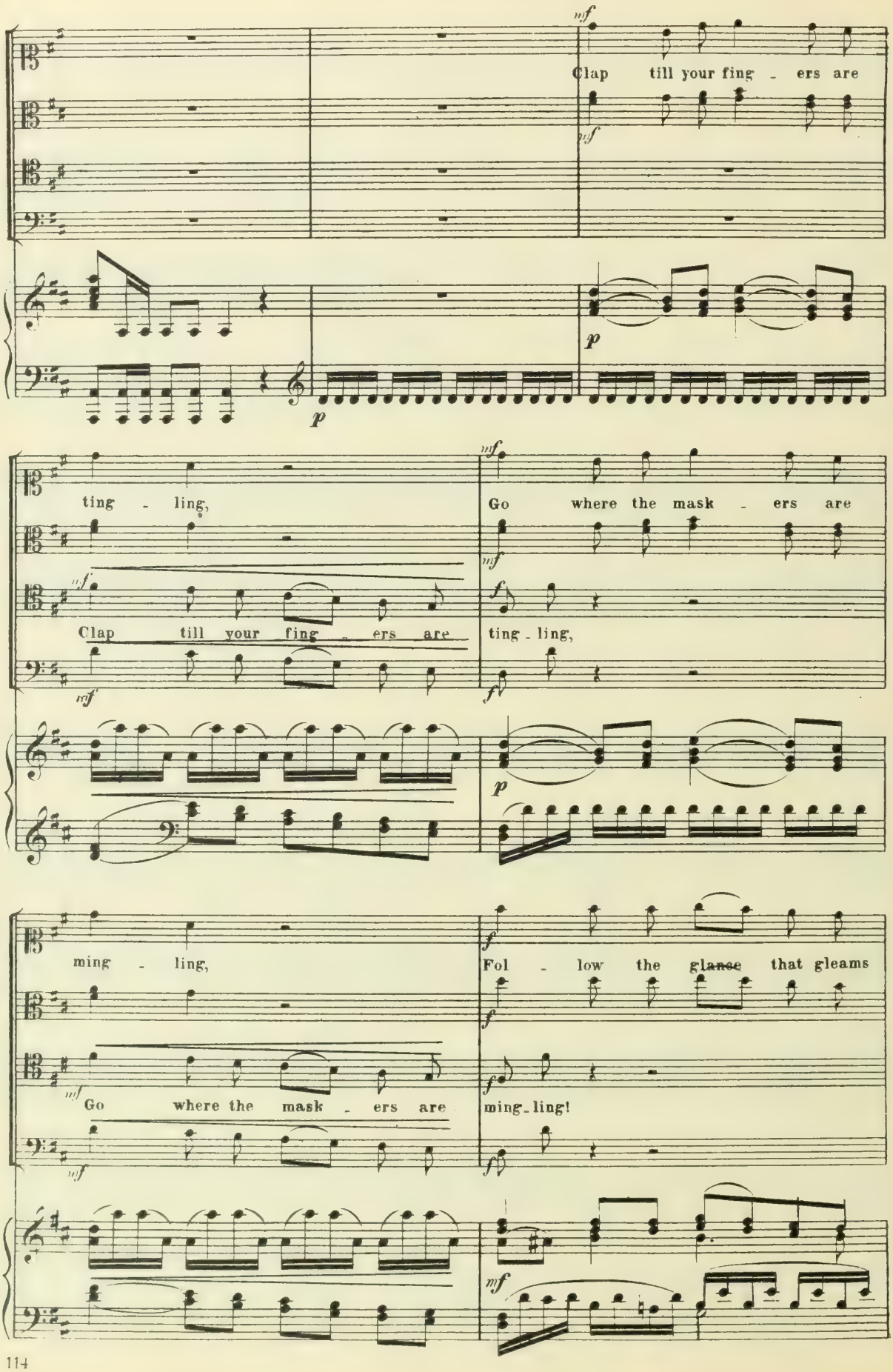

Friends, we have met here this eve-ning!
Hap - py and bent on en - joy - ment, friends, we have met here this eve-ning!
mf
Put a-side troub-le and sad-ness, and join in the danc-es and
games!
games! and join in the danc-es and games!
Drive a -
Drive a -
Drive a
Now join the games and
cresc.
ff

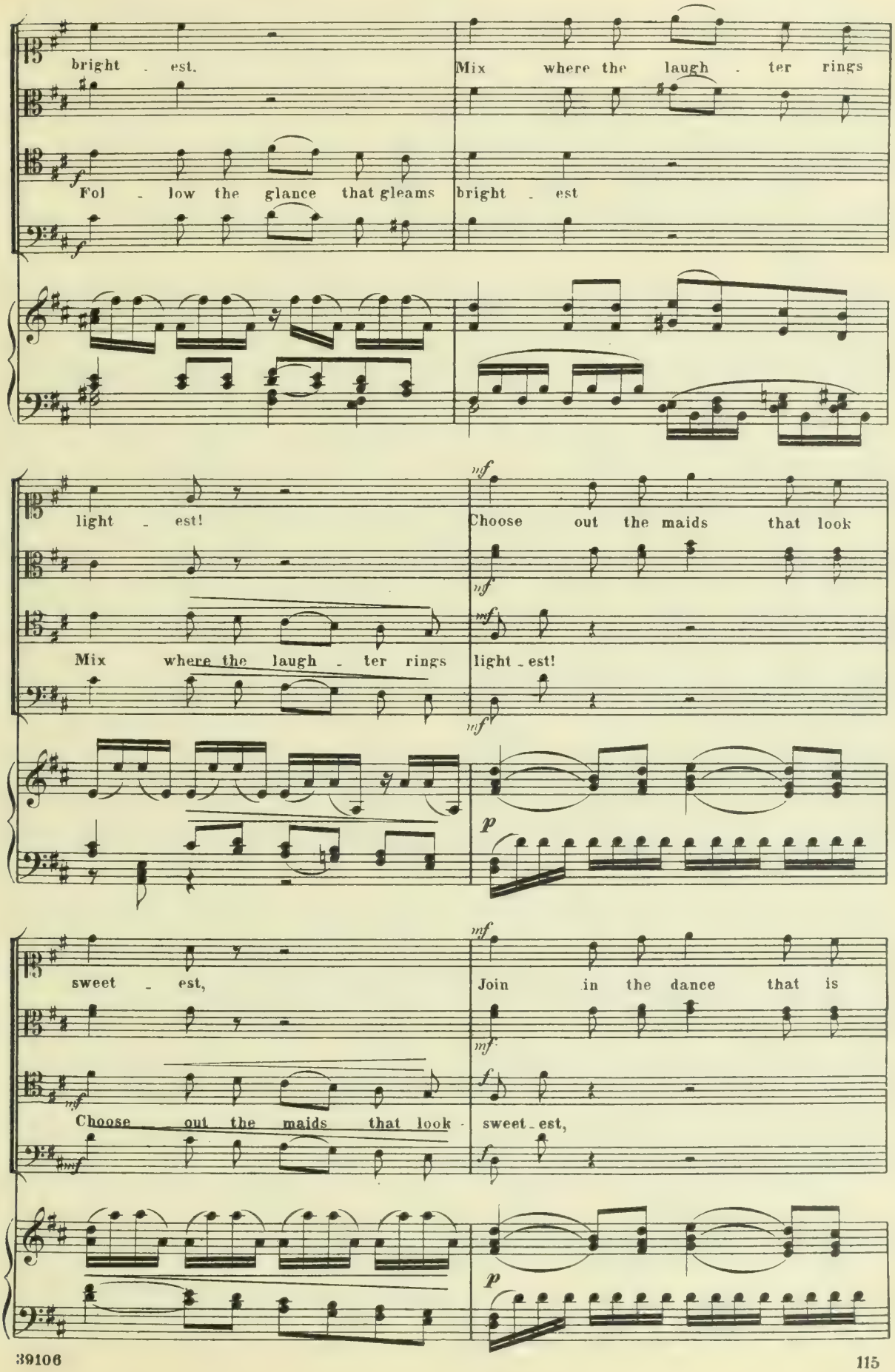

way. drive a - way, all your care, and be
way. drive a - way, all your care, and be
way, drive a - way, all your care, and be
danc-es, join the danc - es, Drive a-way all care, Come, drive a - way all

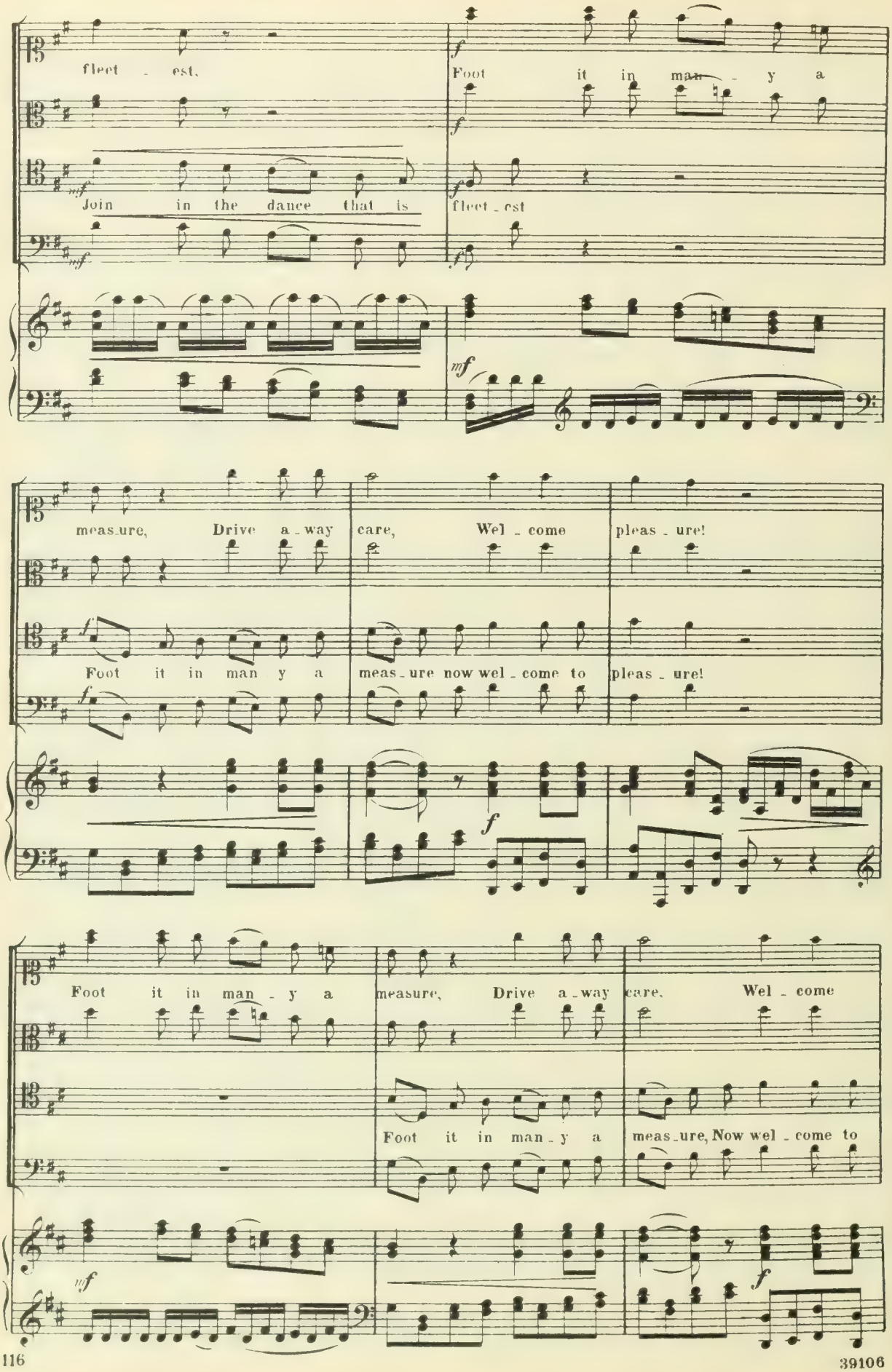

gay! Drive a - way, drive a - way all your
gay! Drive a - way, drive a - way quick - ly
gay! Drive a - way, drive a - way all your
care, now join the games and join the danc-es, drive a - way all your care,


care and be gay! With fro - lic, and danc - ing, be hap - py,
all your care and be gay! With fro - lic, and danc - ing, be hap - py,
care and be gay! With fro - lic, and danc - ing, be
your care, and be gay! With fro - lic, and danc - ing, be

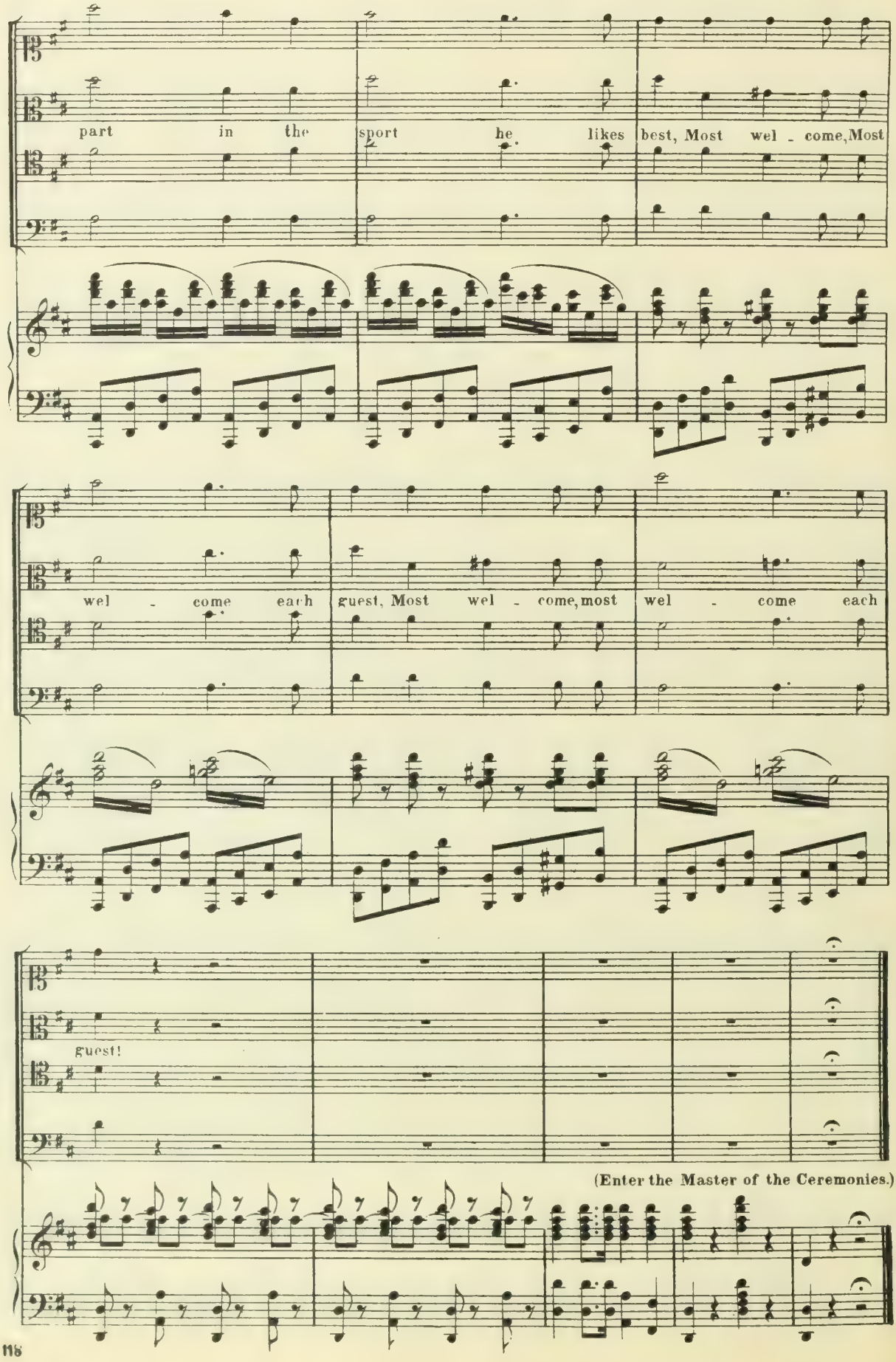

friends, to - - day!
friends, to - - day!
hap - py, friends, to - day!
hap - py, friends, to - day!


Clap till your fing - ers are
ting - ling,
Go where the mask - ers are
Clap till your fing - ers are
ting - ling,
ming - ling,
Fol - low the glance that gleams
Go where the mask - ers are
ming - ling!

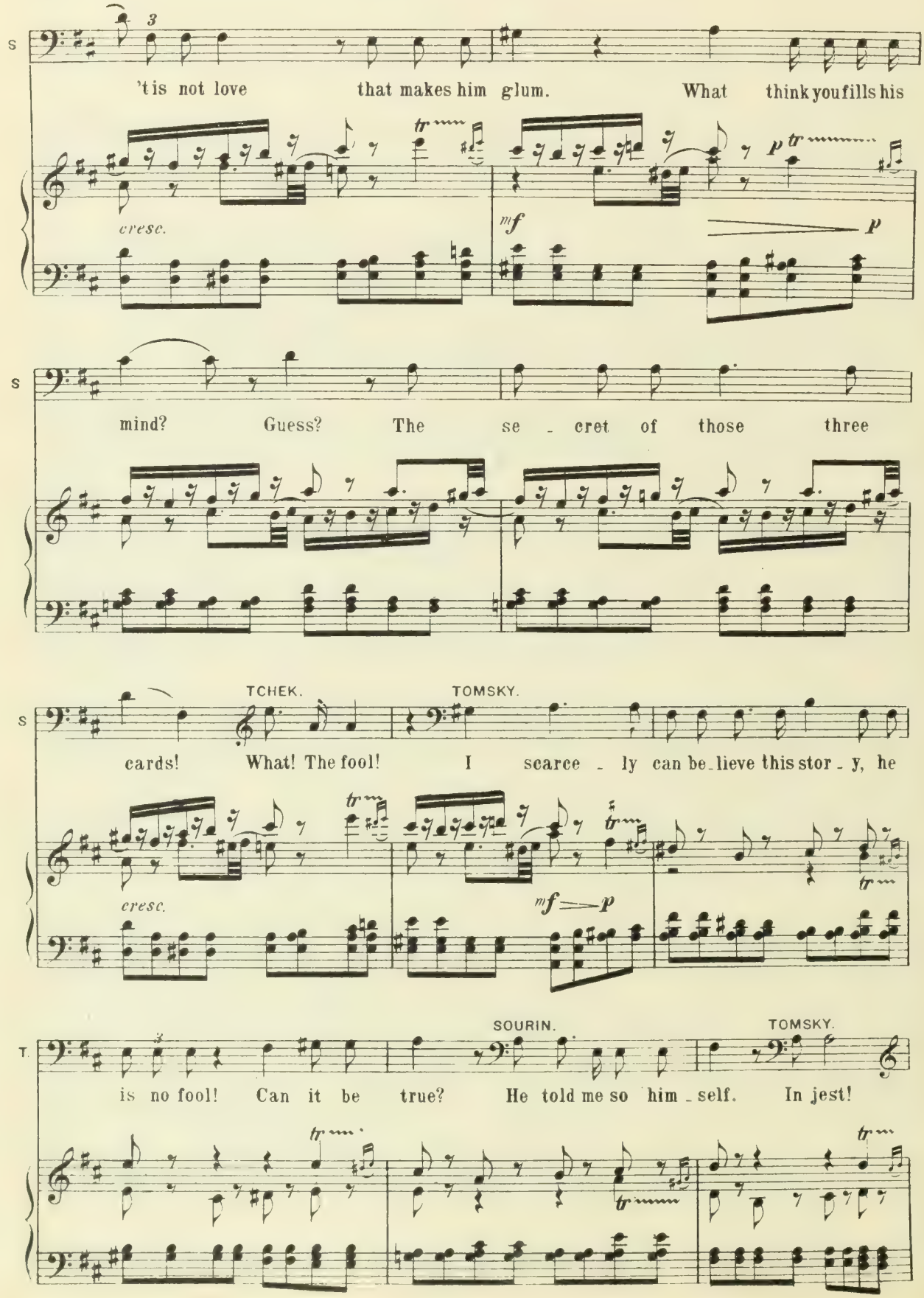

bright - est.
Mix where the laugh - ter rings
Fol - low the glance that gleams
bright - est
light - est!
Choose out the maids that look
Mix where the laugh - ter rings
light - est!
sweet - est,
Join in the dance that is
Choose out the maids that look -
sweet - est,

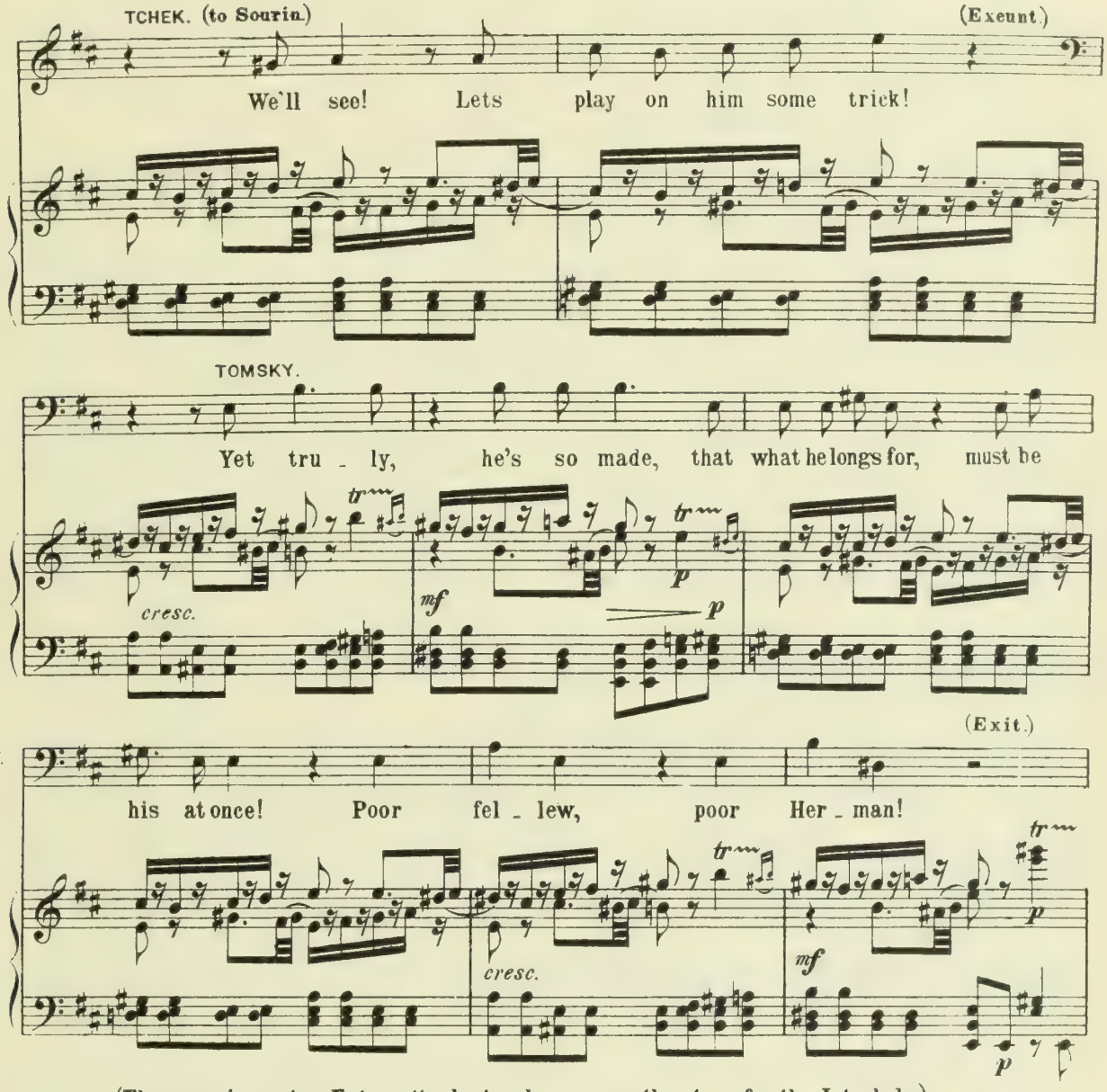

fleet - est,
Foot it in man - y a
Join in the dance that is
fleet - est
meas-ure, Drive a - way
care, Wel - come
pleas - ure!
Foot it in man y a
meas - ure now wel - come to
pleas - ure!
Foot it in man - y a
measure, Drive a - way
care, Wel - come
Foot it in man - y a
meas-ure, Now wel - come to


ff
pleas - ure! Our host and his wife bid each guest, Take
part in the sport he likes best, Be
wel - come! Our host bids each guest Take


part in the sport he likes best, Most wel - come, Most
wel - come each guest, Most wel - come, most wel - come each
guest!
(Enter the Master of the Ceremonies.)

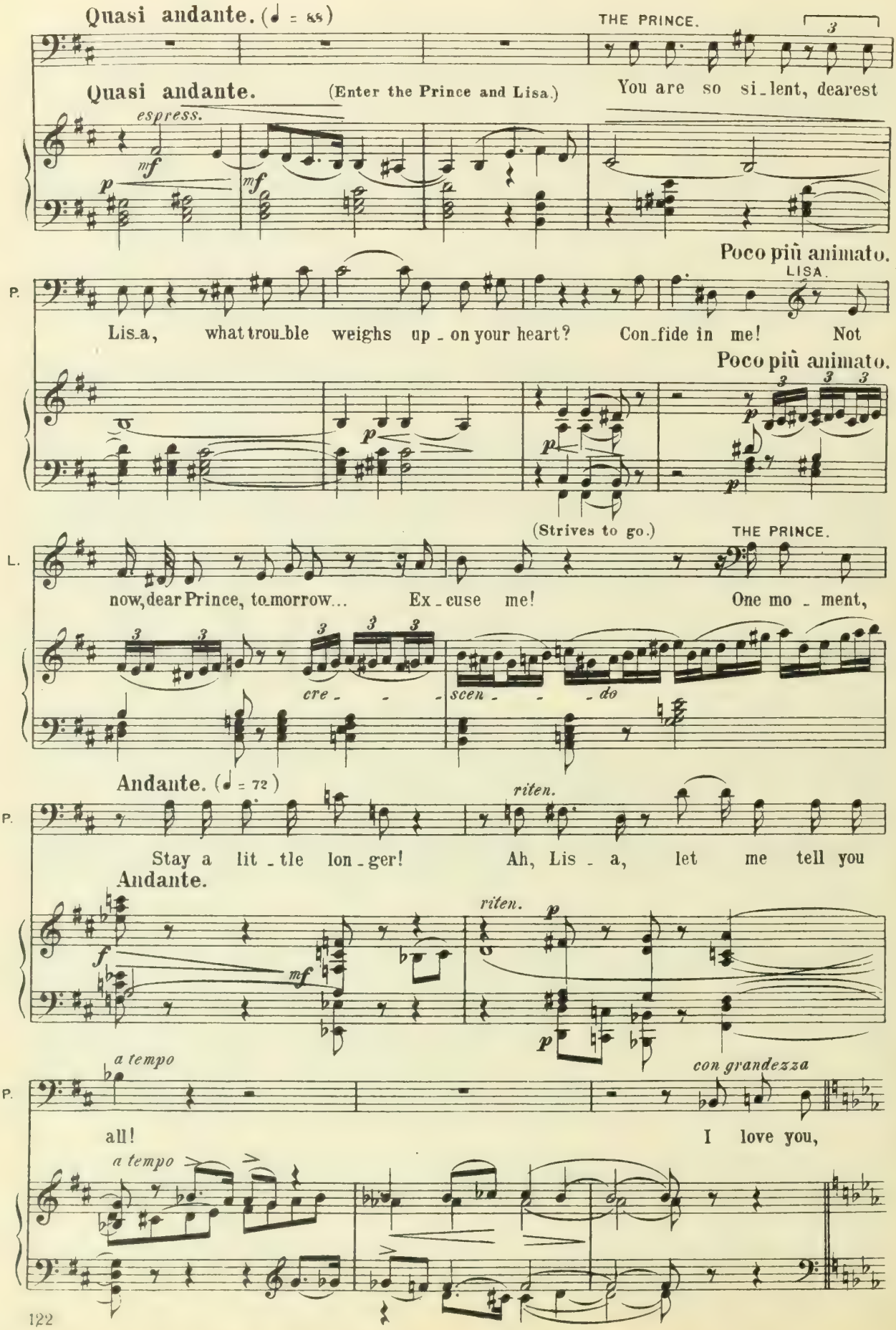

Lo stesso tempo.
THE MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES.
Our nob_le host in_vites you all to come this way;
Lo stesso tempo.
PIANO.
Moderato. (♩ = 100.)
M.C.
He has pre_pared a pi_ro_tech_ni_cal dis_play.
Moderato.
TCHEKALINSKY.
Our Herman does not seem quite hap_py; I'll wag_er he has fall'n in
(All the guests flock to the terrace in the garden.)
SOURIN.
T.
love, Some_times he's nice, and sometimes snap_py. No,

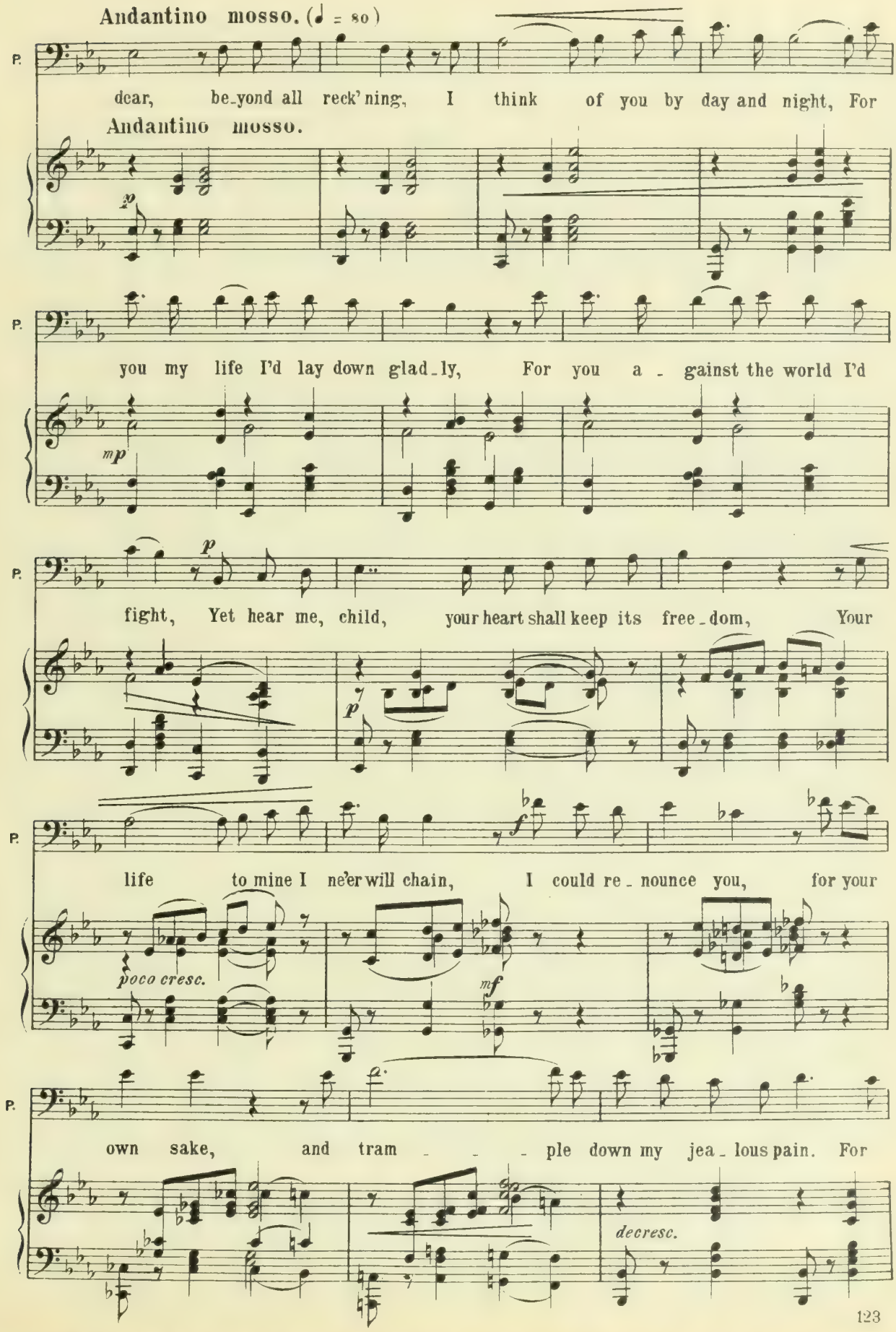

S
'tis not love that makes him glum. What think you fills his
cresc.
mf
p
S
mind? Guess? The se - cret of those three
TCHEK.
TOMSKY.
S
cards! What! The fool! I scarce - ly can be - lieve this stor - y, he
cresc.
mf — p
SOURIN.
TOMSKY.
T.
is no fool! Can it be true? He told me so him - self. In jest!

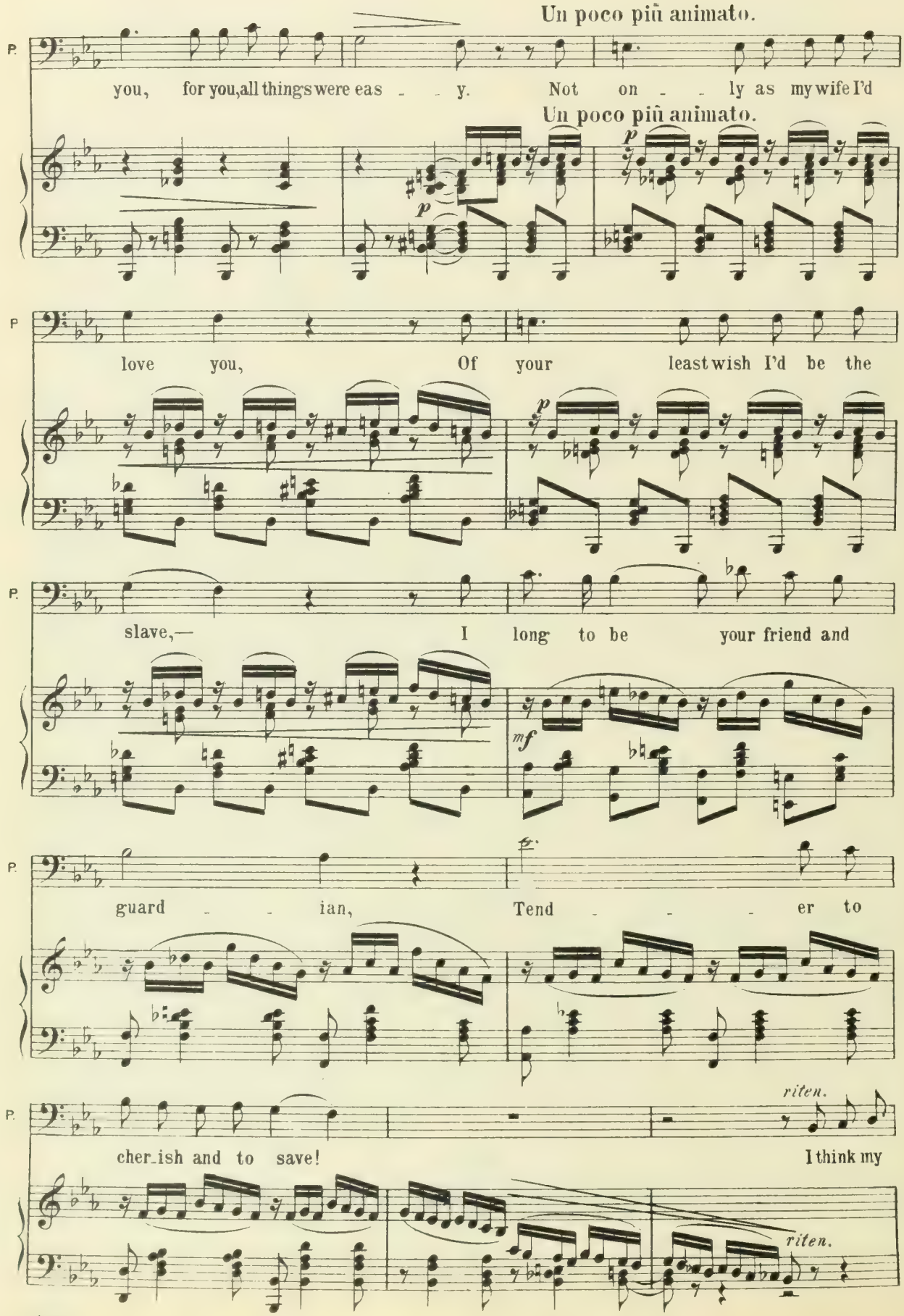


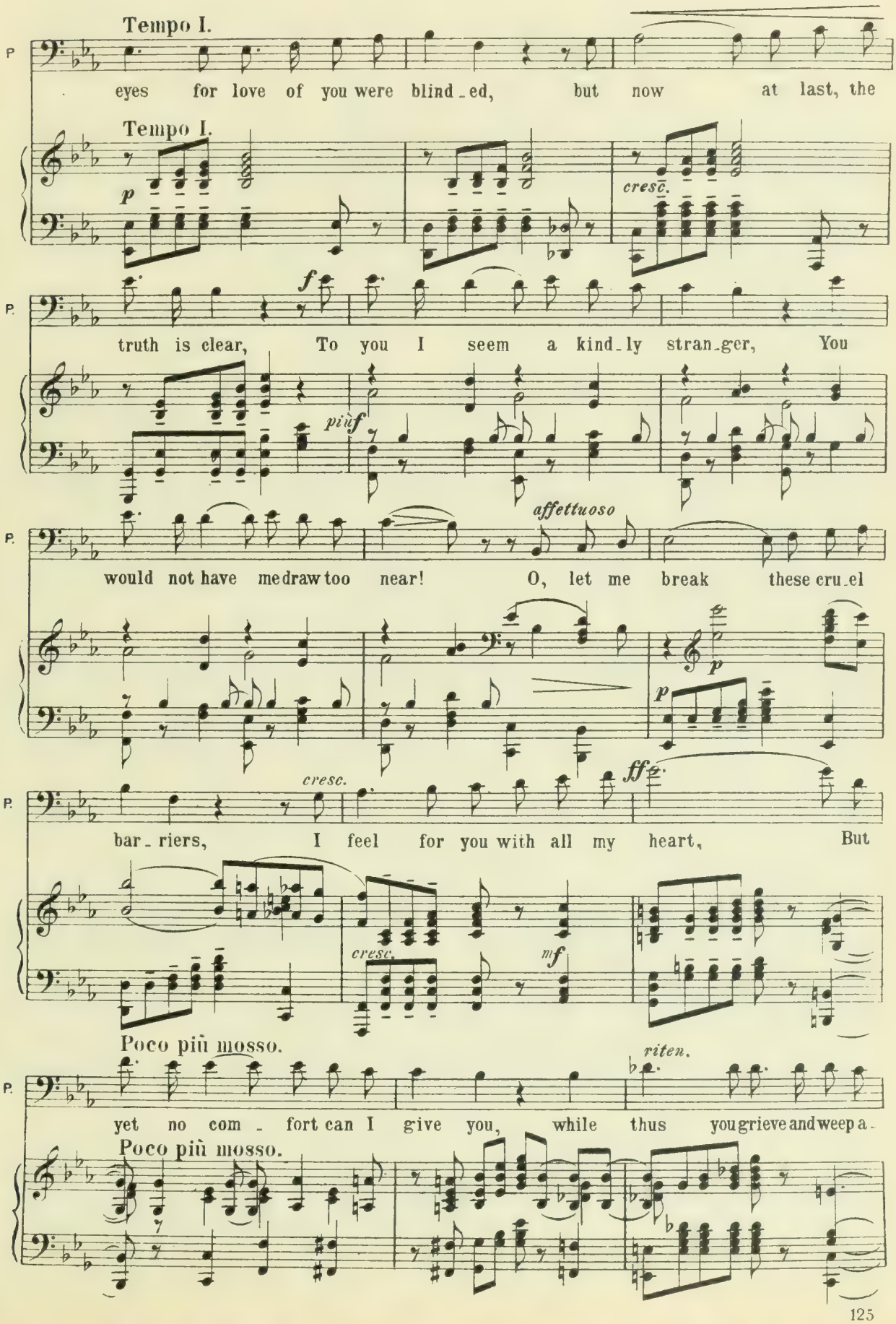
(The room is empty. Enter attendants who prepare the stage for the Interlude.)

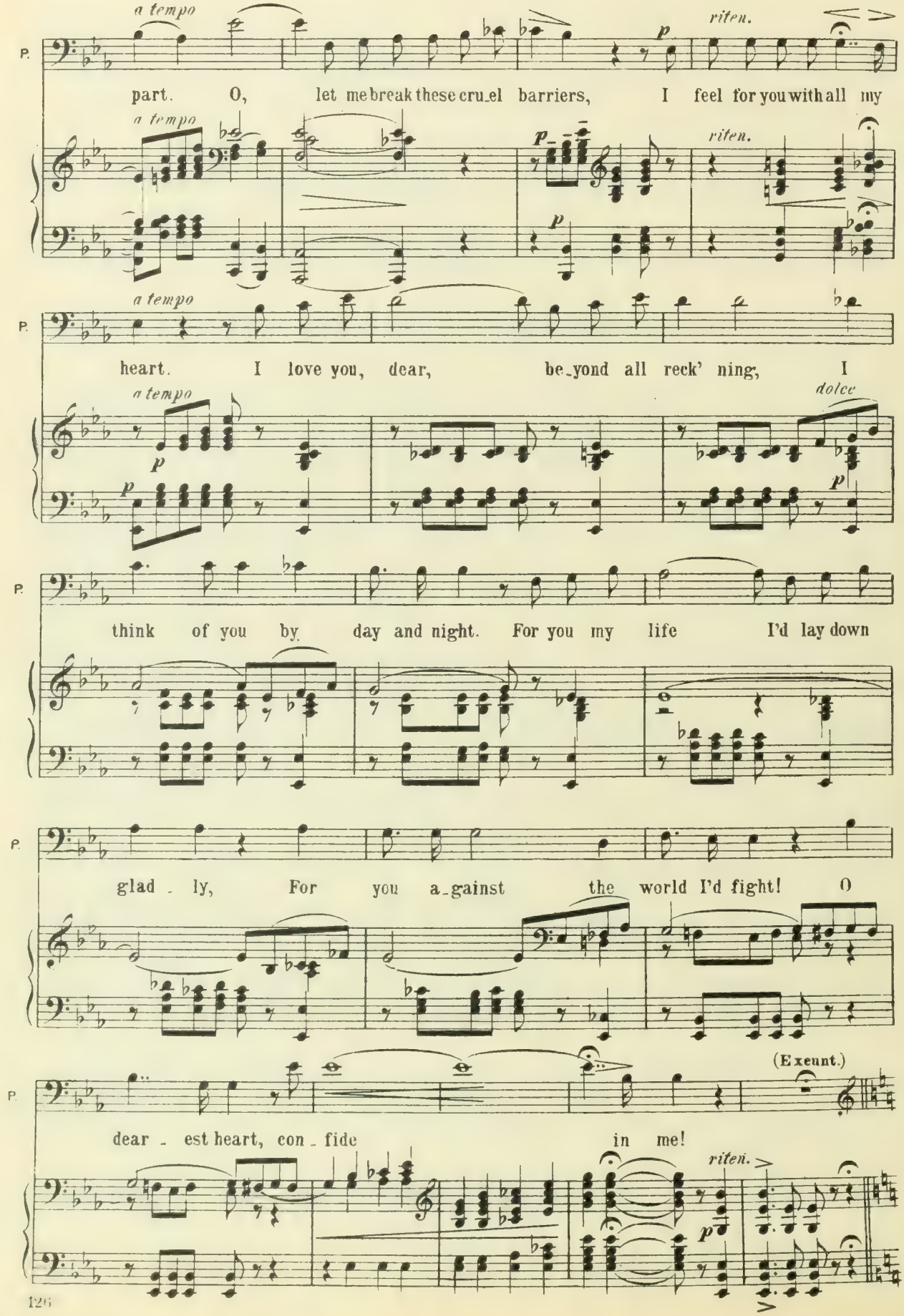



Quasi andante. (♩ = 88)
THE PRINCE.
3
Quasi andante.
(Enter the Prince and Lisa.)
You are so si_lent, dearest
espress.
mf
p
mf
Poco più animato.
P.
LISA.
Lis_a, what trou_ble weighs up_on your heart? Con_fide in me! Not
Poco più animato.
3
3
3
p
p
p
(Strives to go.)
THE PRINCE.
L.
now, dear Prince, to_morrow... Ex_cuse me! One mo_ment,
3
3
3
3
cre_ _ _ _
scen_ _ _ _do
Andante. (♩ = 72)
riten.
P.
Stay a lit_tle lon_ger! Ah, Lis_a, let me tell you
Andante.
riten.
f
mf
p
p
a tempo
con grandezza
P.
all! I love you,
a tempo


Andantino mosso. (♩ = 80)
P.
dear, be_yond all reck'ning, I think of you by day and night, For
Andantino mosso.
pp
P.
you my life I'd lay down glad_ly, For you a_gainst the world I'd
mp
P.
p
fight, Yet hear me, child, your heart shall keep its free_dom, Your
p
P.
f
life to mine I ne'er will chain, I could re_nounce you, for your
poco cresc.
mf
P.
own sake, and tram_ple down my jea_lous pain. For
decresc.


Un poco più animato.
P.
you, for you, all things were eas - y. Not on - ly as my wife I'd
Un poco più animato.
p
p
P
love you, Of your least wish I'd be the
p
P.
slave,— I long to be your friend and
mf
P.
guard - ian, Tend - er to
P.
riten.
cher-ish and to save! I think my
riten.


Tempo I.
P
eyes for love of you were blind_ed, but now at last, the
Tempo I.
p
cresc.
P.
truth is clear, To you I seem a kind_ly stran_ger, You
f
più f
affettuoso
P.
would not have me draw too near! O, let me break these cru_el
p
p
cresc.
ff
P.
bar_riers, I feel for you with all my heart, But
cresc.
mf
Poco più mosso.
riten.
P.
yet no com_fort can I give you, while thus you grieve and weep a_
Poco più mosso.


a tempo
riten.
P.
part. O, let me break these cru_el barriers, I feel for you with all my
a tempo
riten.
P.
heart. I love you, dear, be_yond all reck' ning, I
a tempo
dolce
P.
think of you by day and night. For you my life I'd lay down
P.
glad _ ly, For you a_gainst the world I'd fight! O
(Exeunt.)
P.
dear _ est heart, con _ fide in me!
riten.

(Enter Herman in costume. but without a mask, carrying in his hand a letter.)

Moderato assai. (♩ = 88)

HERMAN.

PIANO.

Moderato assai.

HERMAN (reads). After the performance wait for me in the room. I must speak with you...

(sits down.)

The sight of her will give me courage to cast aside this thought.

dolce

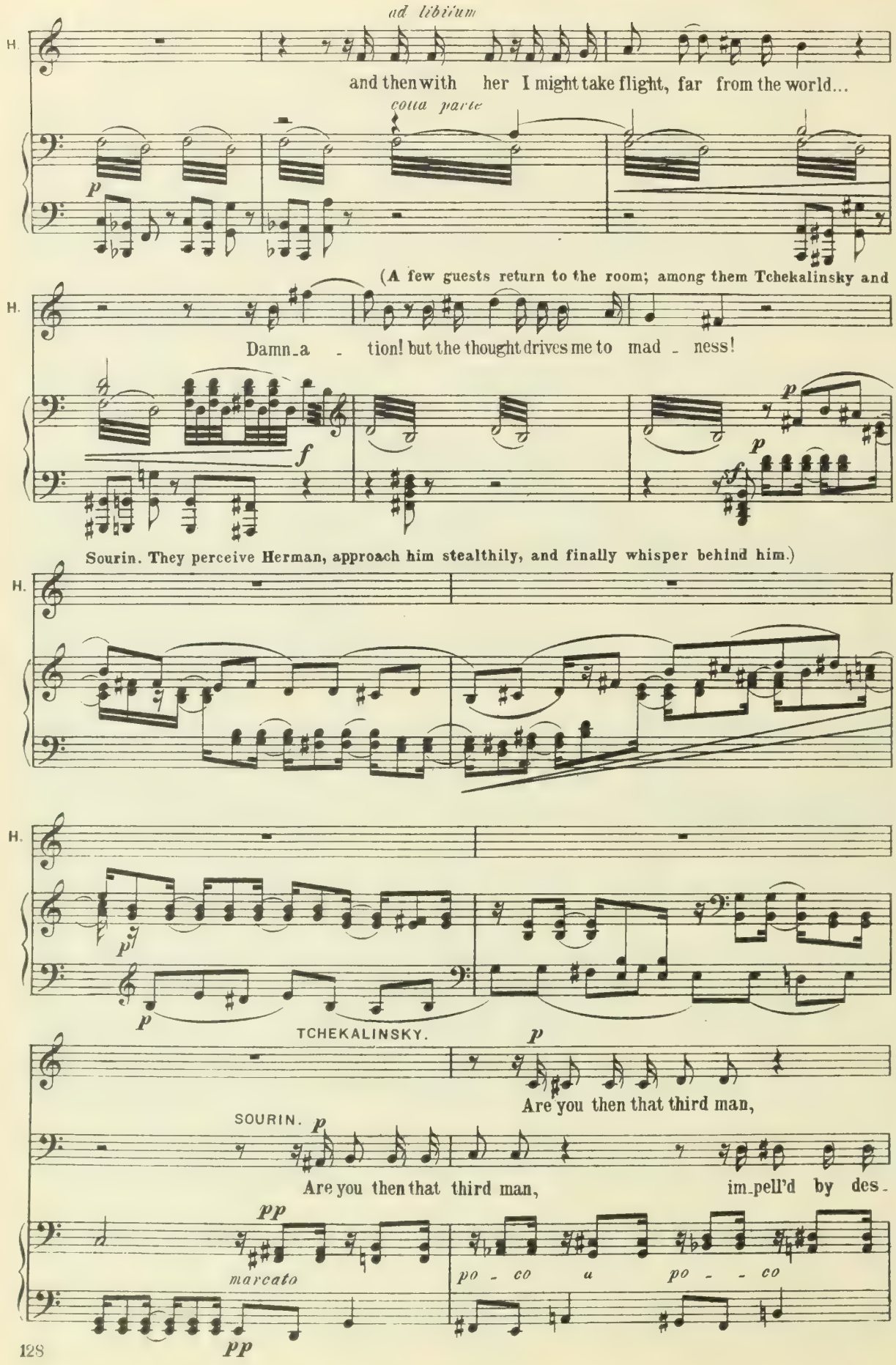
a piacere

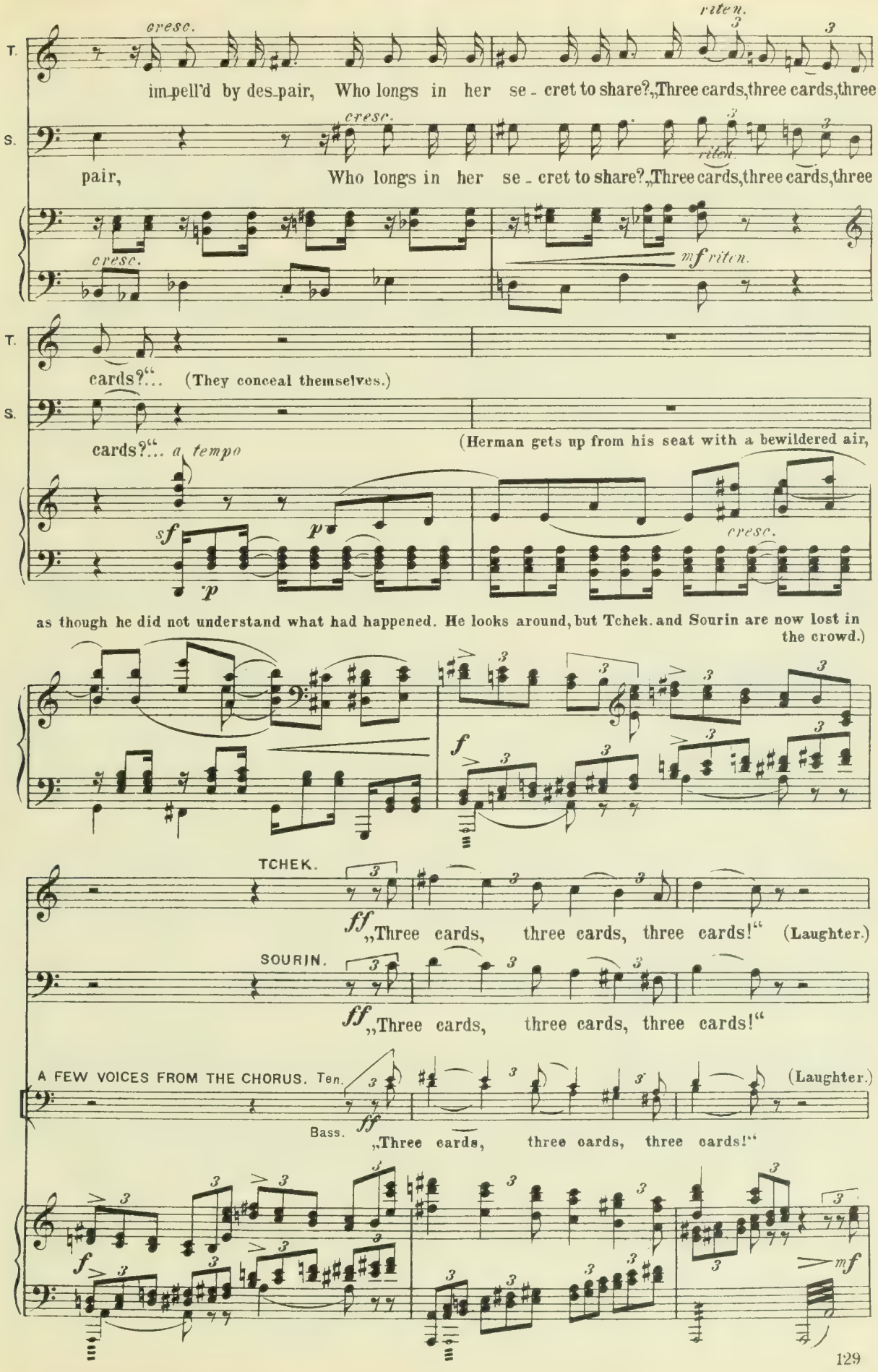
Three

cre - - scen - - do

cards!

Could I but know them, what wealth were mine!

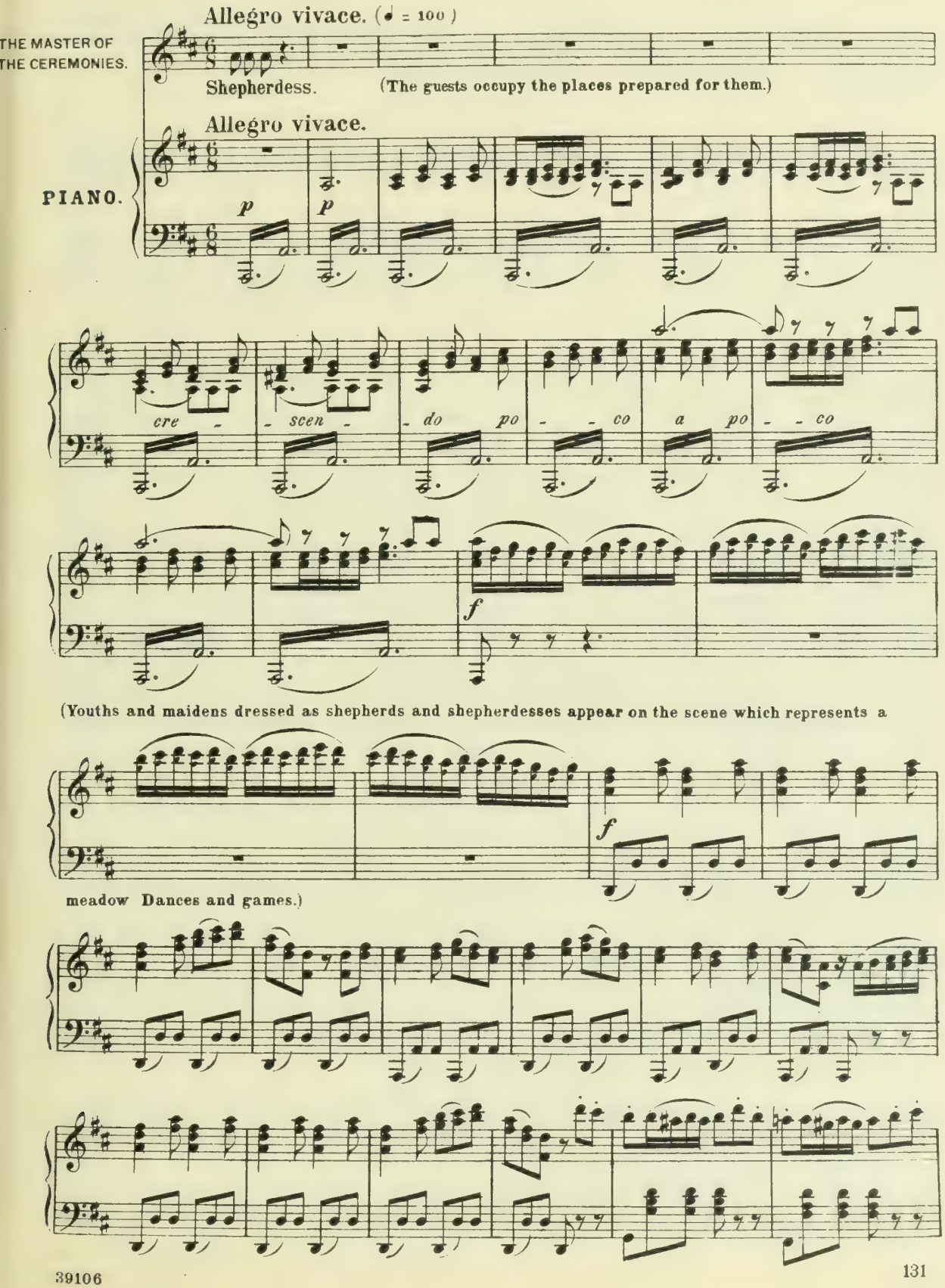

ad libitum
H.
and then with her I might take flight, far from the world...
colla parte
p
(A few guests return to the room; among them Tchekalinsky and
H.
Damn_a - tion! but the thought drives me to mad - ness!
f
p
f
Sourin. They perceive Herman, approach him stealthily, and finally whisper behind him.)
H.
H.
p
p
TCHEKALINSKY.
p
Are you then that third man,
SOURIN.
p
Are you then that third man,
im_pell'd by des_
pp
marcato
po - co u po - - co
pp

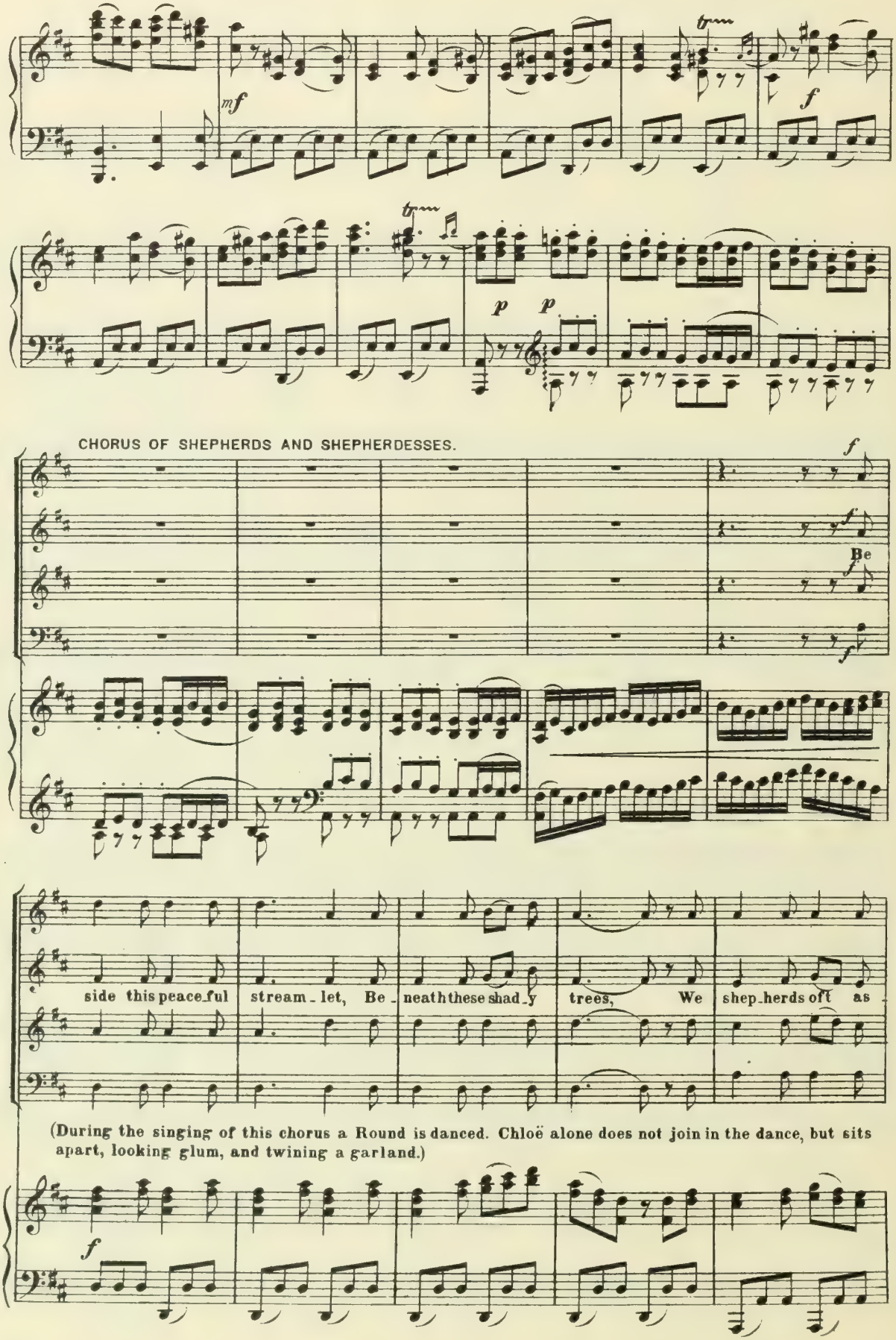

T.
cresc.
riten.
impell'd by despair, Who longs in her se - cret to share? „Three cards, three cards, three
S.
cresc.
riten.
pair, Who longs in her se - cret to share? „Three cards, three cards, three
cresc.
mf riten.
T.
cards?“... (They conceal themselves.)
S.
cards?“... a tempo
(Herman gets up from his seat with a bewildered air,
sf
p
p
cresc.
as though he did not understand what had happened. He looks around, but Tchek. and Sourin are now lost in the crowd.)
f
TCHEK.
ff „Three cards, three cards, three cards!“ (Laughter.)
SOURIN.
ff „Three cards, three cards, three cards!“
A FEW VOICES FROM THE CHORUS. Ten.
Bass.
ff „Three cards, three cards, three cards!“
(Laughter.)
f
mf

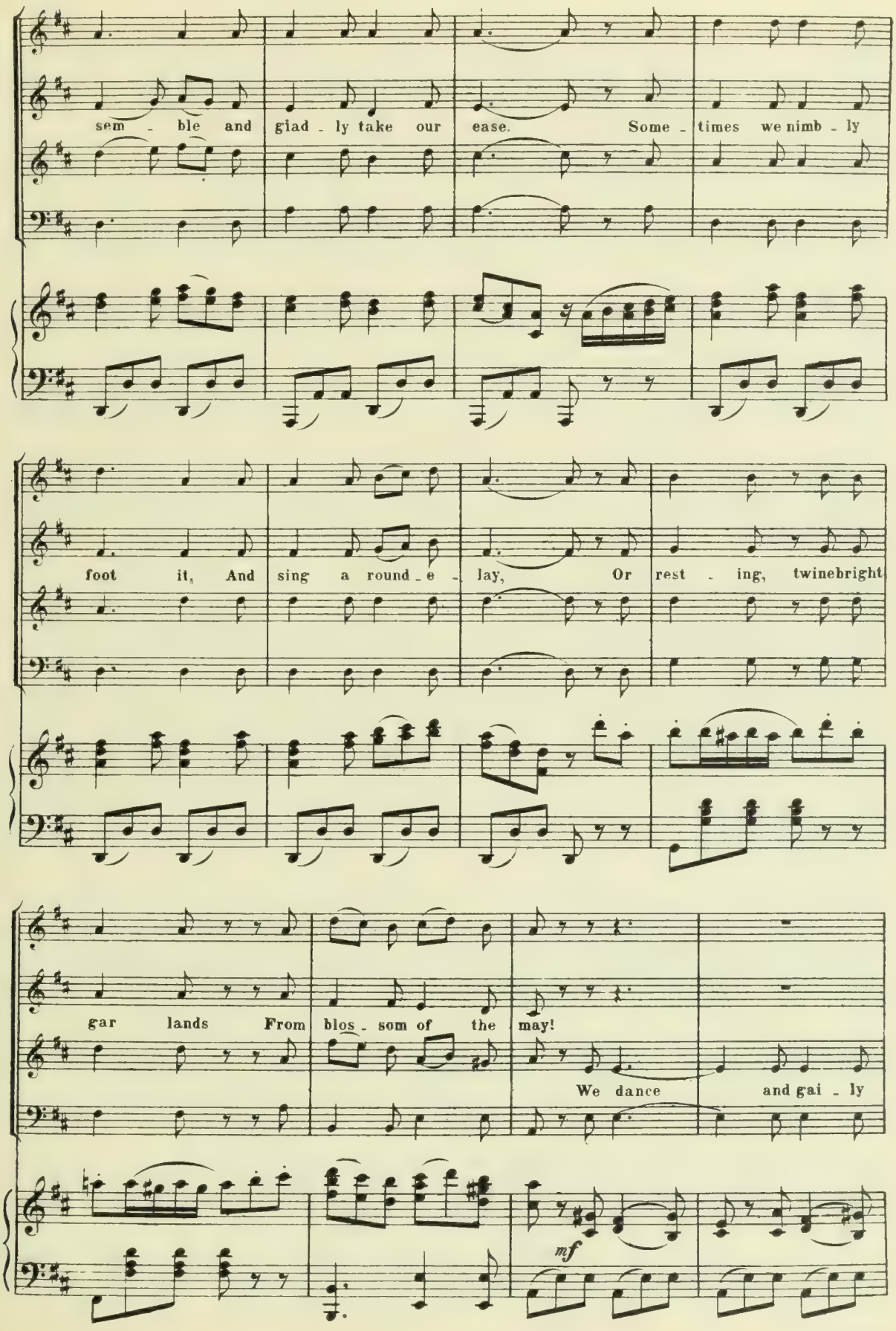

(They mingle with the guests who are gradually returning to the room.)
dolce
HERMAN.
What was it? A joke? Or some il lusion? No!
Meno mosso, adagio. (♩ = 60)
H.
If it were true? (Buries his head in his hands.) O,
Meno mosso, adagio.
(remains lost in thought.)
MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES.
H.
fol _ ly, my reas _ on tot_ters!
Our.
ad libitum
host now prays you all to take your seats, to see a pret_ty past_or_al called „The faith_ful
p colla parte

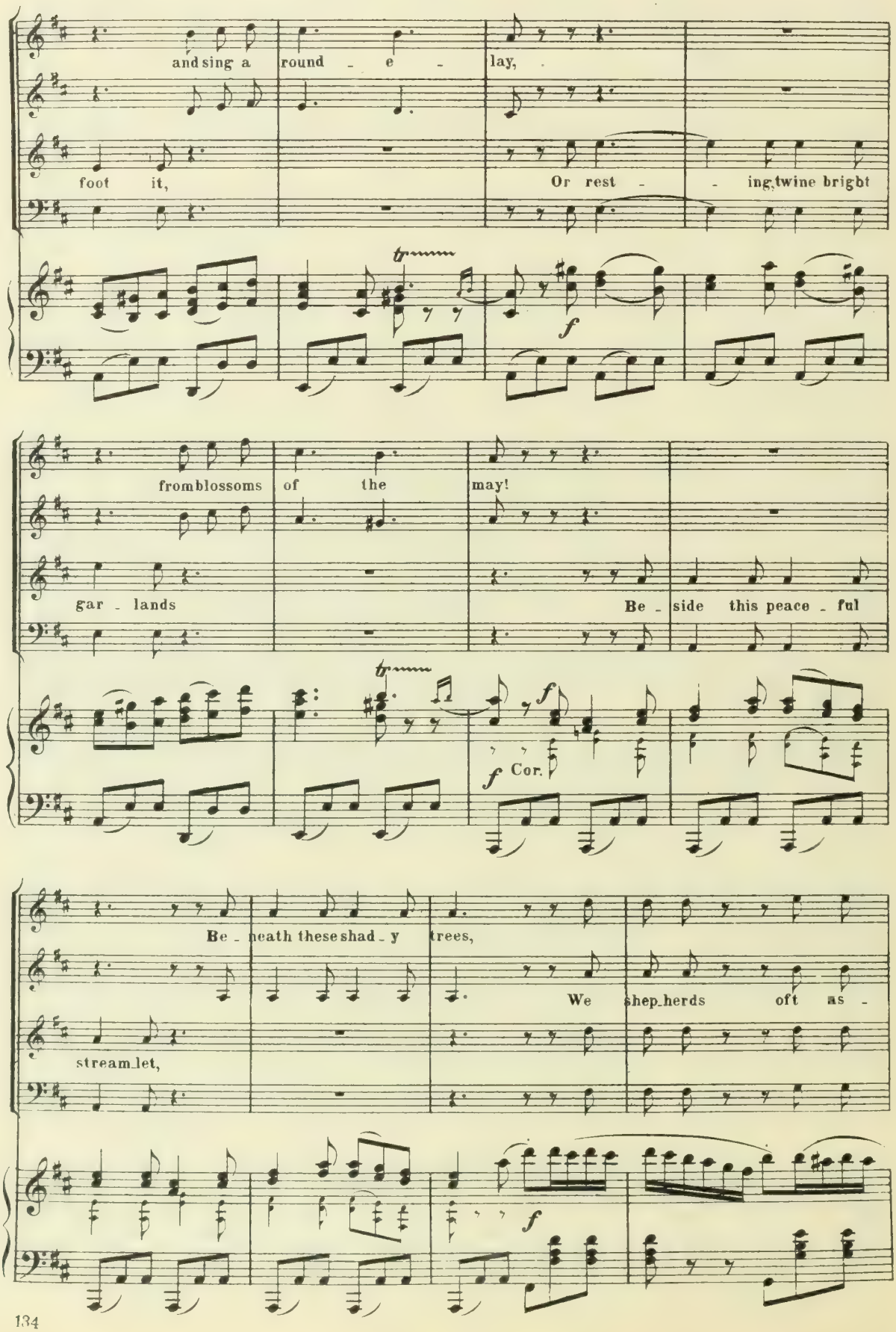
№ 14. Interlude „The faithful Shepherdess."

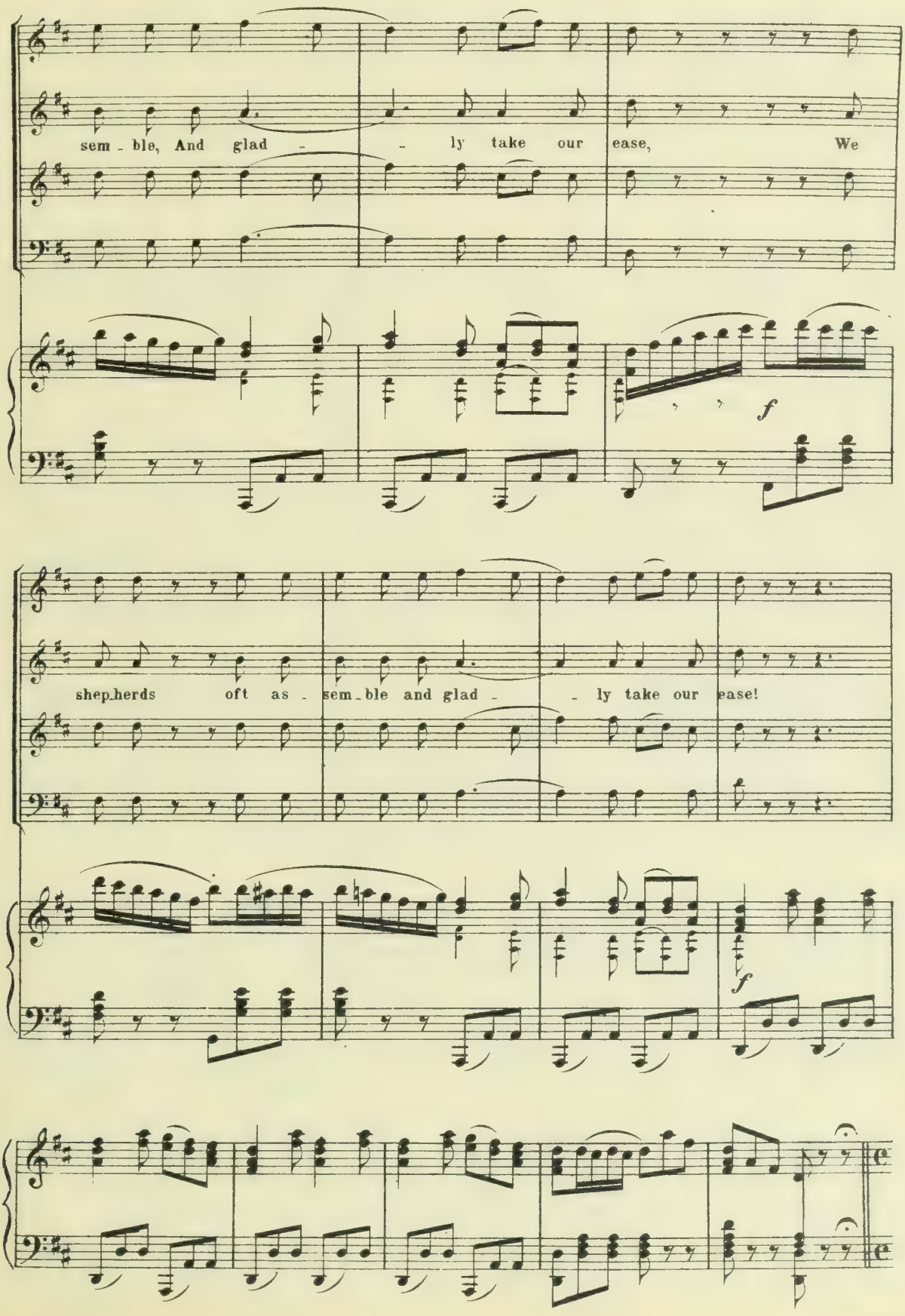
a) Chorus of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.



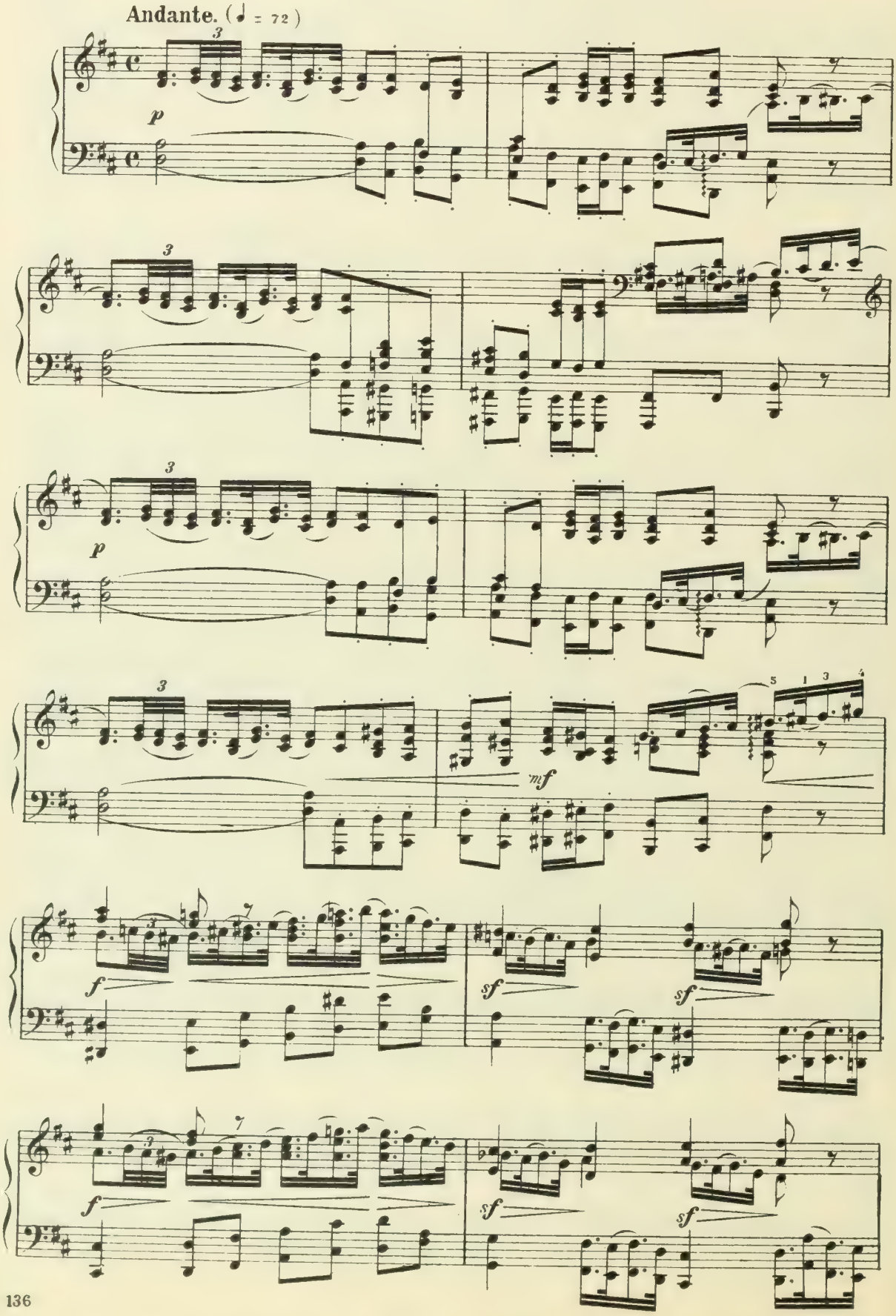

mf
f
p p
CHORUS OF SHEPHERDS AND SHEPHERDESSES.
f
f
Be
f
side this peace_ful stream_let, Be_neath these shad_y trees, We shep_herds oft as
(During the singing of this chorus a Round is danced. Chloë alone does not join in the dance, but sits apart, looking glum, and twining a garland.)
f

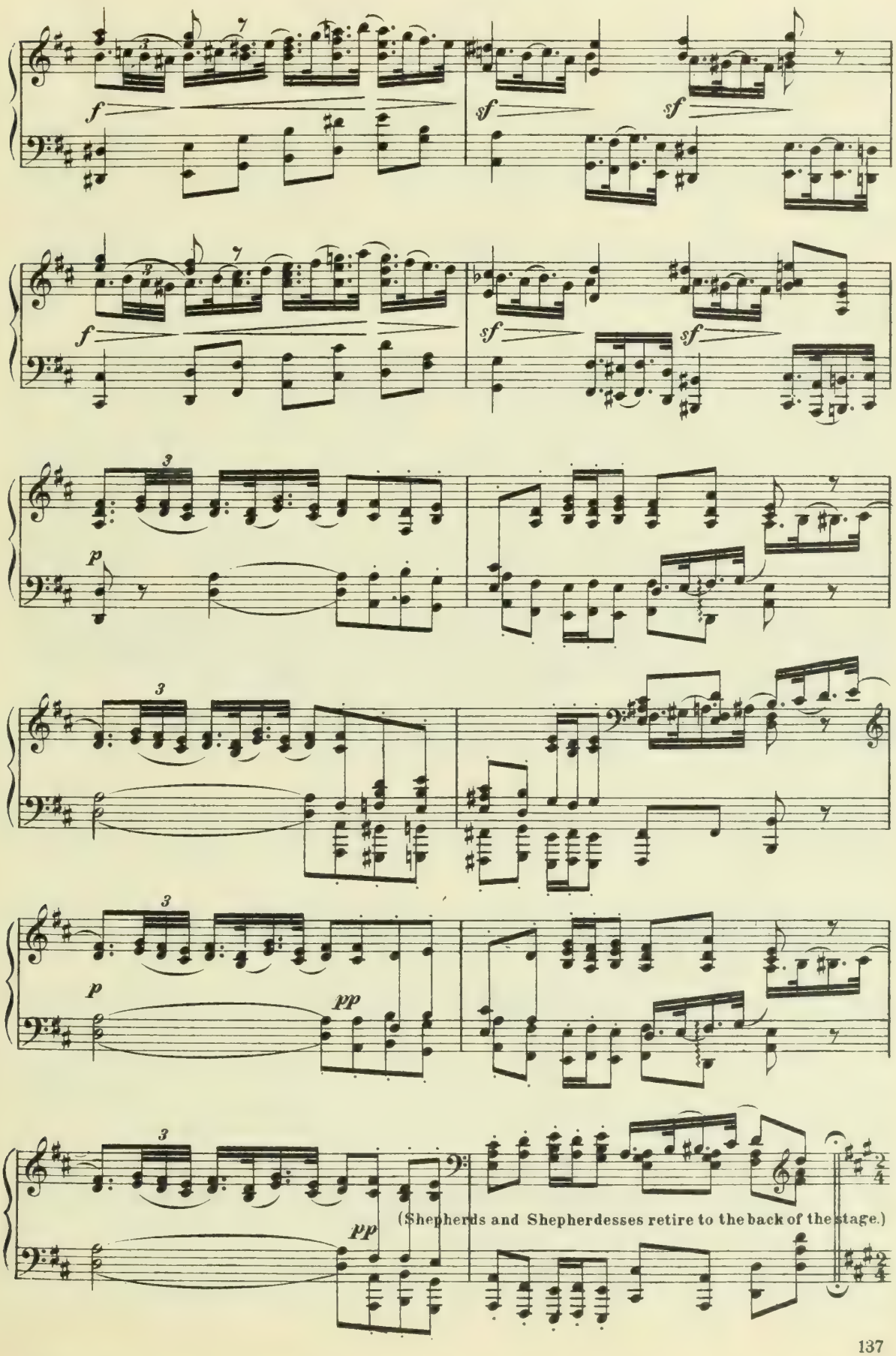

sem - ble and giad - ly take our ease. Some - times we nimb - ly
foot it, And sing a round - e - lay, Or rest - ing, twinebright
gar lands From blos - som of the may!
We dance and gai - ly
mf


and sing a round - e - lay,
foot it,
Or rest - - ing, twine bright
tr
f
from blossoms of the may!
gar - lands
Be - side this peace - ful
tr
f
f Cor.
Be - neath these shad - y trees,
stream let,
We shep herds oft as -
f

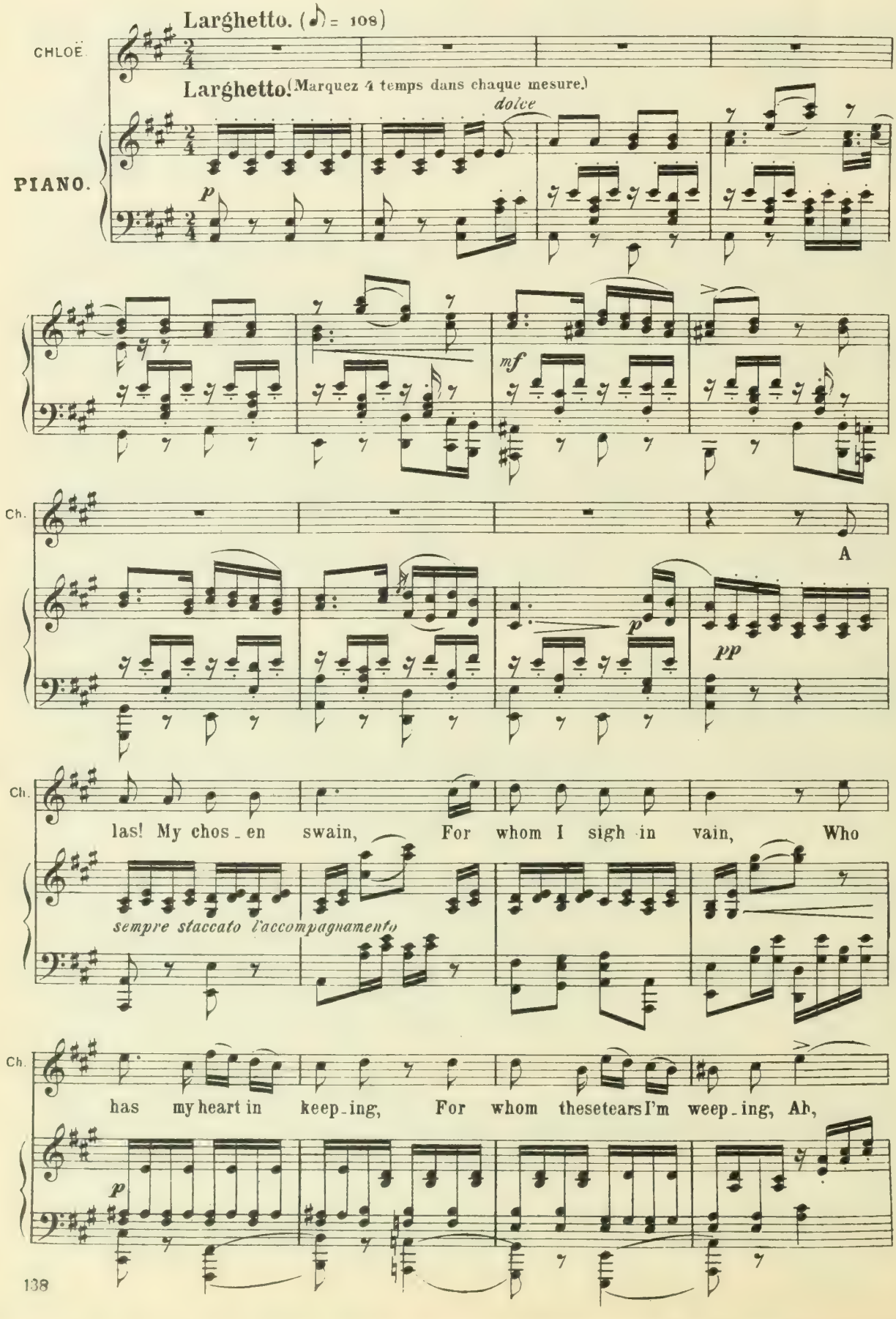

sem - ble, And glad - - ly take our ease, We
f
shep_herds oft as - sem_ble and glad - - ly take our ease!
f

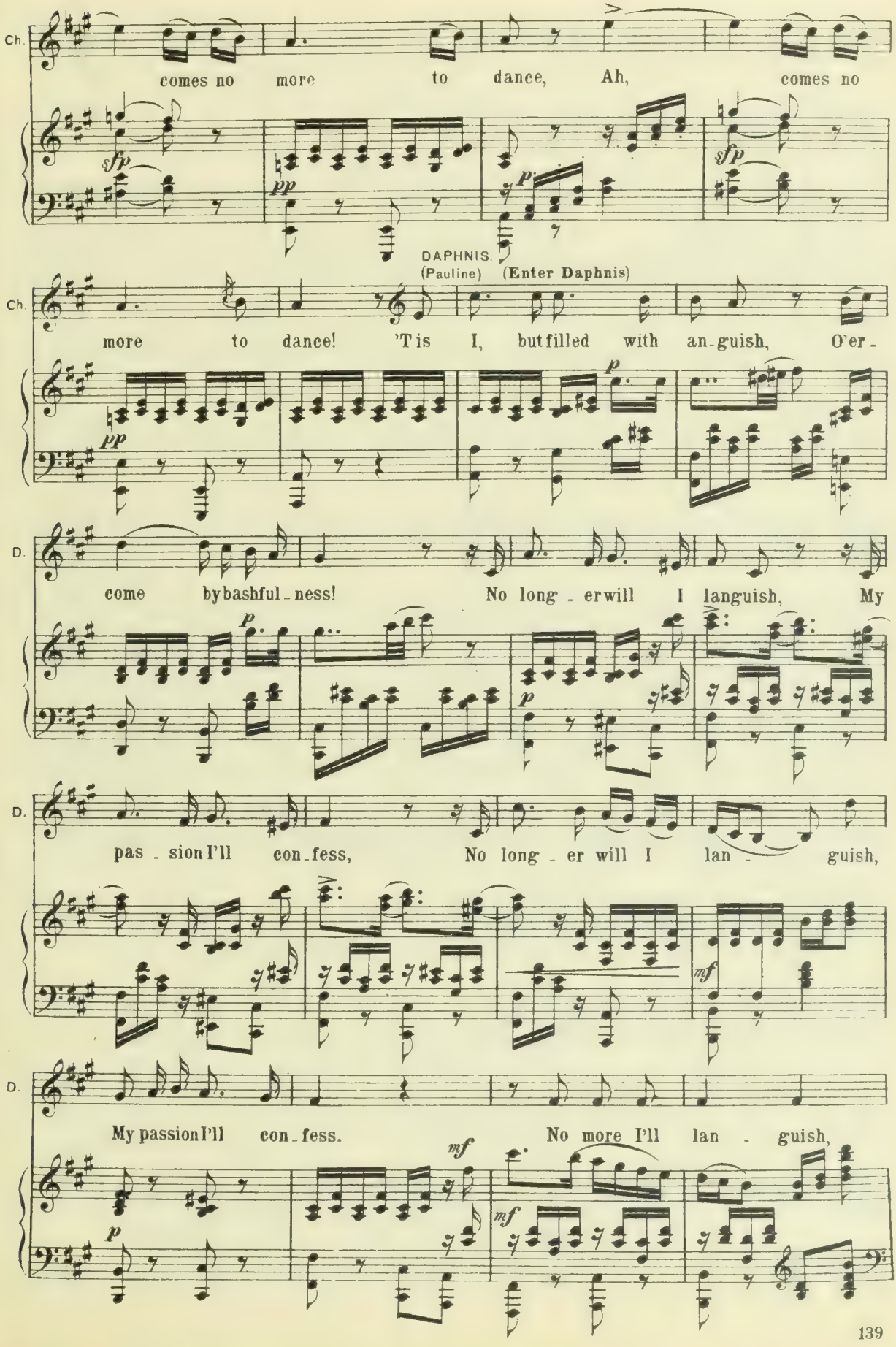
b) Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

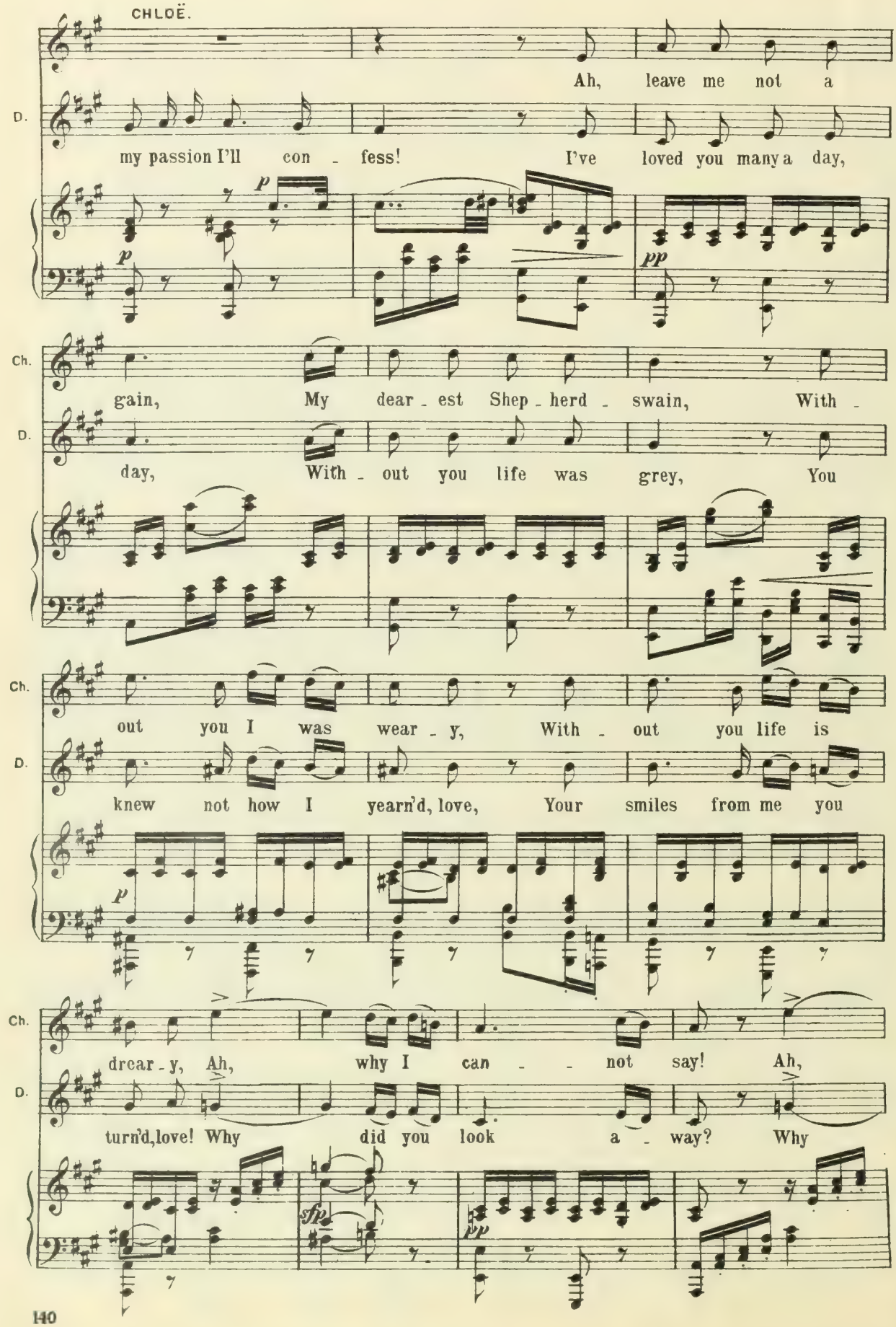


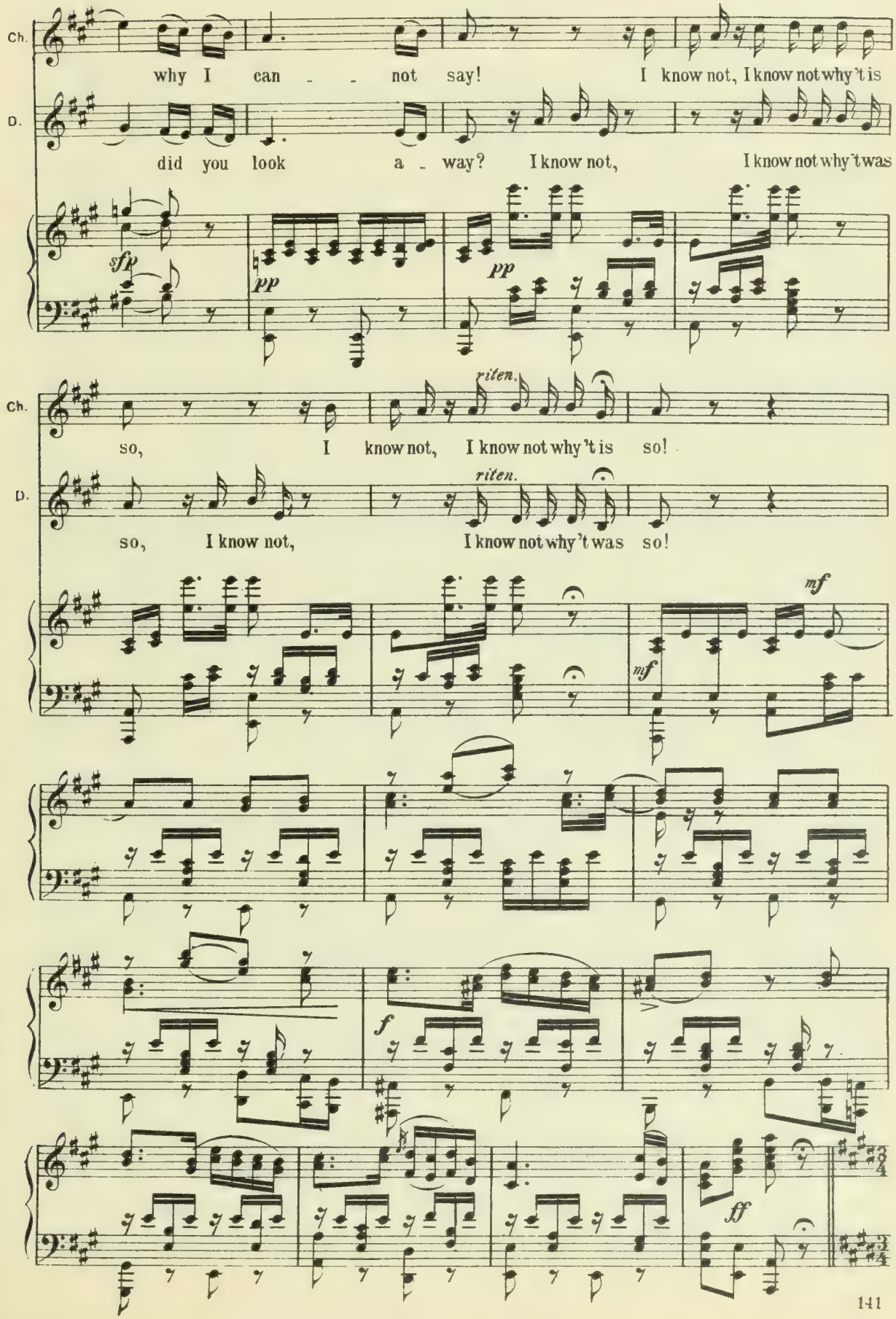

f
sf
sf
f
sf
sf
p
p
pp
pp
(Shepherds and Shepherdesses retire to the back of the stage.)

c) Duet of Chloë and Daphnis.



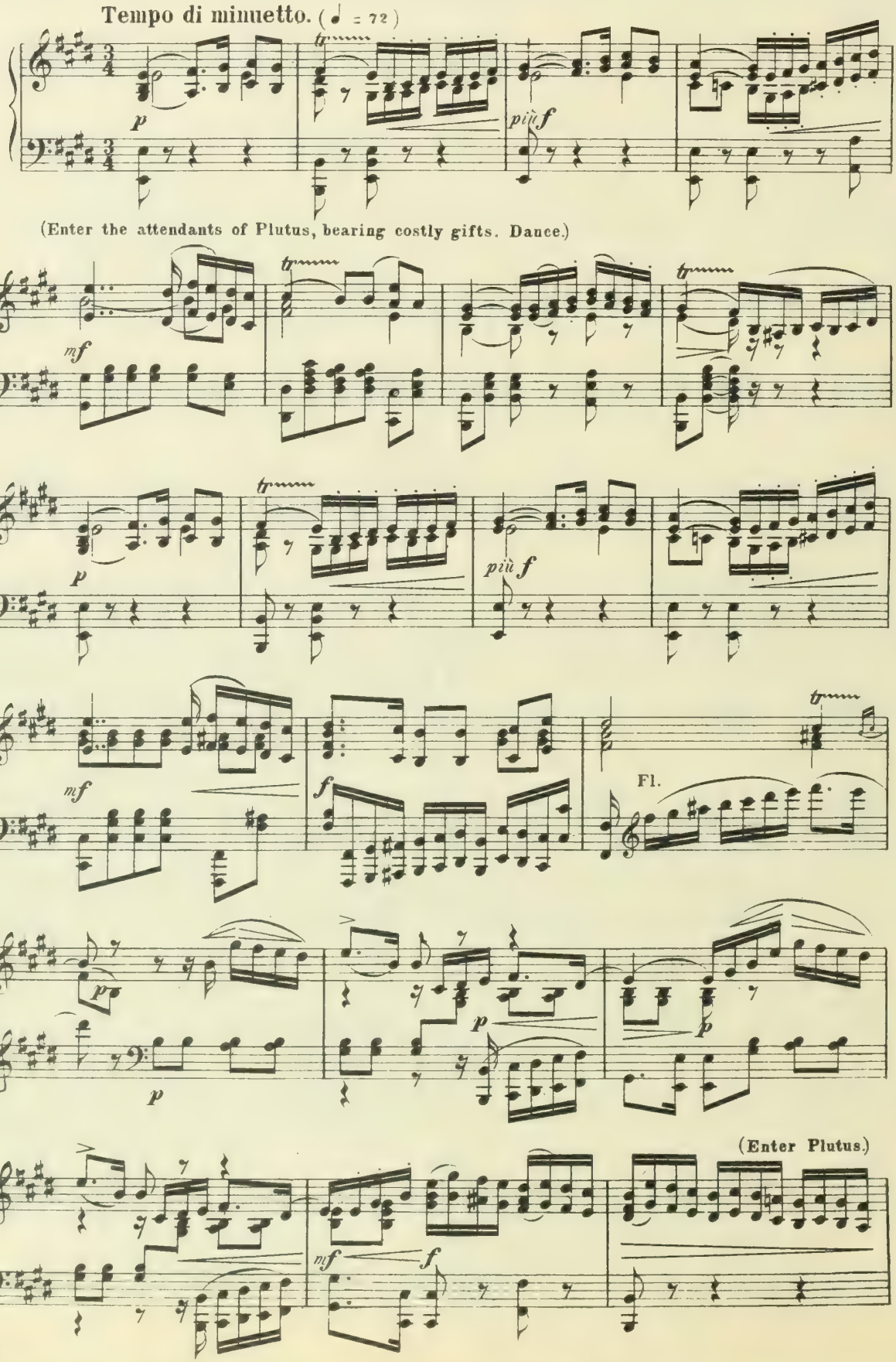

Ch.
comes no more to dance, Ah, comes no
sfp
pp
p
sfp
DAPHNIS.
(Pauline)
(Enter Daphnis)
Ch.
more to dance! 'Tis I, butfilled with an-guish, O'er-
pp
p
D.
come bybashful-ness! No long-erwill I languish, My
p
p
D.
pas-sion I'll con-fess, No long-er will I lan-guish,
mf
D.
My passion I'll con-fess. No more I'll lan-guish,
p
mf
mf

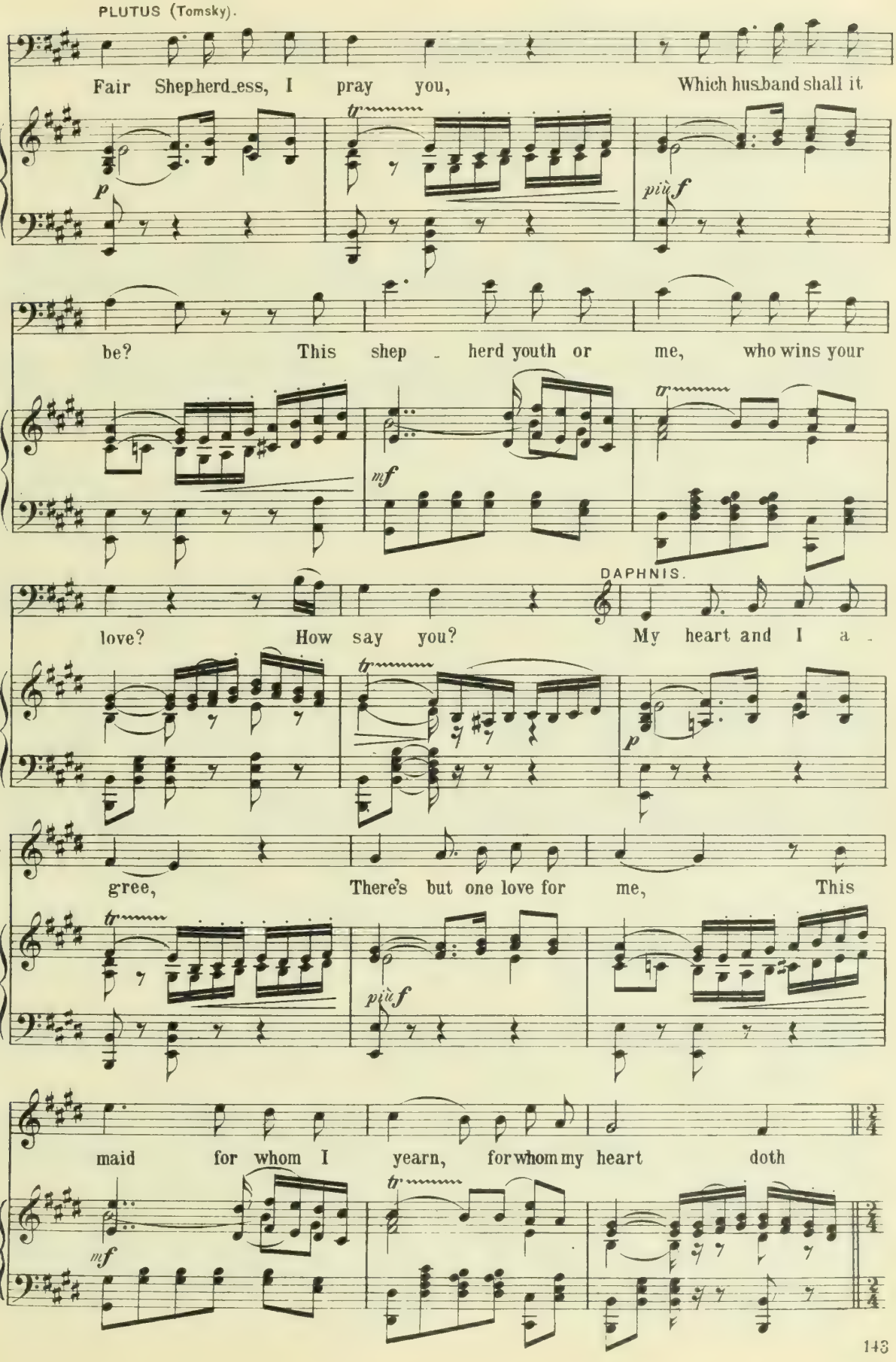

CHLOË.
Ah, leave me not a
D.
my passion I'll con - fess! I've loved you many a day,
p
p
pp
Ch.
gain, My dear - est Shep - herd - swain, With -
D.
day, With - out you life was grey, You
Ch.
out you I was wear - y, With - out you life is
D.
knew not how I yearn'd, love, Your smiles from me you
p
Ch.
drear - y, Ah, why I can - - not say! Ah,
D.
turn'd, love! Why did you look a - way? Why
fp
pp

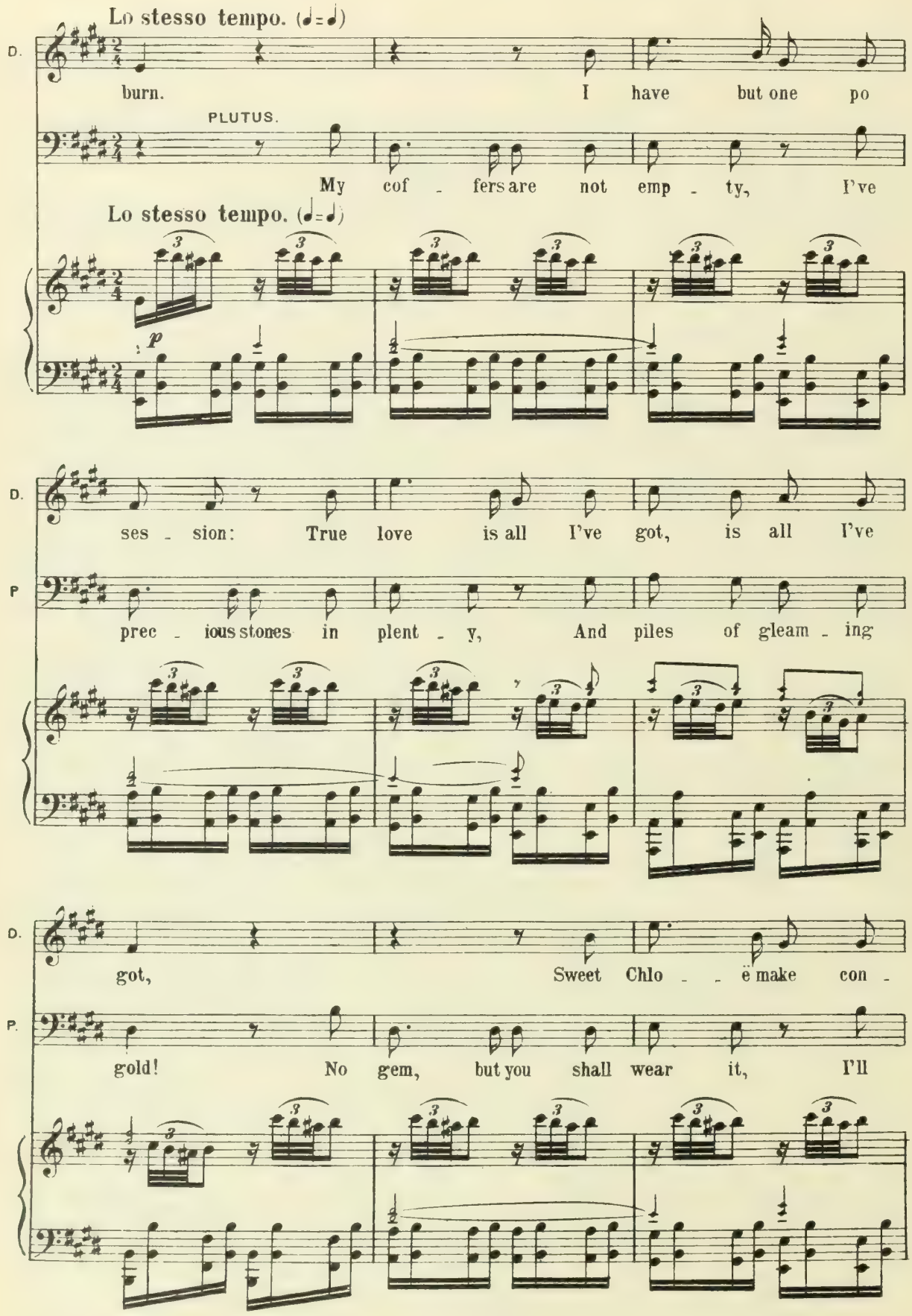

Ch.
why I can - - not say!
I know not, I know not why 't is
D.
did you look a - way?
I know not,
I know not why 't was
sfp
pp
pp
Ch.
riten.
so,
I know not,
I know not why 't is
so!
D.
riten.
so,
I know not,
I know not why 't was
so!
mf
mf
f
ff

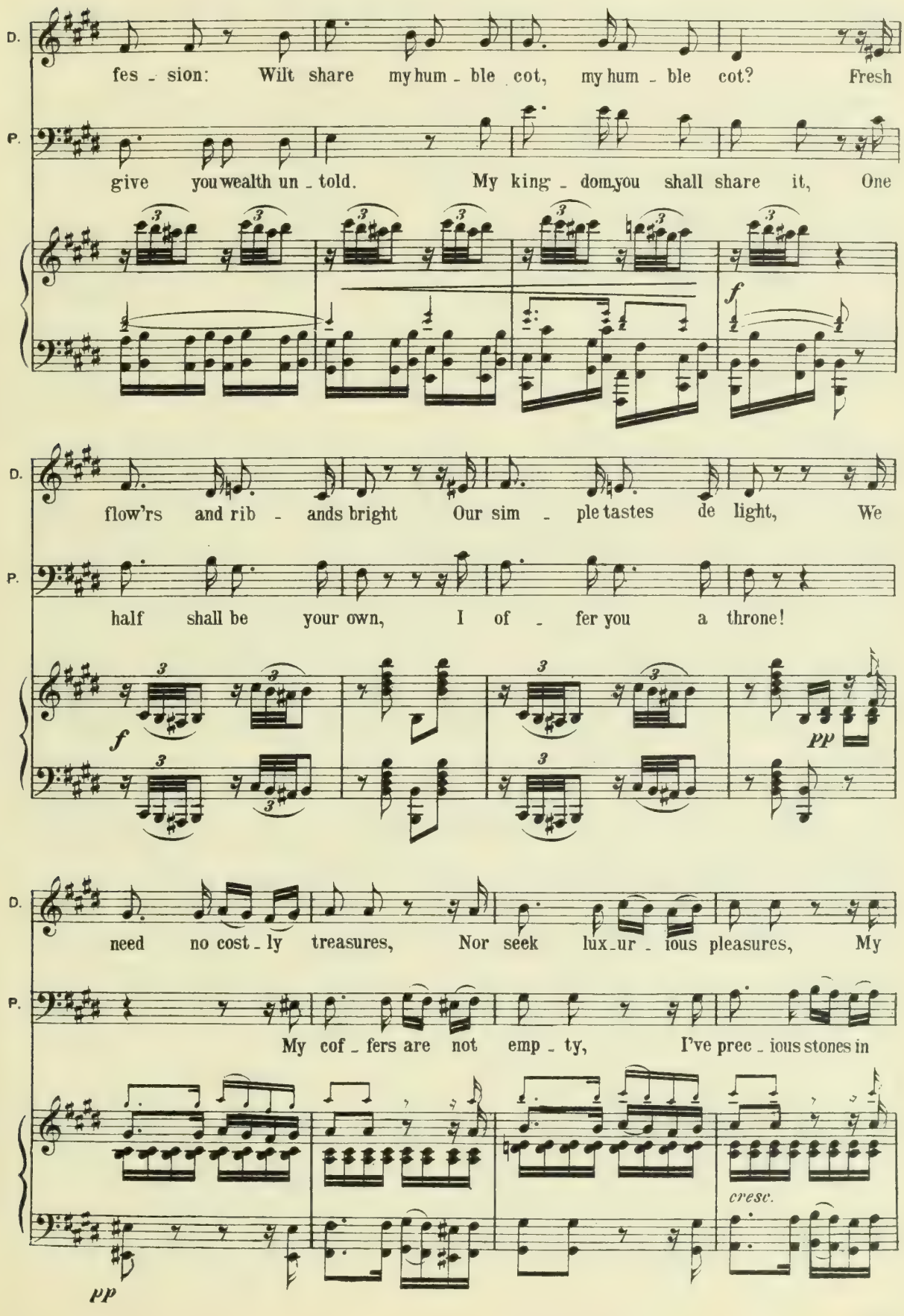
d) Finale.

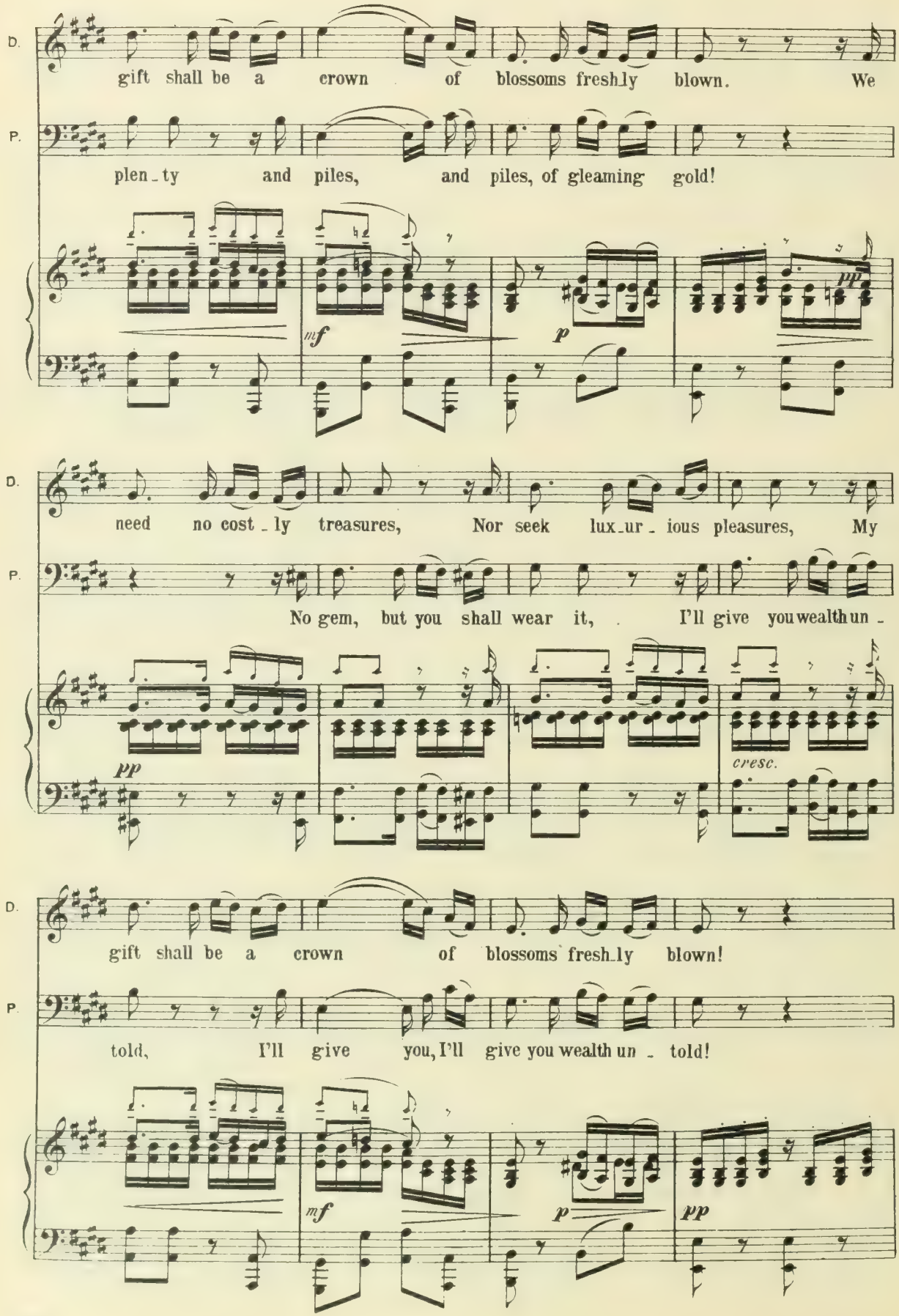
Tempo di minuetto. (♩ = 72)

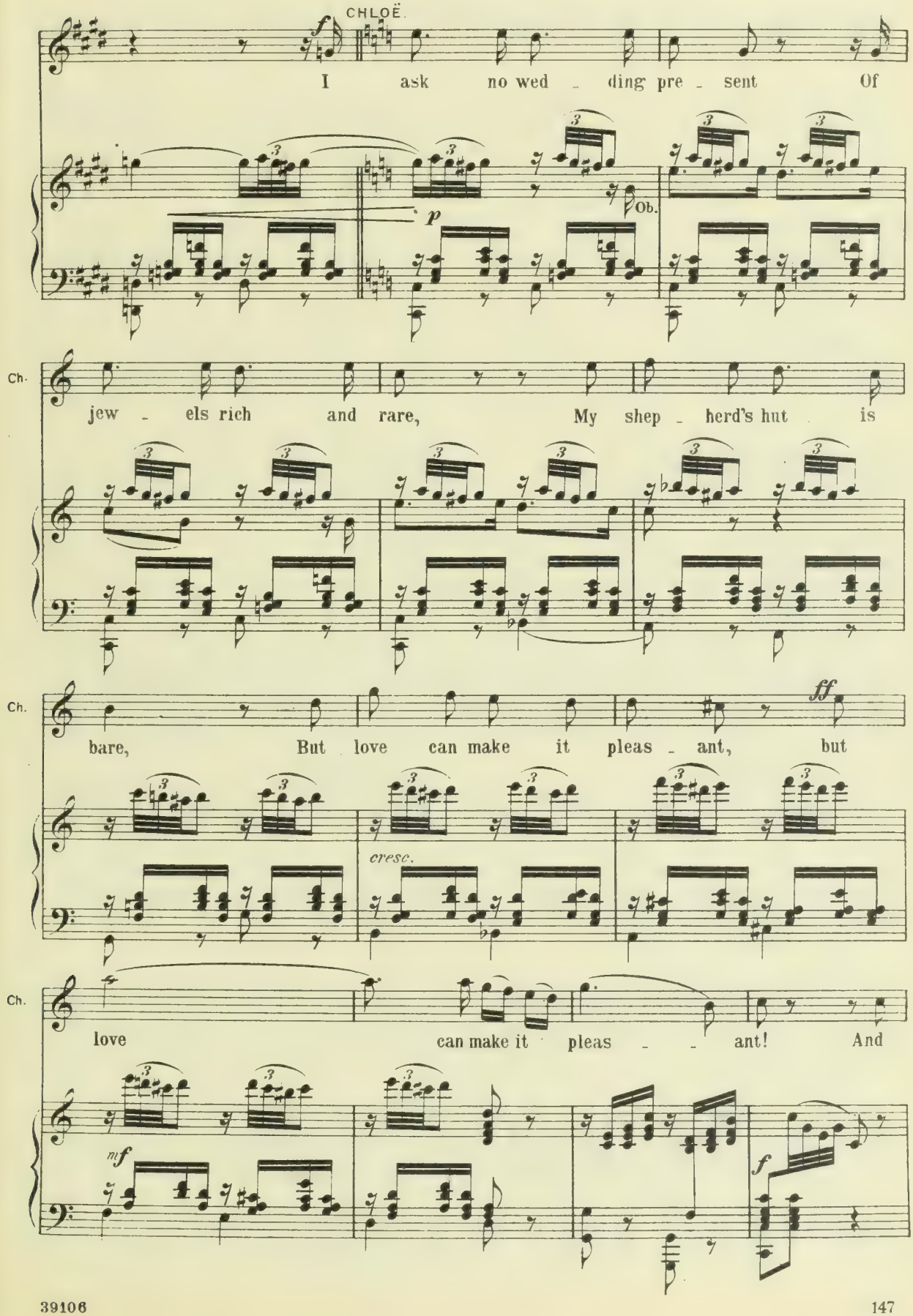


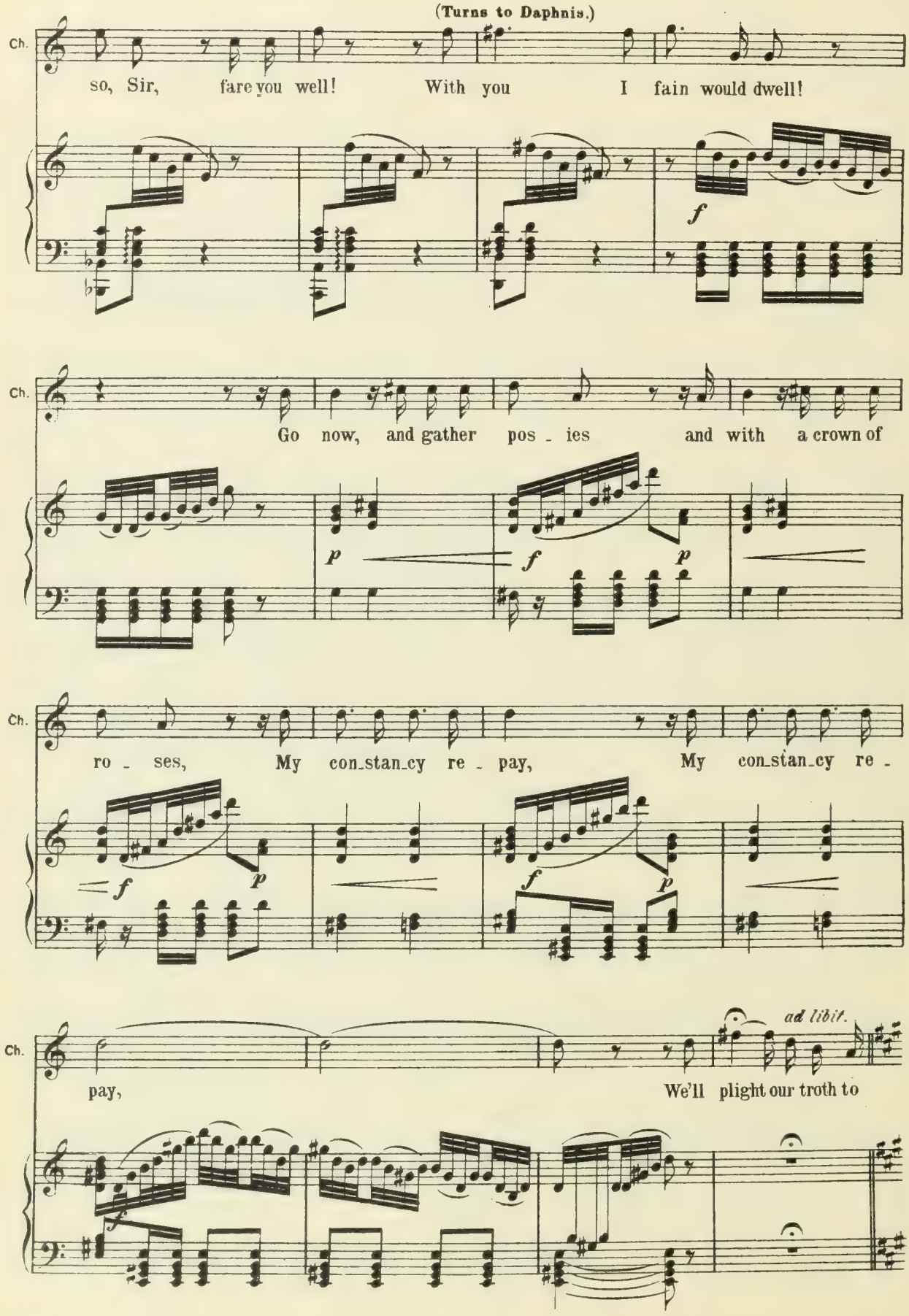

PLUTUS (Tomsky).
Fair Shepherd_ess, I pray you, Which husband shall it
P.
be? This shep - herd youth or me, who wins your
P.
love? How say you?
DAPHNIS.
My heart and I a -
D.
gree, There's but one love for me, This
D.
maid for whom I yearn, for whom my heart doth

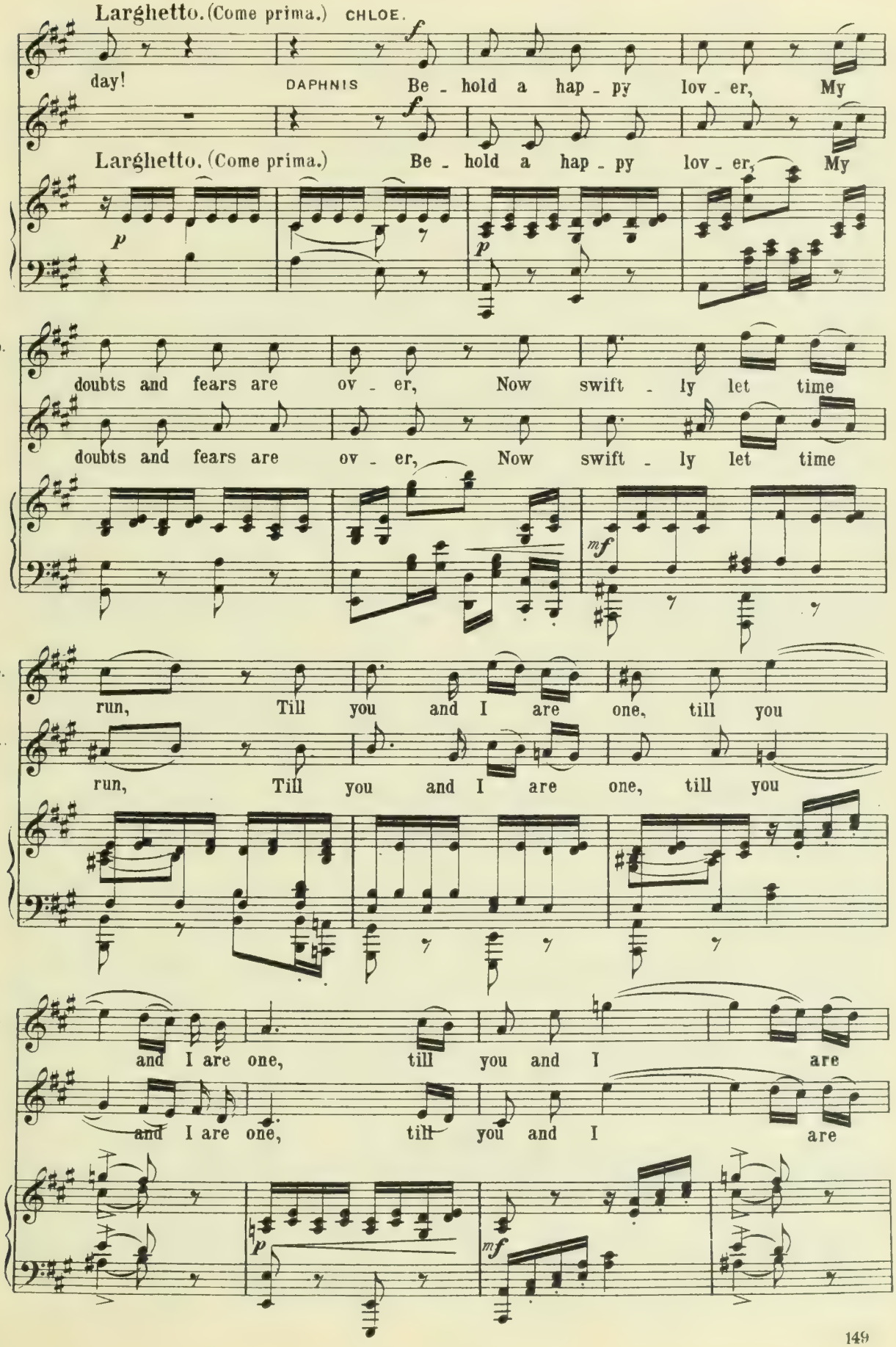

Lo stesso tempo. (♩=♩)
D.
burn.
I have but one po
PLUTUS.
My cof - fers are not emp - ty, I've
Lo stesso tempo. (♩=♩)
p
D.
ses - sion: True love is all I've got, is all I've
P
prec - ious stones in plent - y, And piles of gleam - ing
D.
got,
Sweet Chlo - - ë make con -
P.
gold! No gem, but you shall wear it, I'll

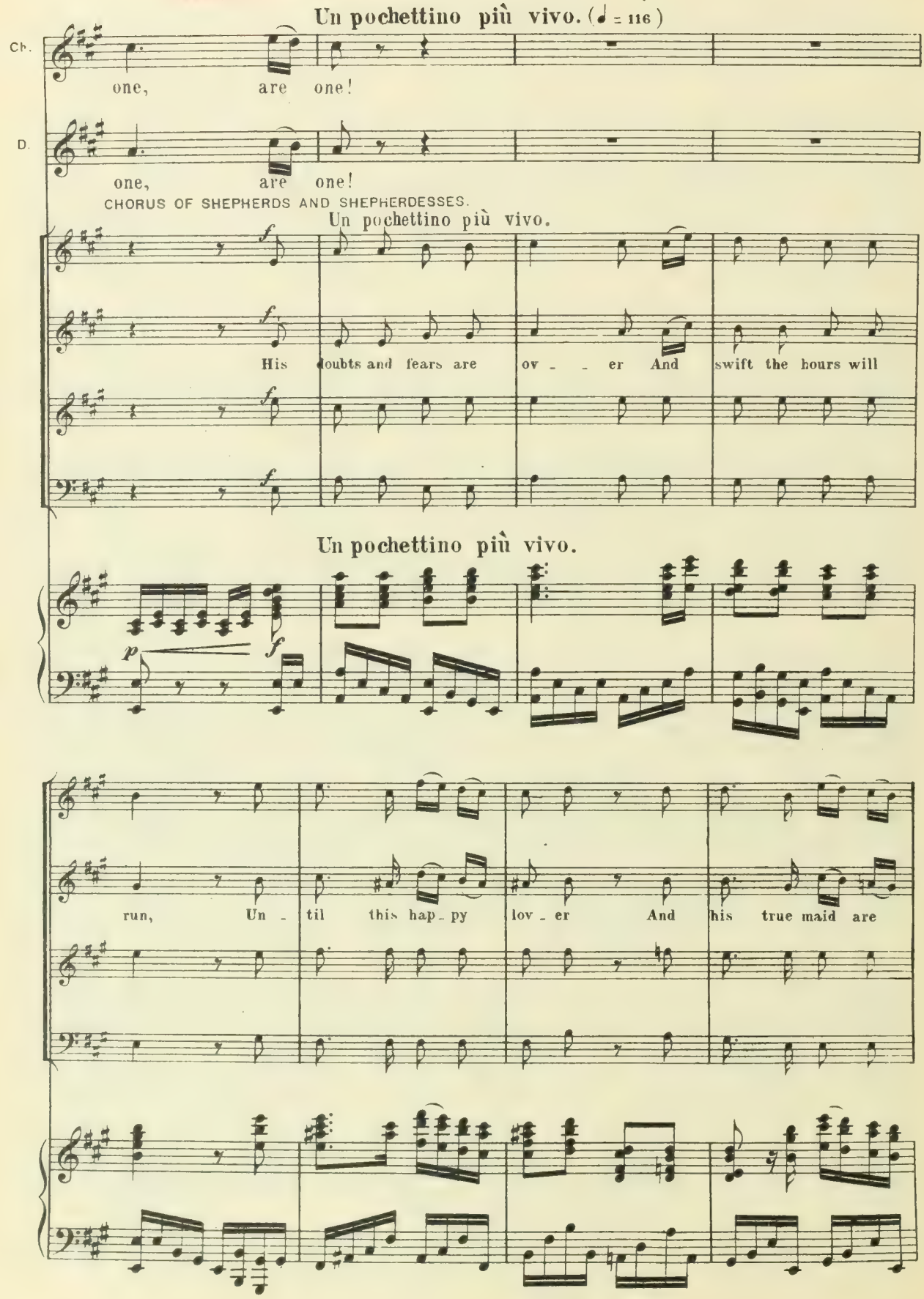

D.
fes - sion: Wilt share my hum - ble cot, my hum - ble cot? Fresh
P.
give you wealth un - told. My king - dom you shall share it, One
f
D.
flow'rs and rib - ands bright Our sim - ple tastes de light, We
P.
half shall be your own, I of - fer you a throne!
f
pp
D.
need no cost - ly treasures, Nor seek lux - ur - ious pleasures, My
P.
My cof - fers are not emp - ty, I've prec - ious stones in
cresc.
pp


D.
gift shall be a crown of blossoms freshly blown. We
P.
plen_ty and piles, and piles, of gleaming gold!
mf
p
pp
D.
need no cost_ly treasures, Nor seek lux_ur_ious pleasures, My
P.
No gem, but you shall wear it, I'll give you wealth un_
pp
cresc.
D.
gift shall be a crown of blossoms freshly blown!
P.
told, I'll give you, I'll give you wealth un_told!
mf
p
pp

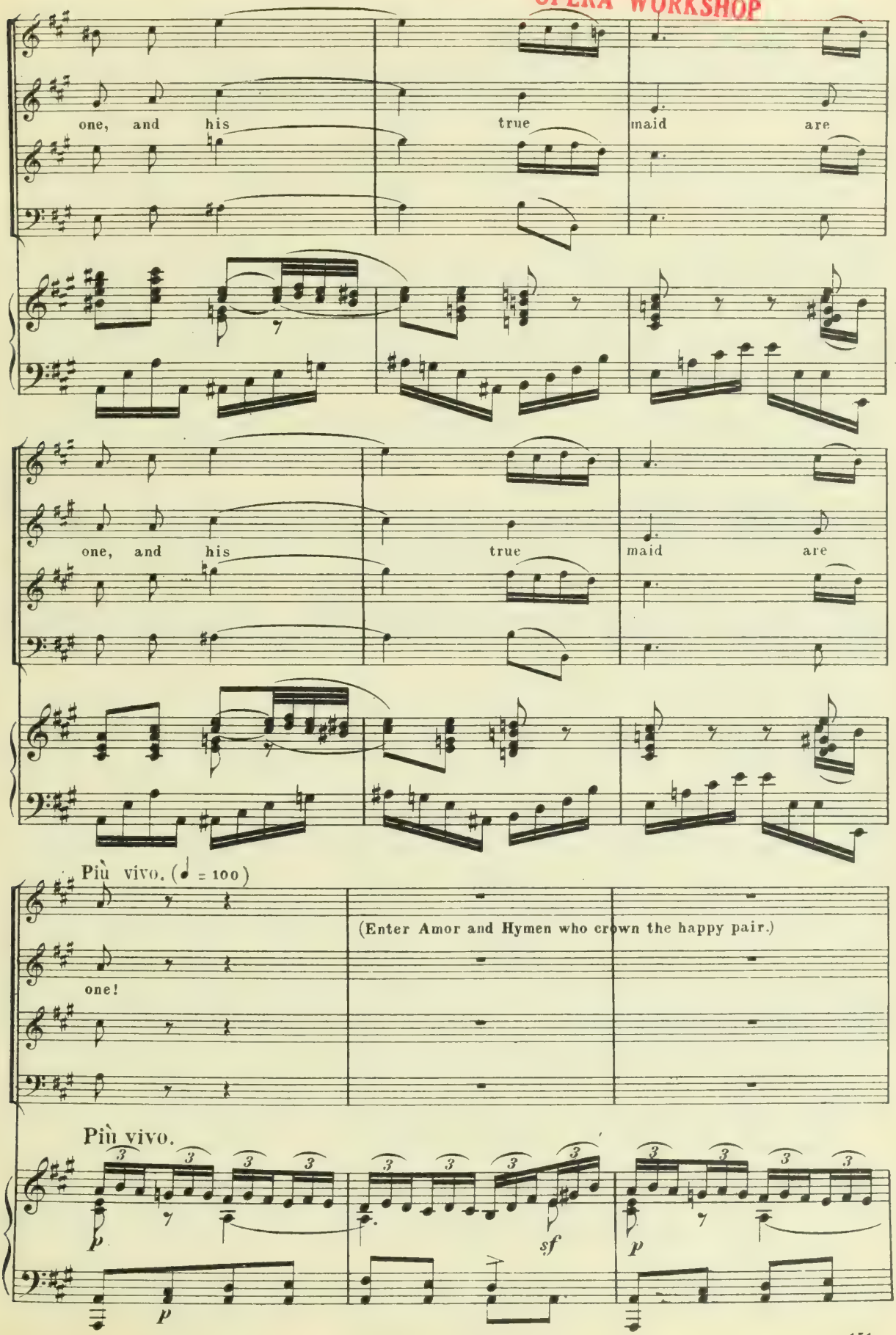

CHLOË.
I ask no wed - ding pre - sent Of
Ob.
Ch.
jew - els rich and rare, My shep - herd's hut is
Ch.
bare, But love can make it pleas - ant, but
cresc.
Ch.
love can make it pleas - - ant! And

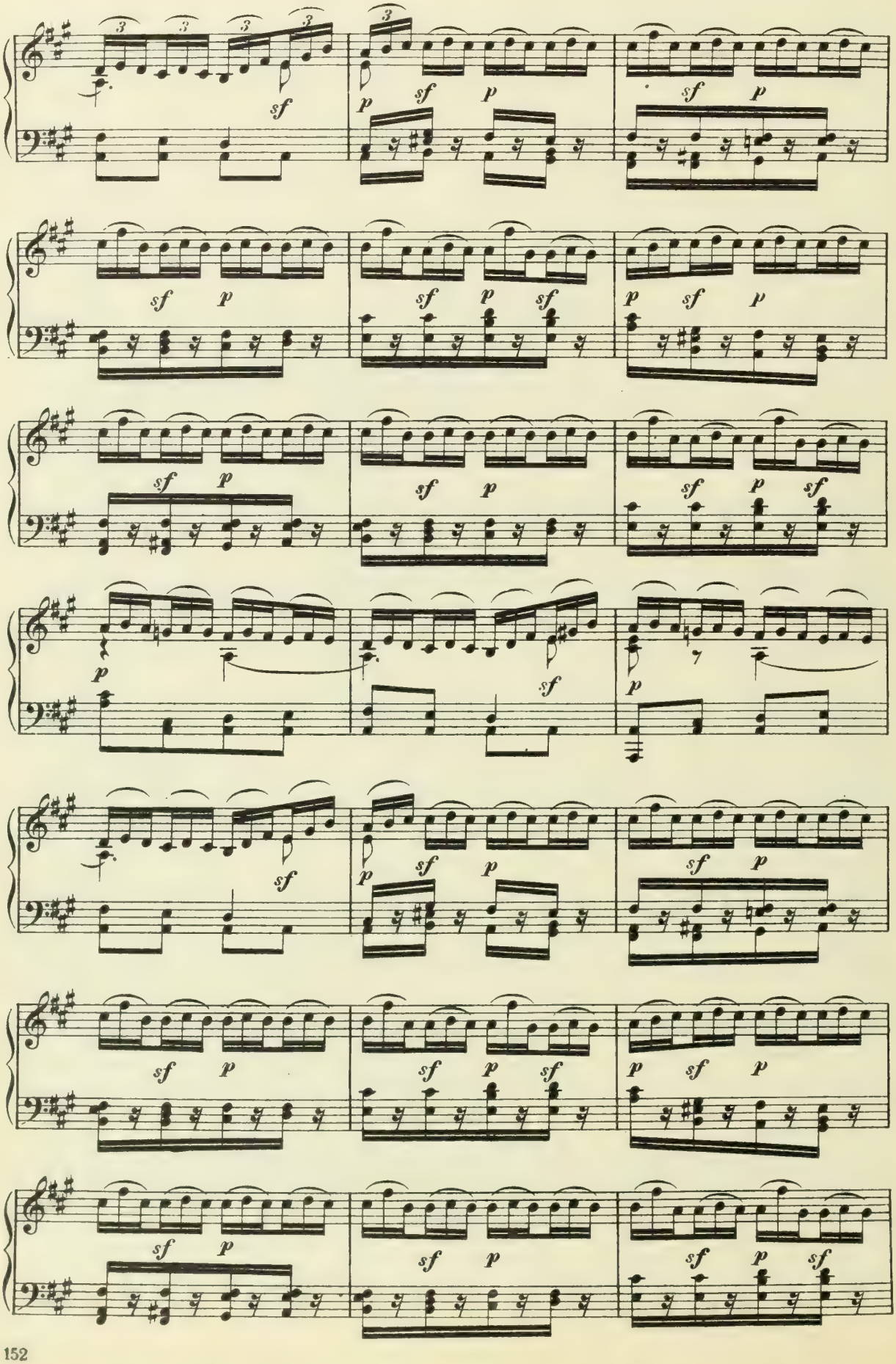

(Turns to Daphnis.)
Ch.
so, Sir, fare you well! With you I fain would dwell!
f
Ch.
Go now, and gather pos - ies and with a crown of
p
f
p
Ch.
ro - ses, My con-stan-cy re - pay, My con-stan-cy re -
f
p
f
p
ad libit.
Ch.
pay, We'll plight our troth to
f

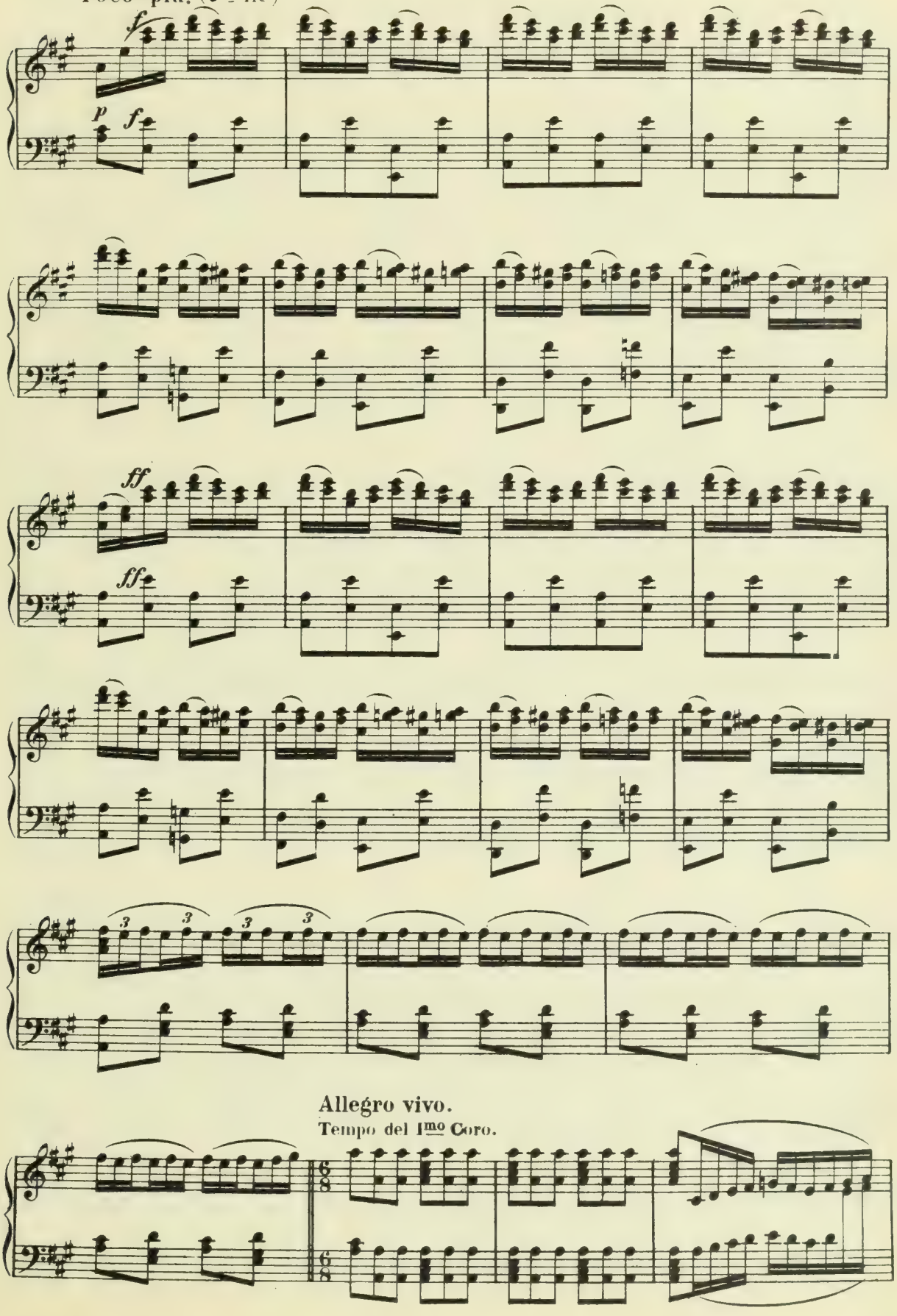

Larghetto. (Come prima.) CHLOE.
day!
DAPHNIS Be - hold a hap - py lov - er, My
Larghetto. (Come prima.) Be - hold a hap - py lov - er, My
Ch.
D
doubts and fears are ov - er, Now swift - ly let time
doubts and fears are ov - er, Now swift - ly let time
Ch.
D.
run, Till you and I are one, till you
run, Till you and I are one, till you
Ch.
D.
and I are one, till you and I are
and I are one, till you and I are


Un pochettino più vivo. (♩ = 116)
Ch.
one, are one!
D.
one, are one!
CHORUS OF SHEPHERDS AND SHEPHERDESSES.
Un pochettino più vivo.
His doubts and fears are ov - - er And swift the hours will
Un pochettino più vivo.
run, Un - til this hap - py lov - er And his true maid are

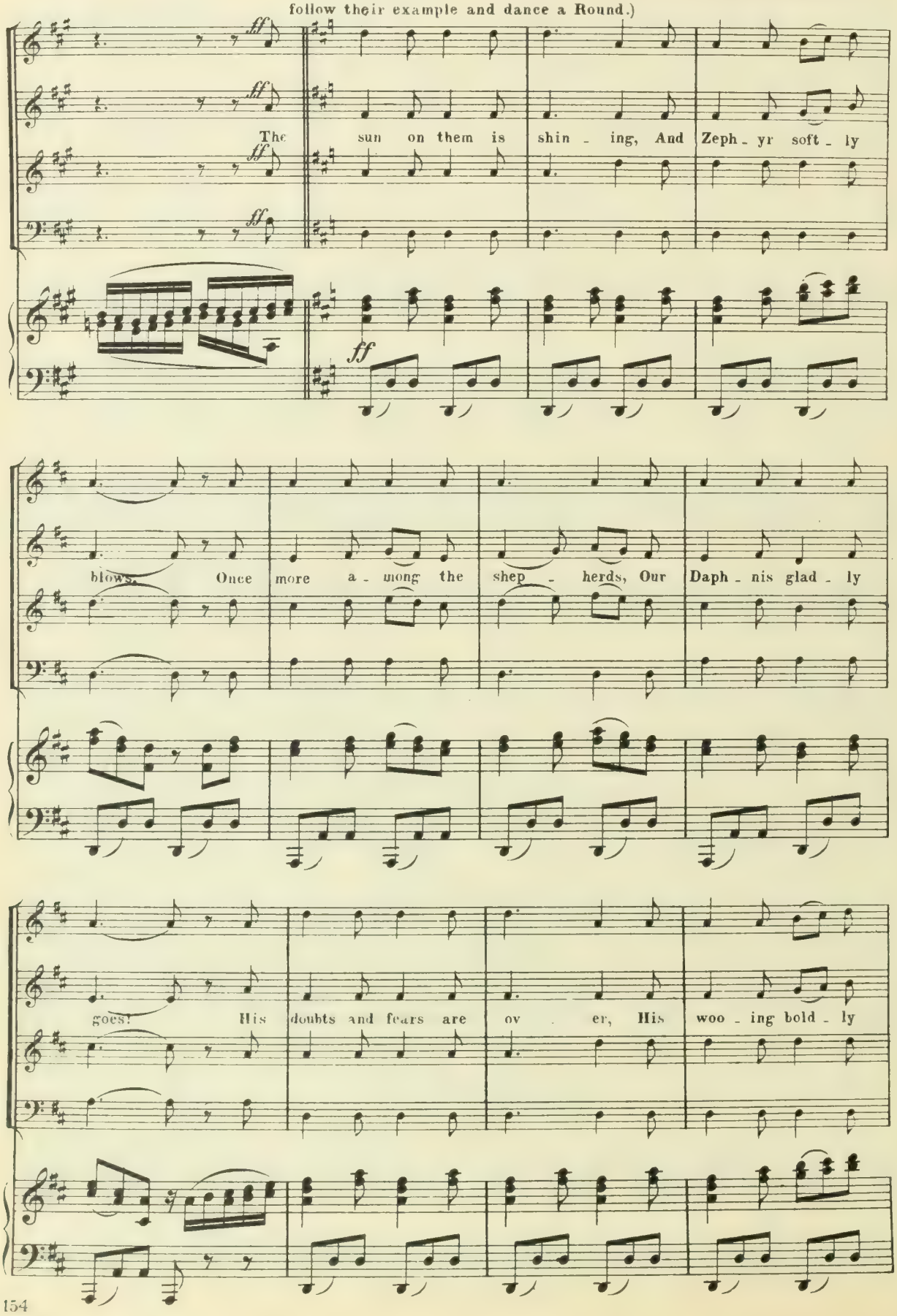
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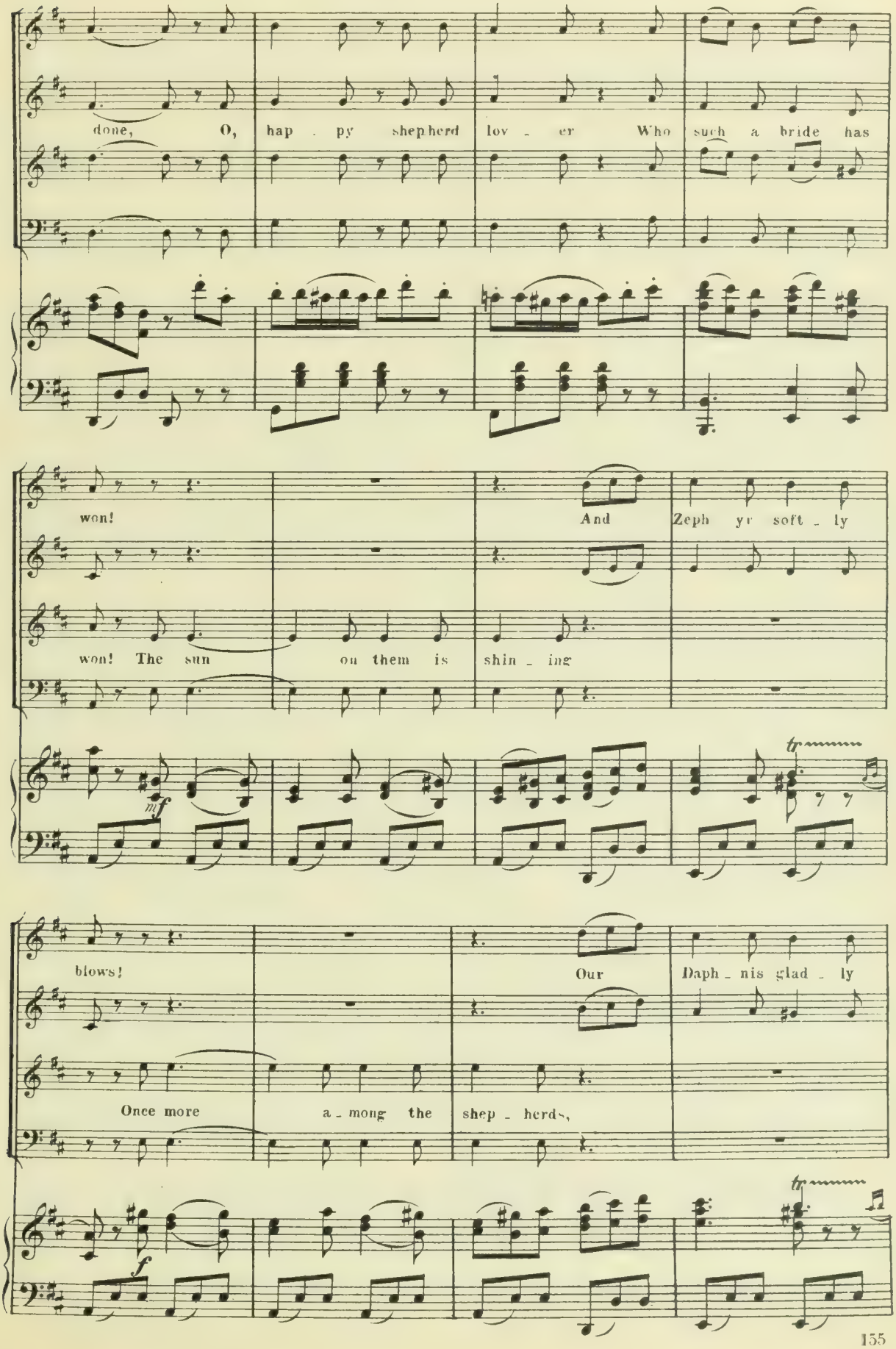


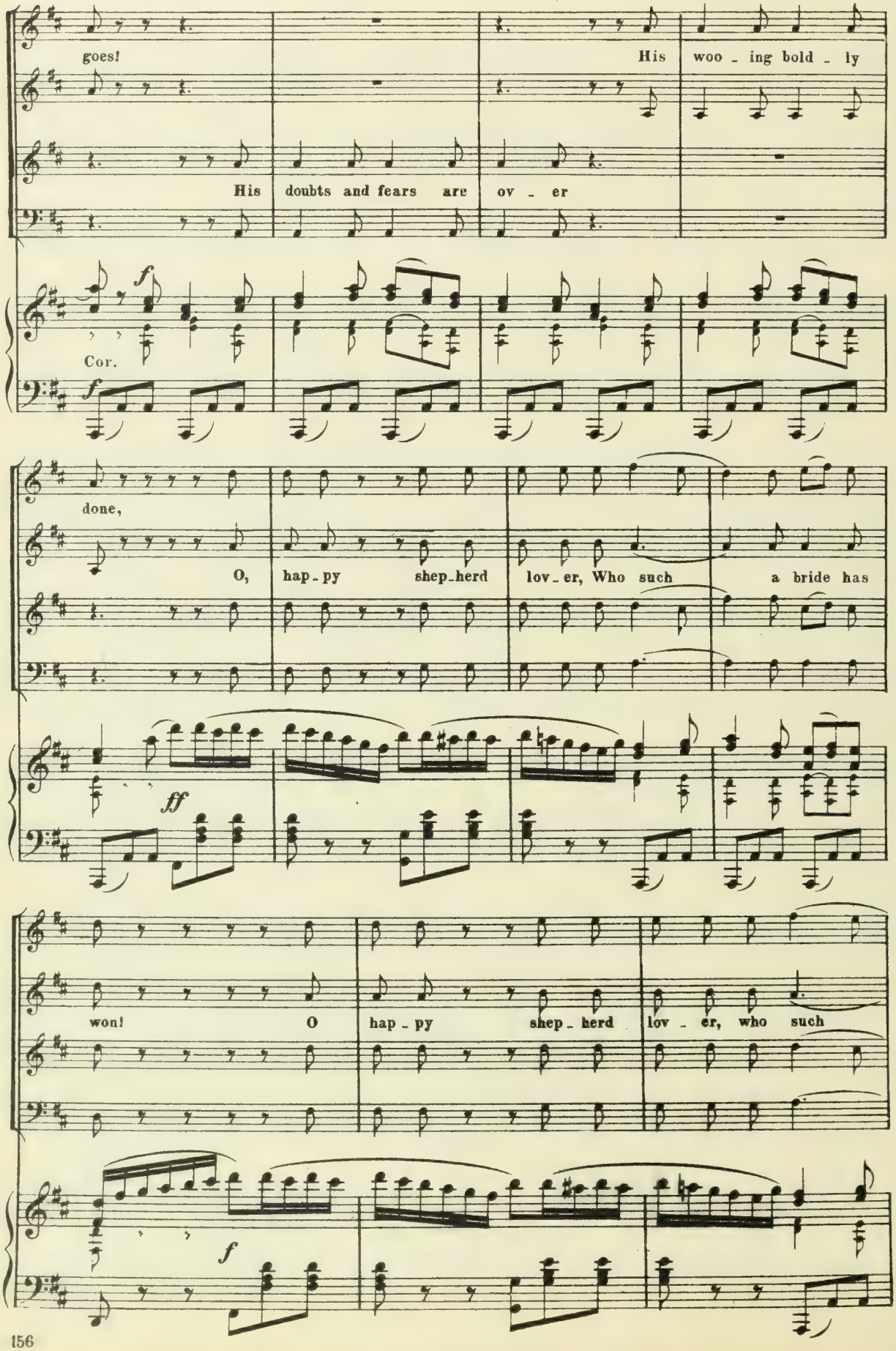

3
sf
p
sf
p
sf
p

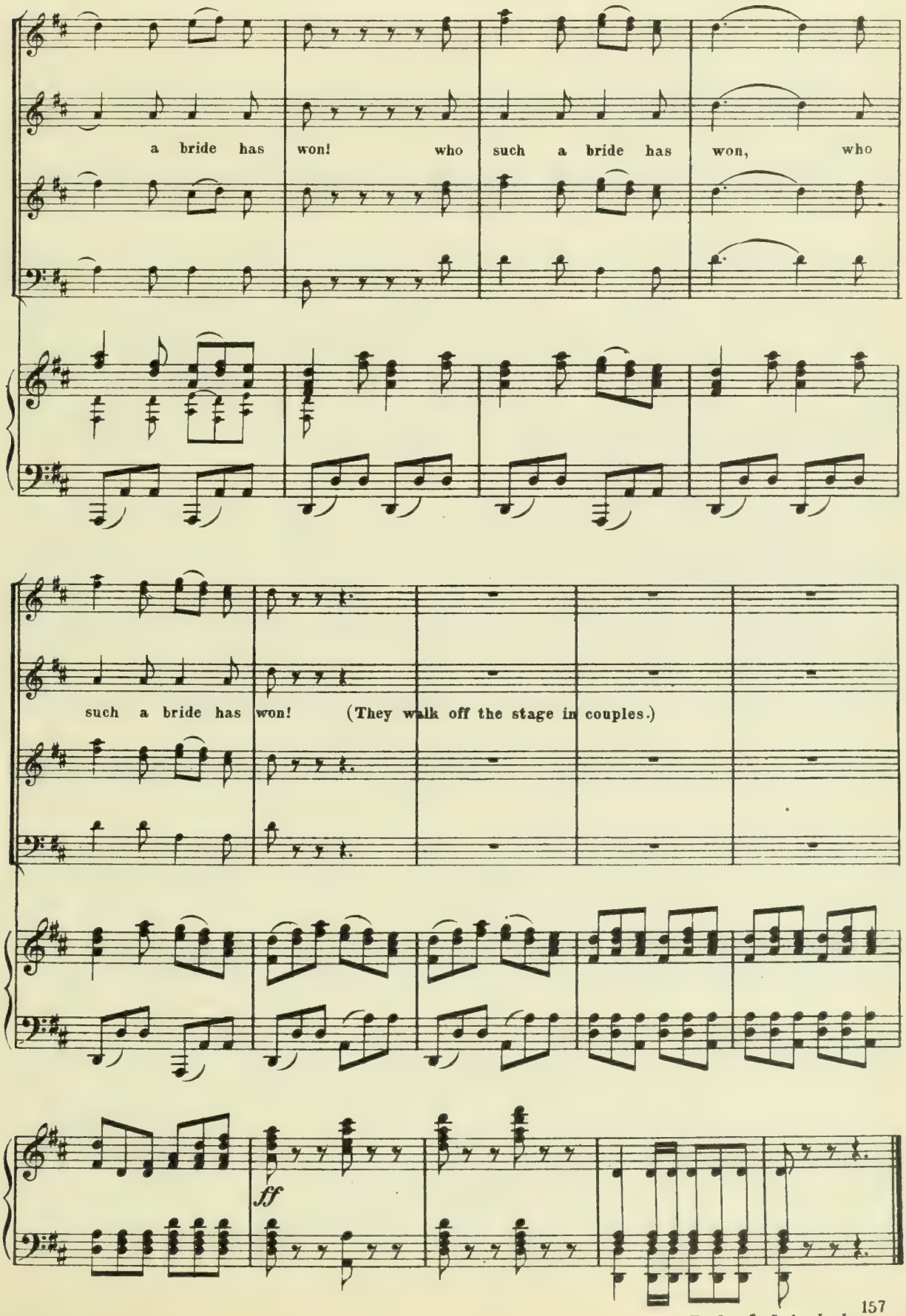

Poco più. (♩ = 112)
f
p
f
ff
ff
3
3
3
3
Allegro vivo.
Tempo del I^mo Coro.
6/8
6/8

(Chloë and Daphnis dance hand in hand. The Shepherds and Shepherdesses follow their example and dance a Round.)

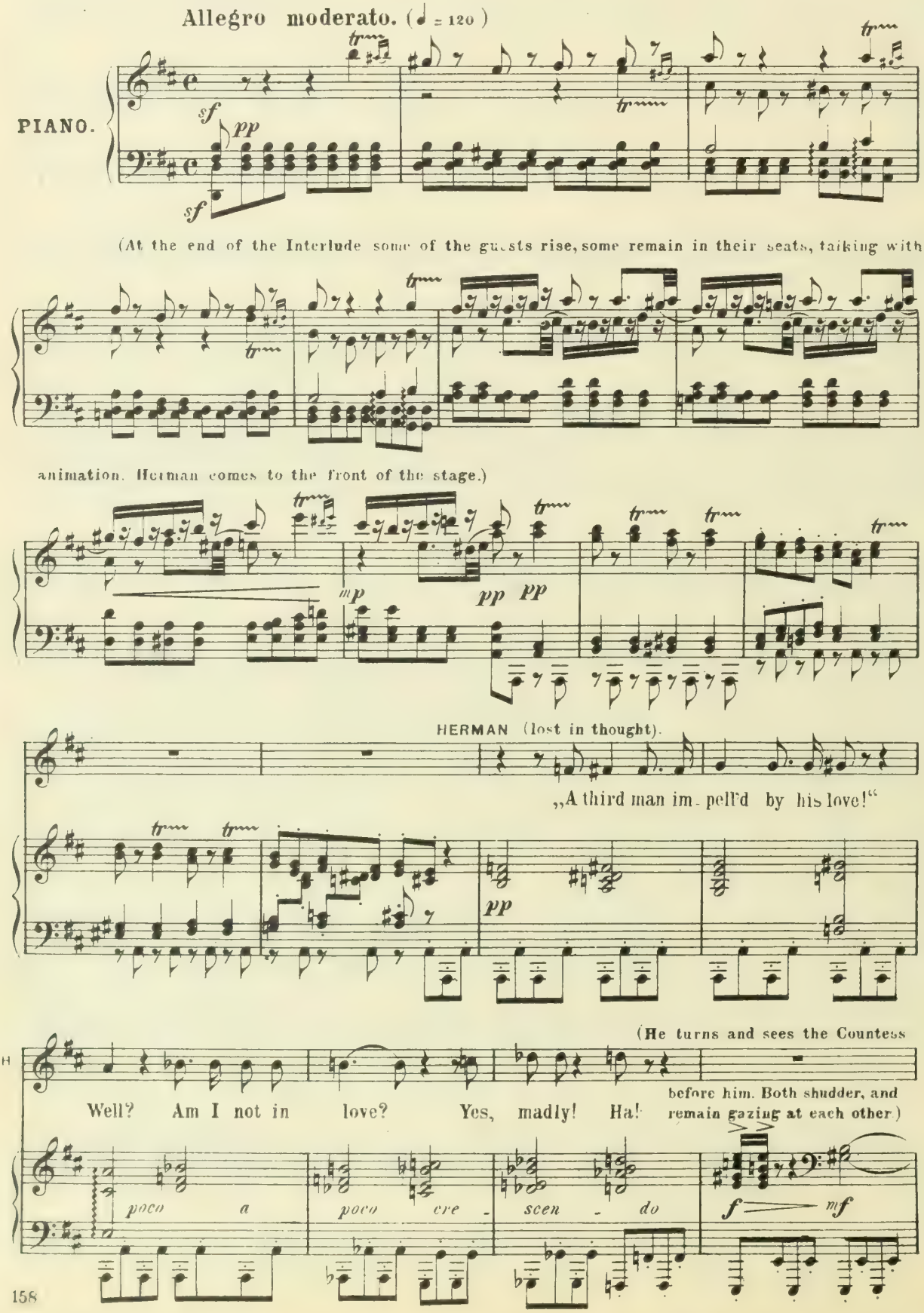


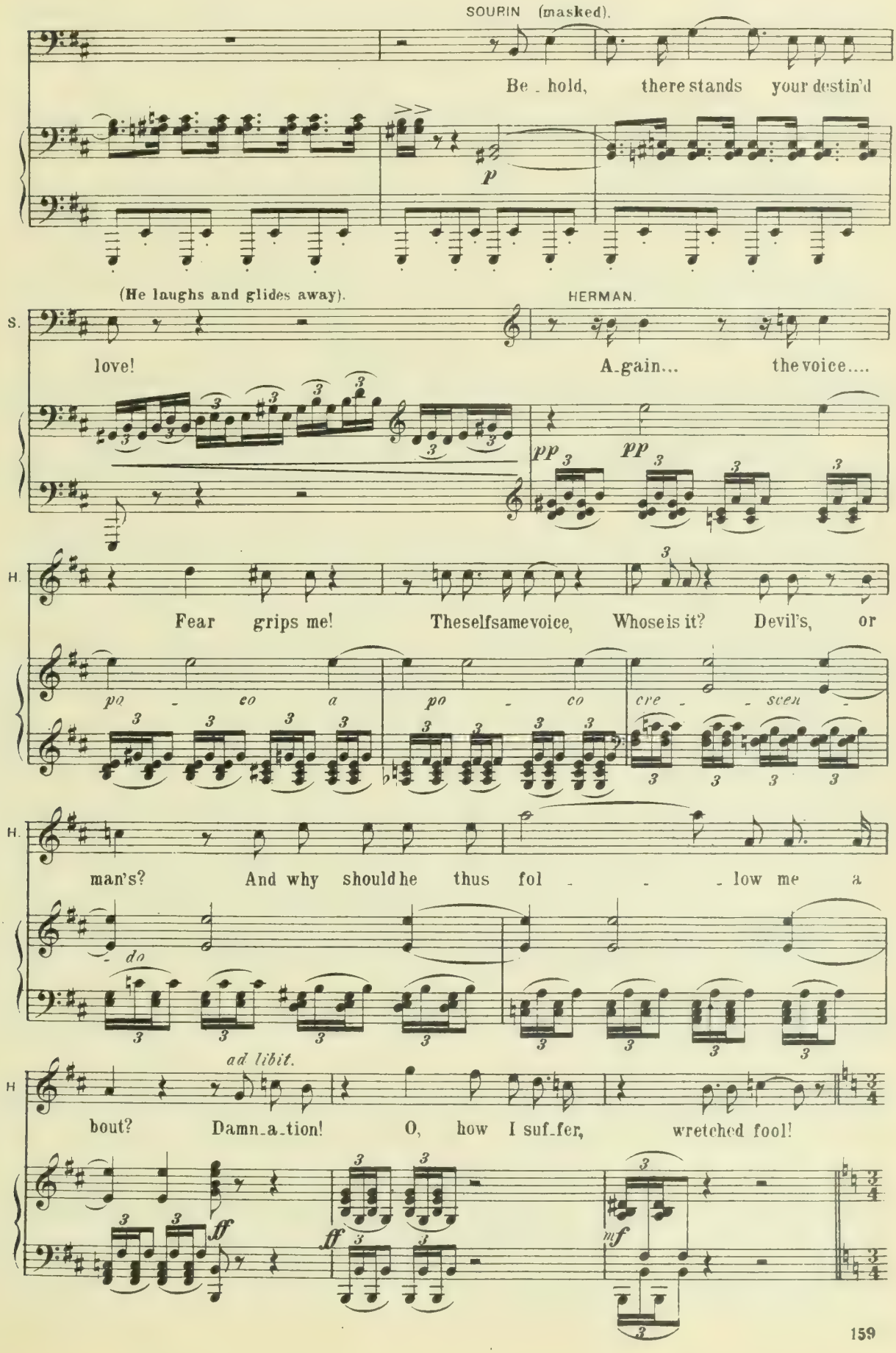

done, O, hap - py shepherd lov - er Who such a bride has
won!
And Zeph yr soft - ly
won! The sun on them is shin - ing
mf
tr
blows!
Our Daph - nis glad - ly
Once more a - mong the shep - herds,
f
tr

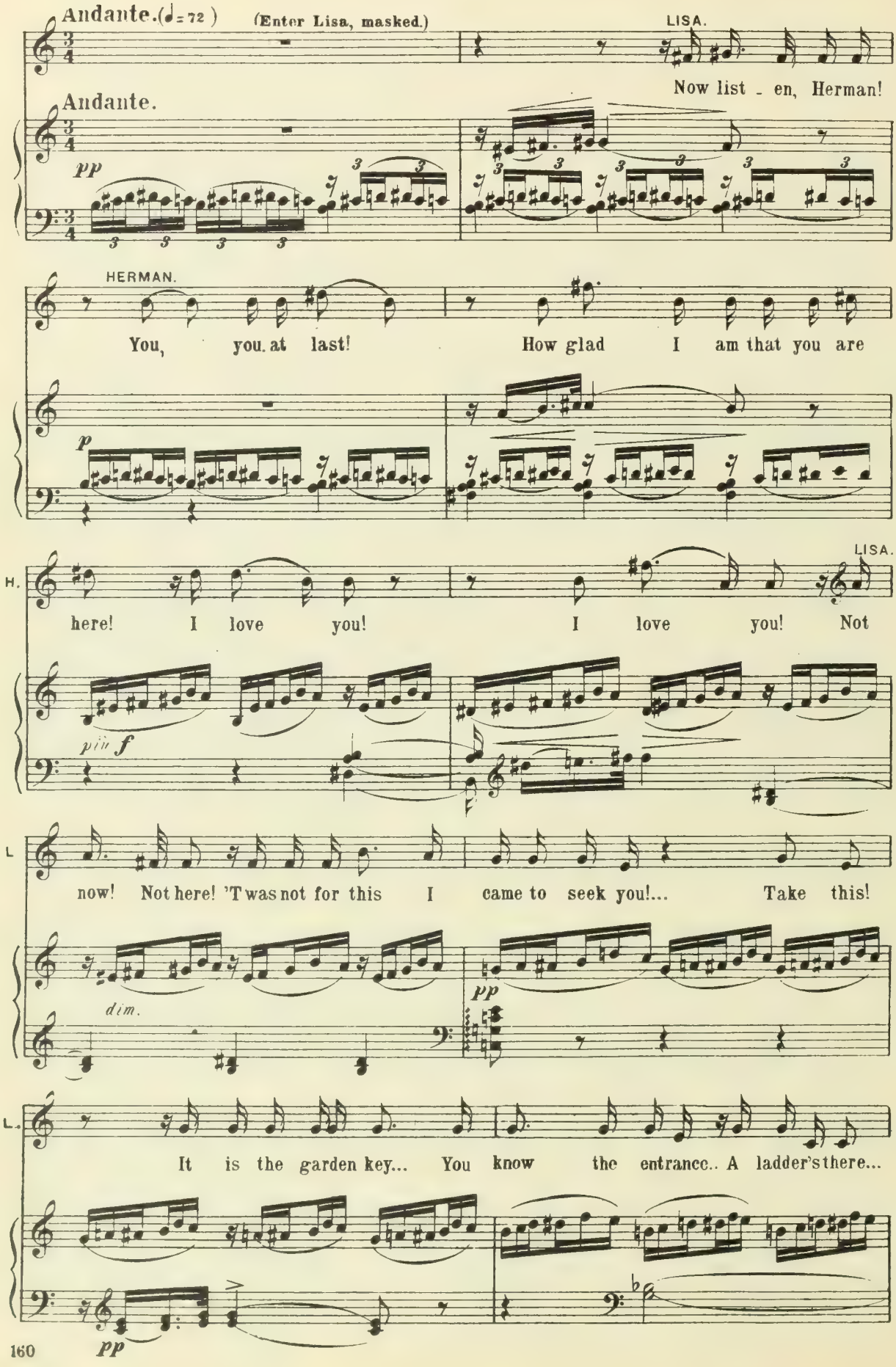

goes!
His woo - ing bold - ly
His doubts and fears are ov - er
Cor.
done,
O, hap - py shep - herd lov - er, Who such a bride has
won!
O hap - py shep - herd lov - er, who such

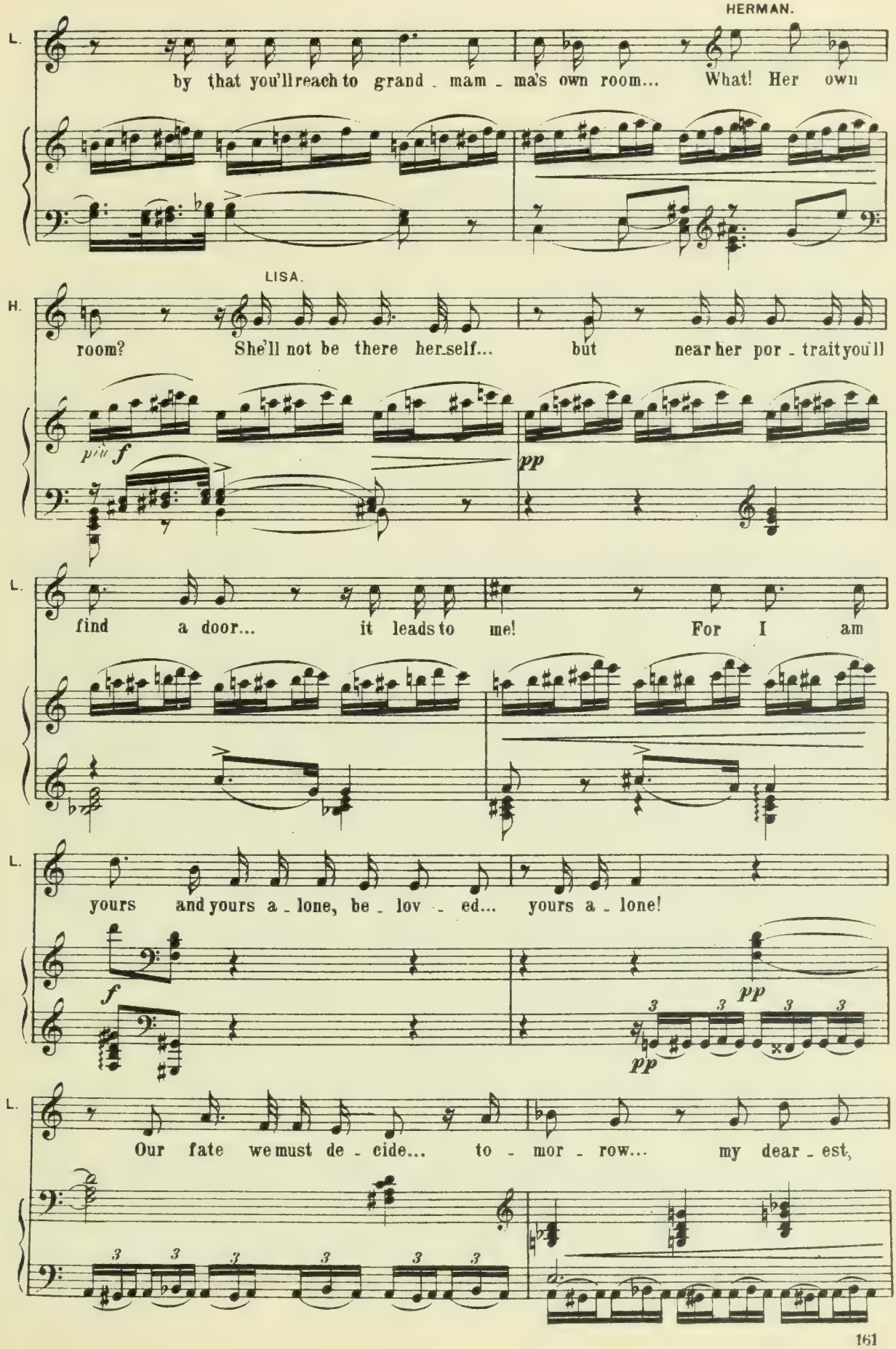


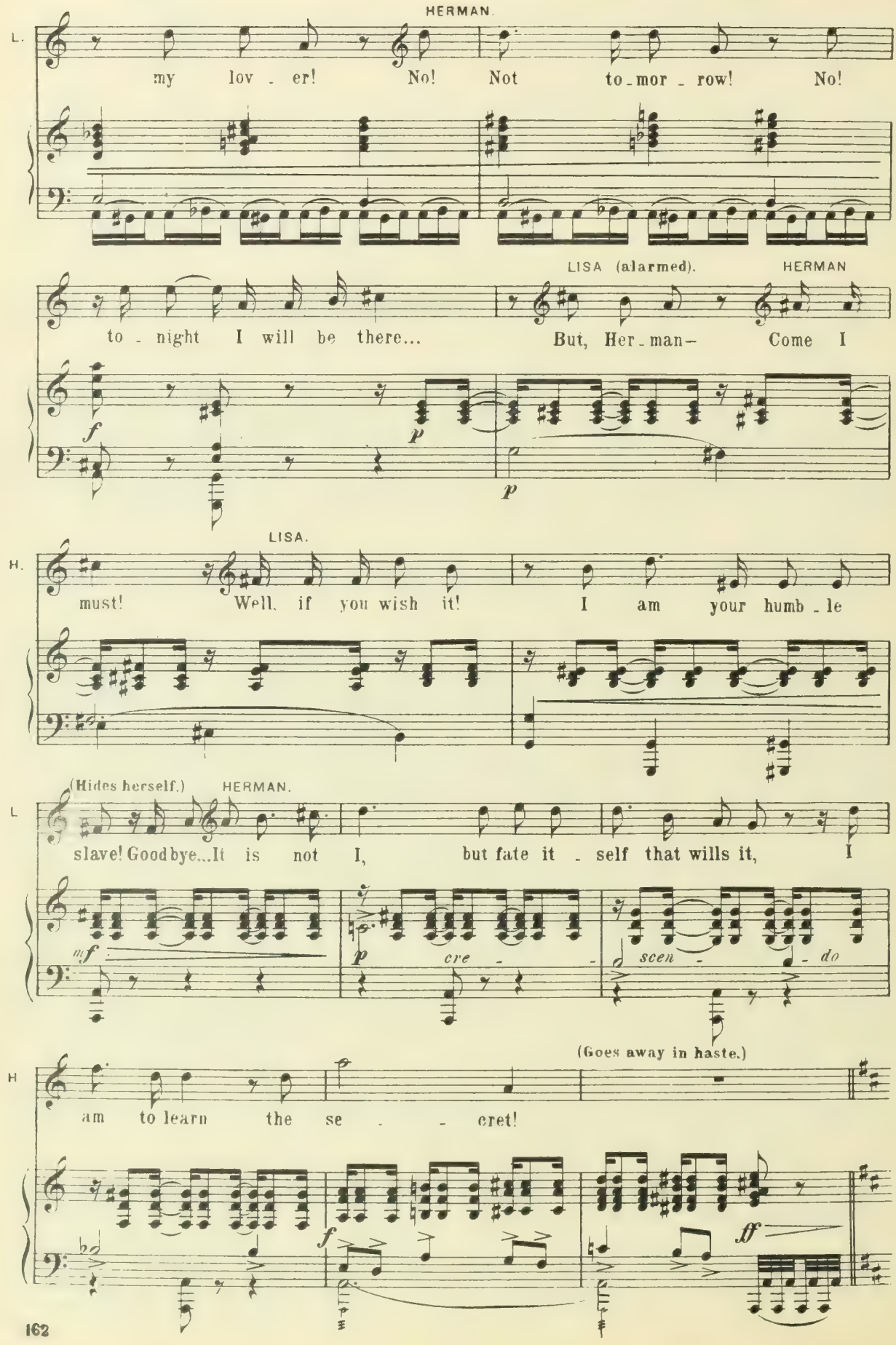
End of Interlude


Allegro moderato. (♩ = 120)
PIANO.
sf
pp
sf
(At the end of the Interlude some of the guests rise, some remain in their seats, talking with
animation. Herman comes to the front of the stage.)
mp
pp pp
HERMAN (lost in thought).
„A third man im - pell'd by his love!"
pp
(He turns and sees the Countess
before him. Both shudder, and
remain gazing at each other.)
H
Well? Am I not in love? Yes, madly! Ha!
poco a poco cre - scen - do
f mf


SOURIN (masked).
Be - hold, there stands your destin'd
p
(He laughs and glides away).
HERMAN.
S.
love!
A-gain... the voice....
pp
pp
H.
Fear grips me! The selfsame voice, Whose is it? Devil's, or
po - co a po - co cre - - scen -
H.
man's? And why should he thus fol - - - low me a
do
ad libit.
H
bout? Damn-a-tion! O, how I suf-fer, wretched fool!
ff
ff
mf

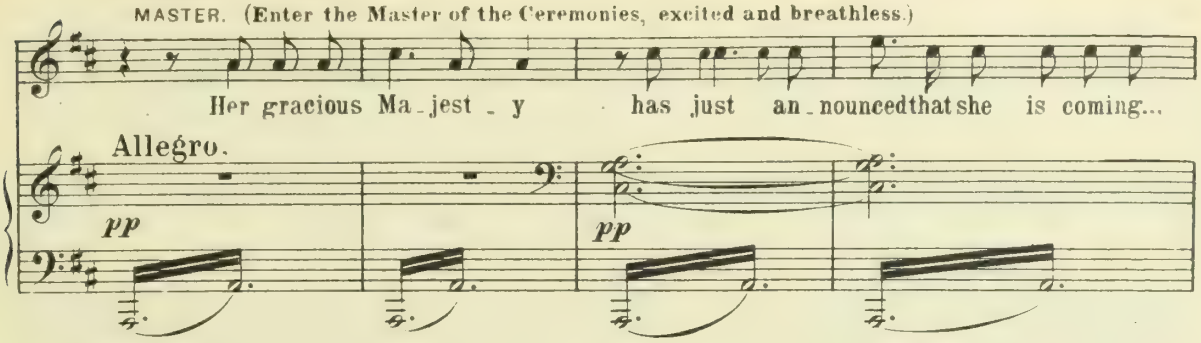

Andante.(♩= 72)
(Enter Lisa, masked.)
LISA.
Now list - en, Herman!
Andante.
pp
HERMAN.
You, you at last! How glad I am that you are
p
LISA.
H.
here! I love you! I love you! Not
pin f
L
now! Not here! 'T was not for this I came to seek you!... Take this!
dim.
pp
L.
It is the garden key... You know the entrance.. A ladder's there...
pp


HERMAN.
L.
by that you'll reach to grand - mam - ma's own room... What! Her own
LISA.
H.
room? She'll not be there her self... but near her por - trait you'll
più f
pp
L.
find a door... it leads to me! For I am
L.
yours and yours a - lone, be - lov - ed... yours a - lone!
f
f
pp
pp
L.
Our fate we must de - cide... to - mor - row... my dear - est,


HERMAN.
L.
my lov - er! No! Not to-mor - row! No!
LISA (alarmed).
HERMAN
to - night I will be there... But, Her - man– Come I
f
p
p
LISA.
H.
must! Well, if you wish it! I am your humb - le
(Hides herself.)
HERMAN.
L
slave! Good bye...It is not I, but fate it - self that wills it, I
mf
p
cre - scen - do
(Goes away in haste.)
H
am to learn the se - - cret!
f
ff

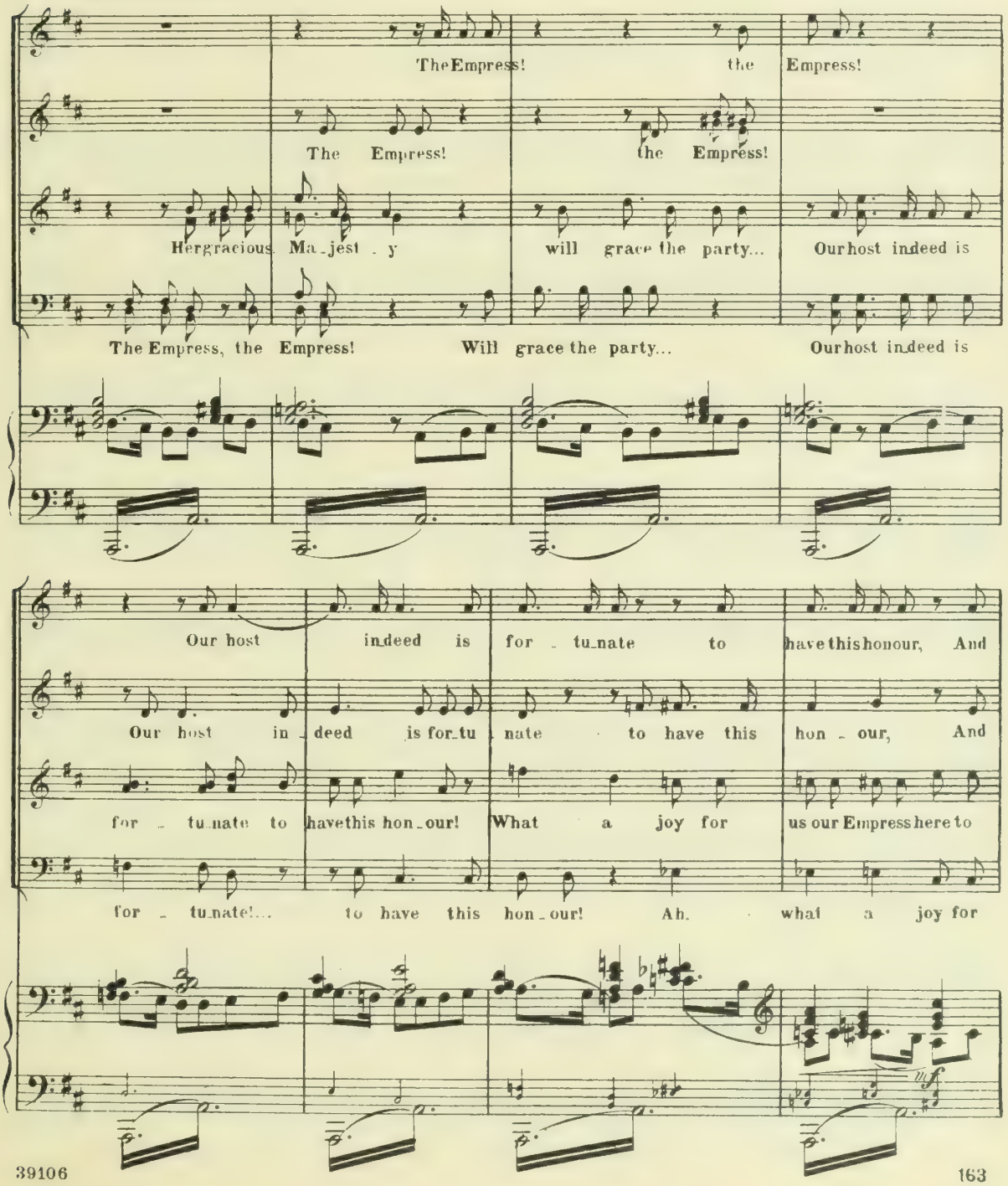
Allegro. (♩ = ♩32)

MASTER. (Enter the Master of the Ceremonies, excited and breathless.)



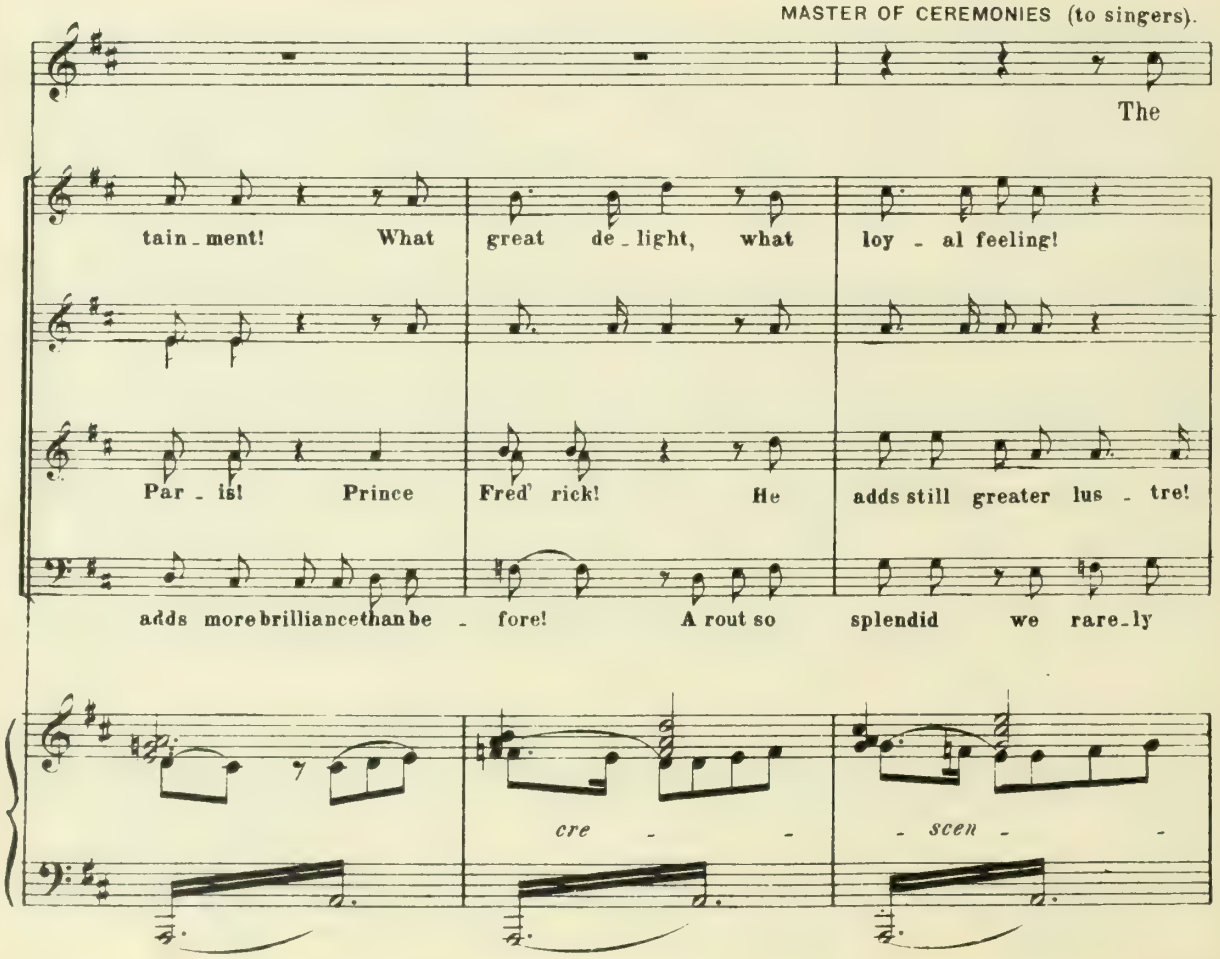
(Much excitement among the chorus. M. of C. divides the crowd so that a way is made for the Empress down the centre.)

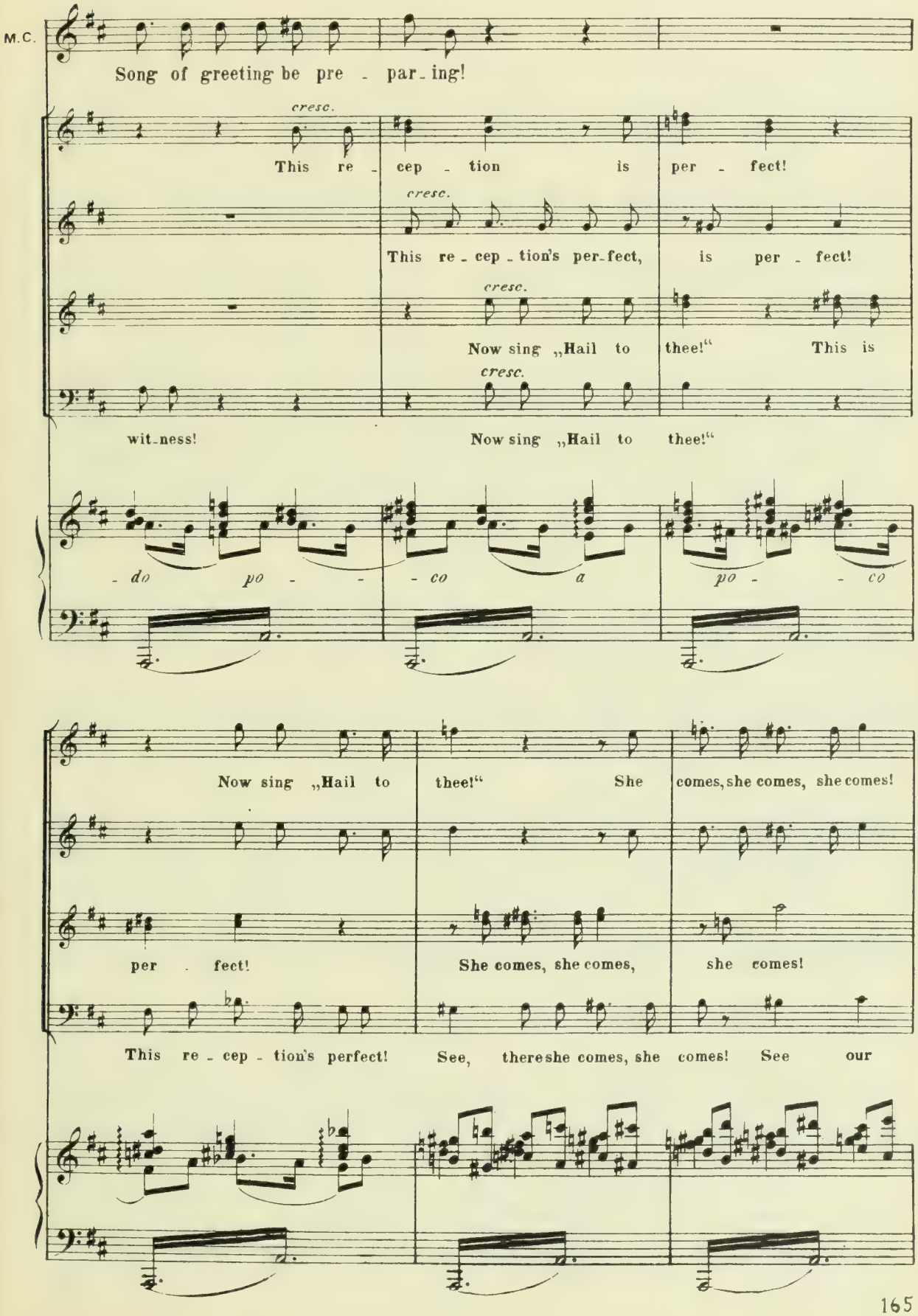
CHORUS OF GUESTS.

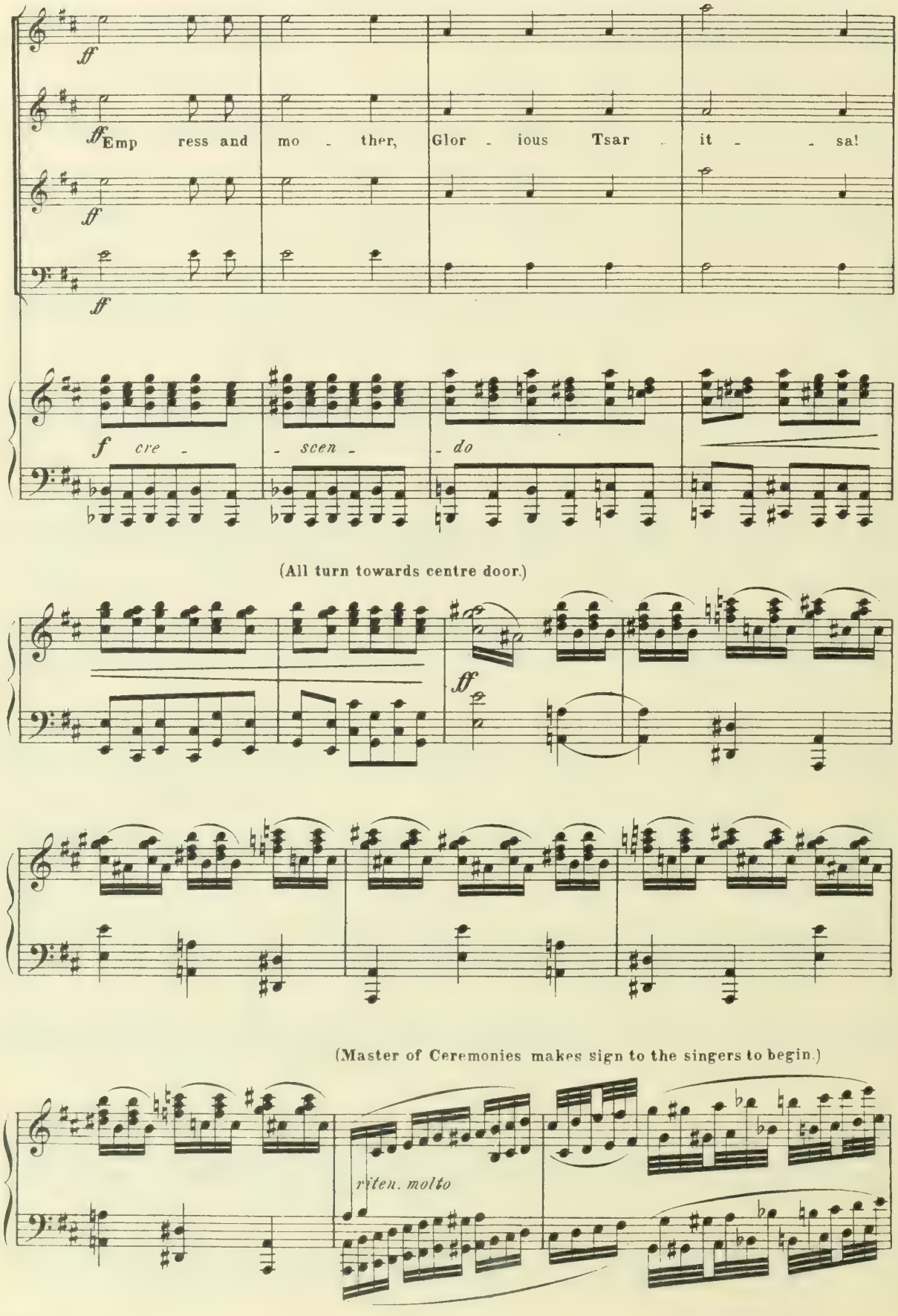




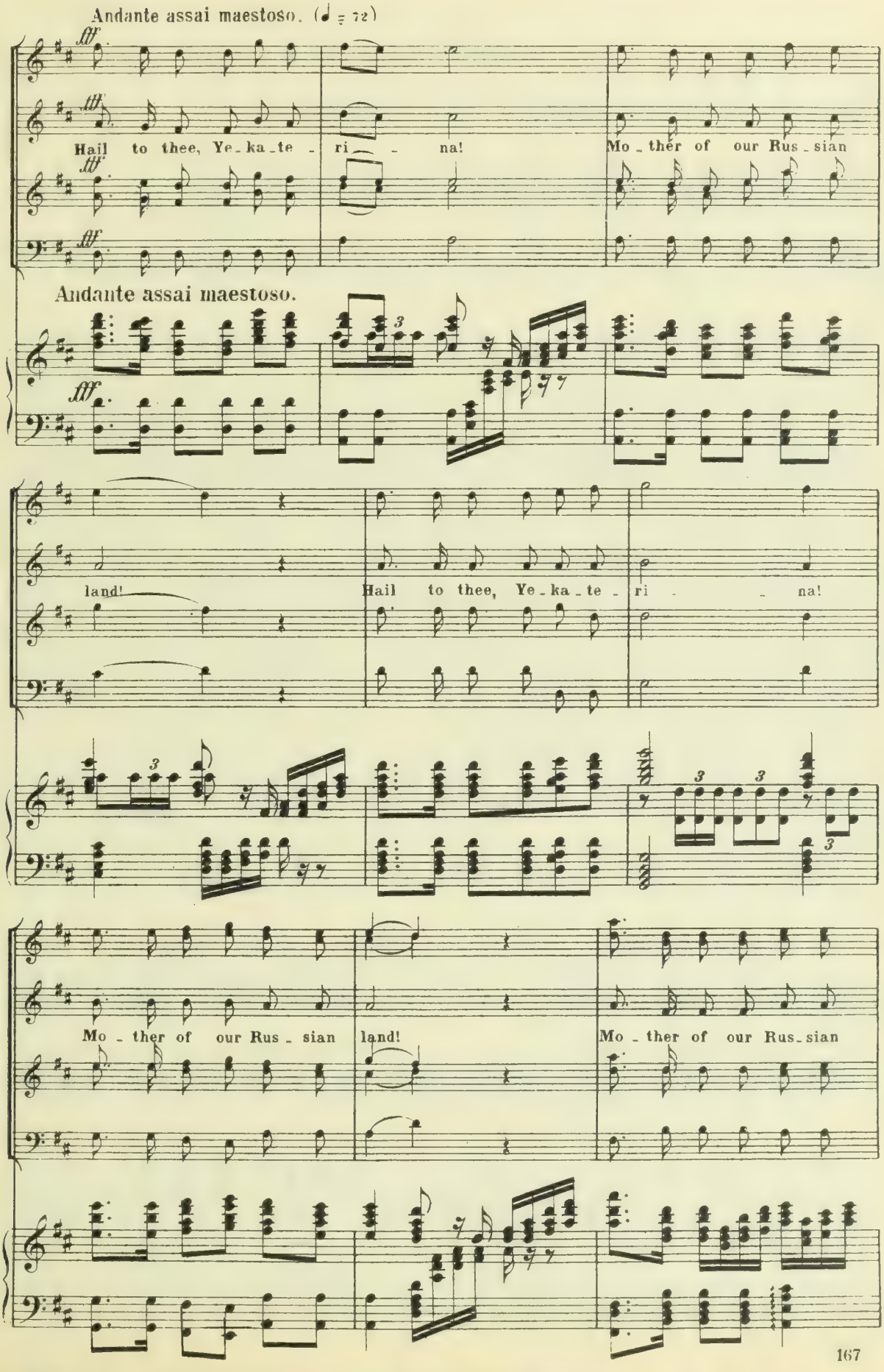
MASTER OF CEREMONIES (to singers).

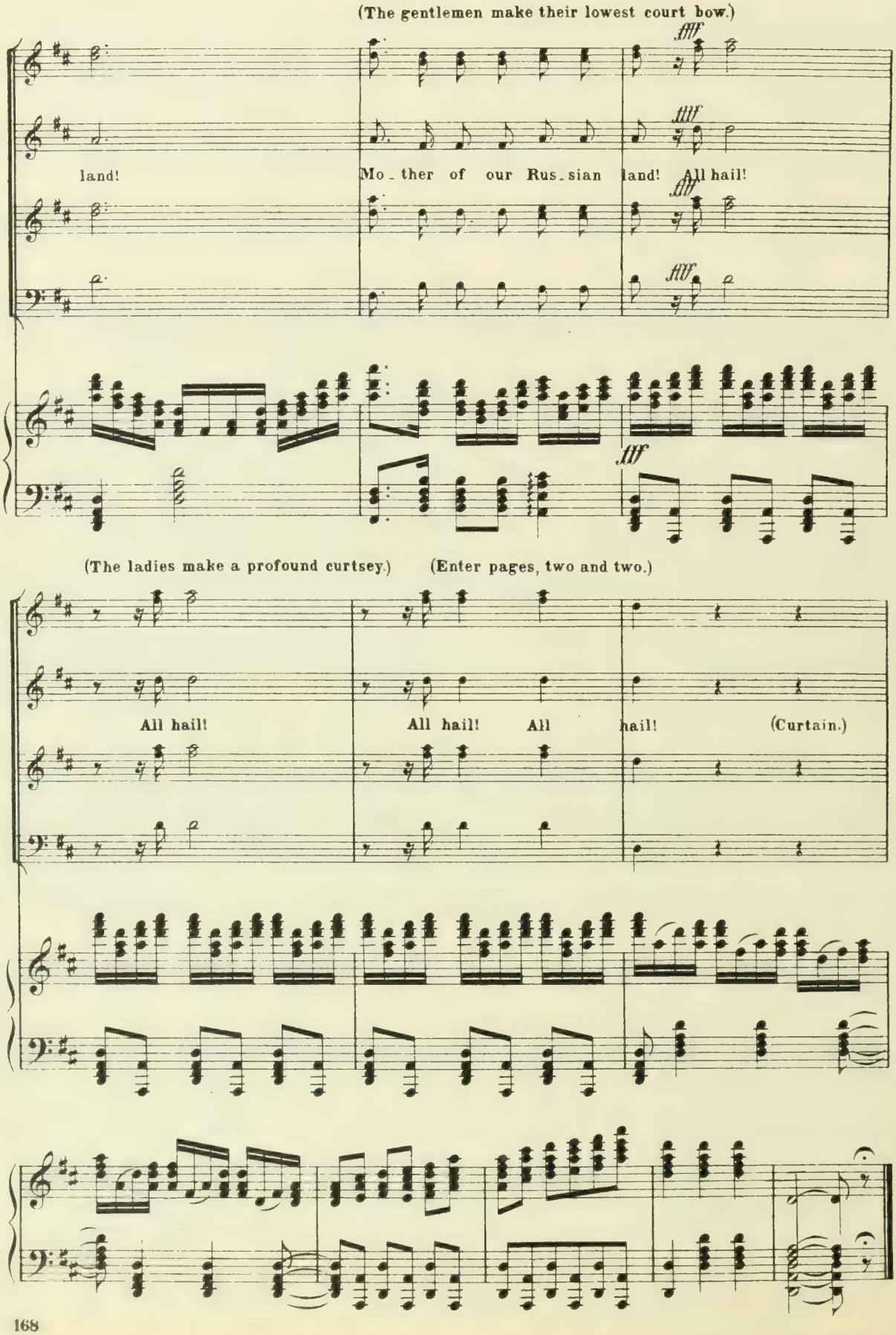



M.C.
Song of greeting be pre - par-ing!
cresc.
This re - cep - tion is per - fect!
cresc.
This re-cep-tion's per-fect, is per - fect!
cresc.
Now sing „Hail to thee!“ This is
cresc.
wit-ness! Now sing „Hail to thee!“
- do po - - co a po - - co
Now sing „Hail to thee!“ She comes, she comes, she comes!
per - fect! She comes, she comes, she comes!
This re - cep - tion's perfect! See, there she comes, she comes! See our


ff
ff Emp ress and mo - ther, Glor - ious Tsar it - sa!
ff
ff
f cre - scen - do
(All turn towards centre door.)
ff
(Master of Ceremonies makes sign to the singers to begin.)
riten. molto

CHORUS OF GUESTS AND SINGERS.





End of Third Scene.

SCENE IV.

The Countess's bedroom, lit with lamps.

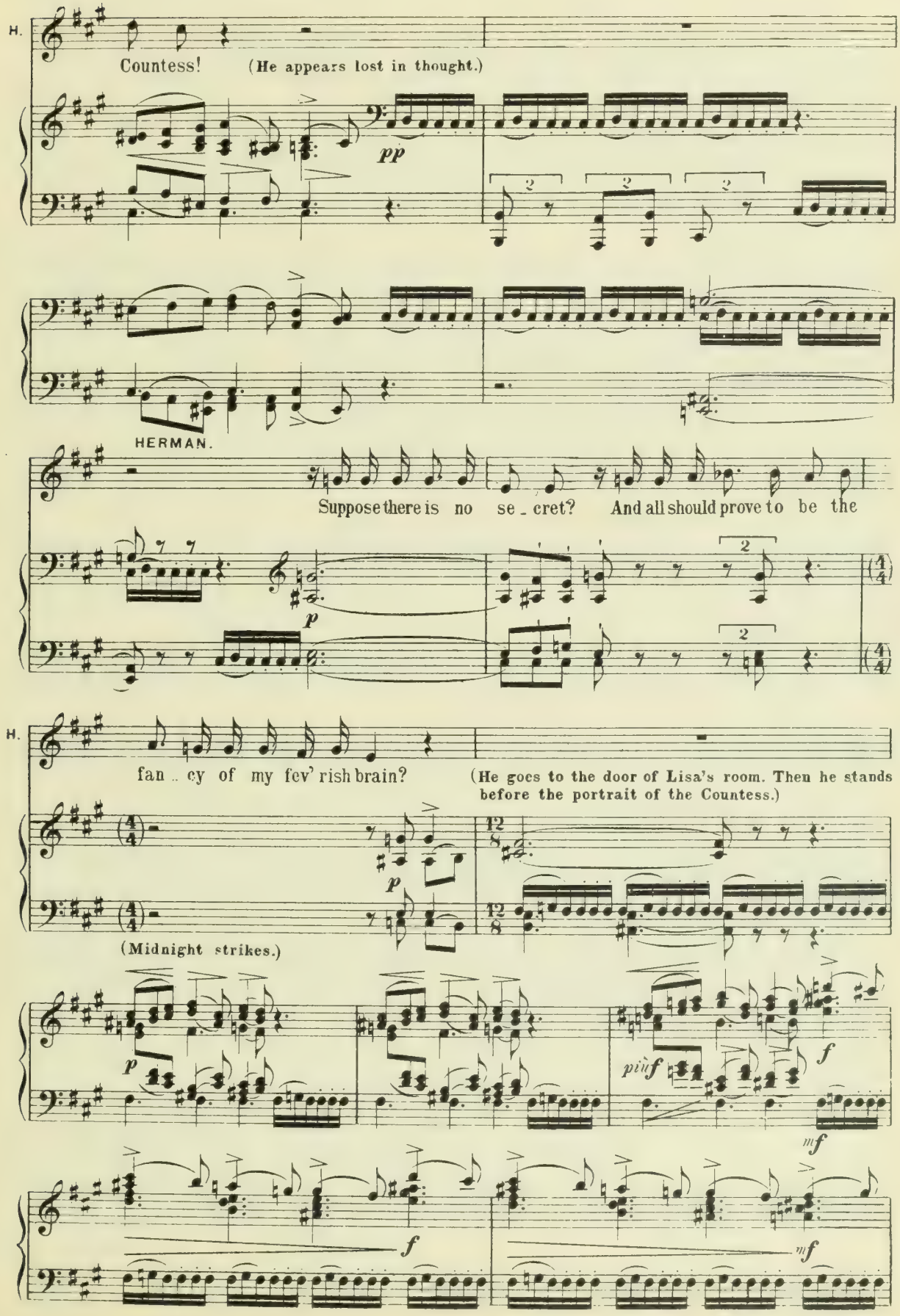
№ 16. Scene and Chorus.

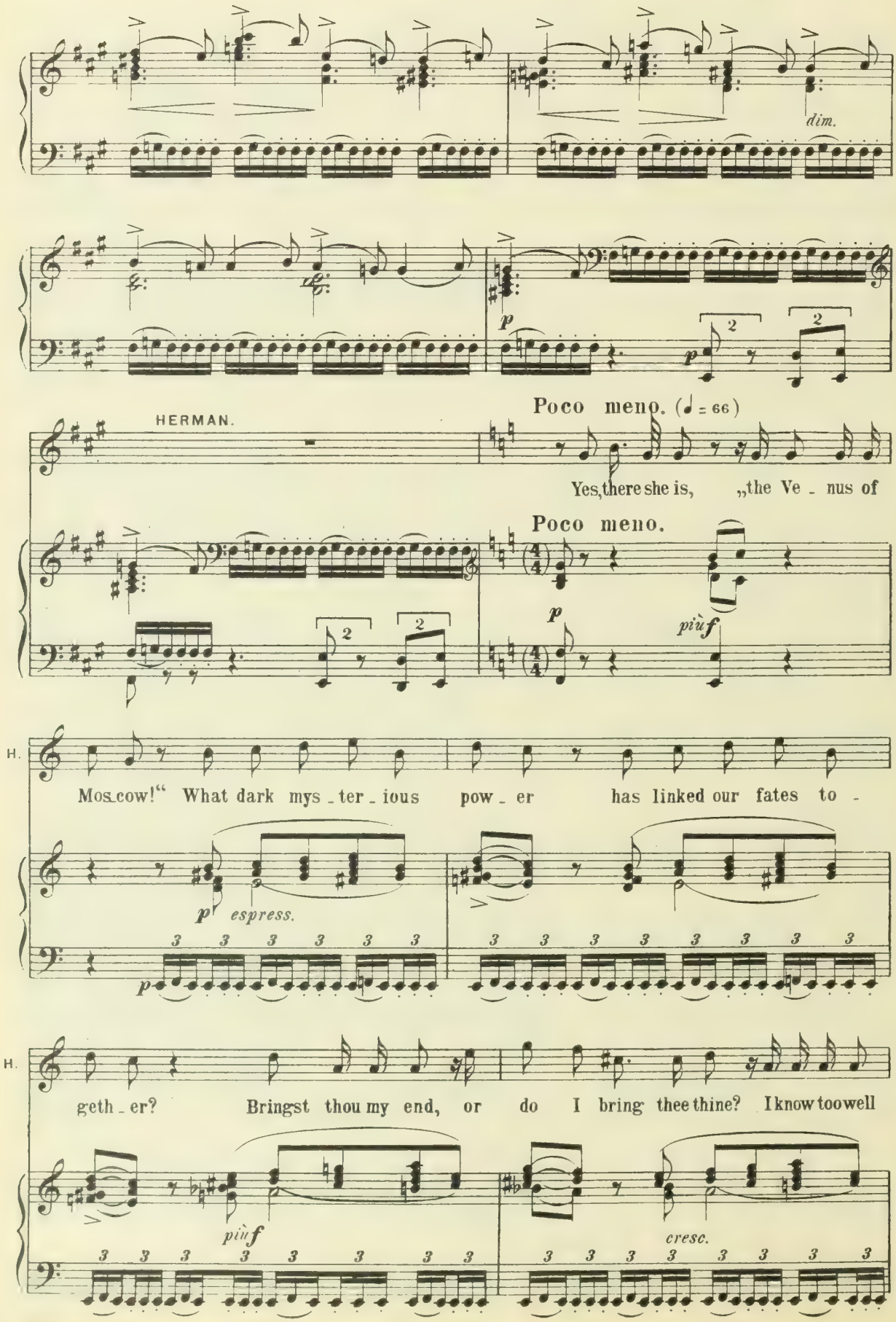


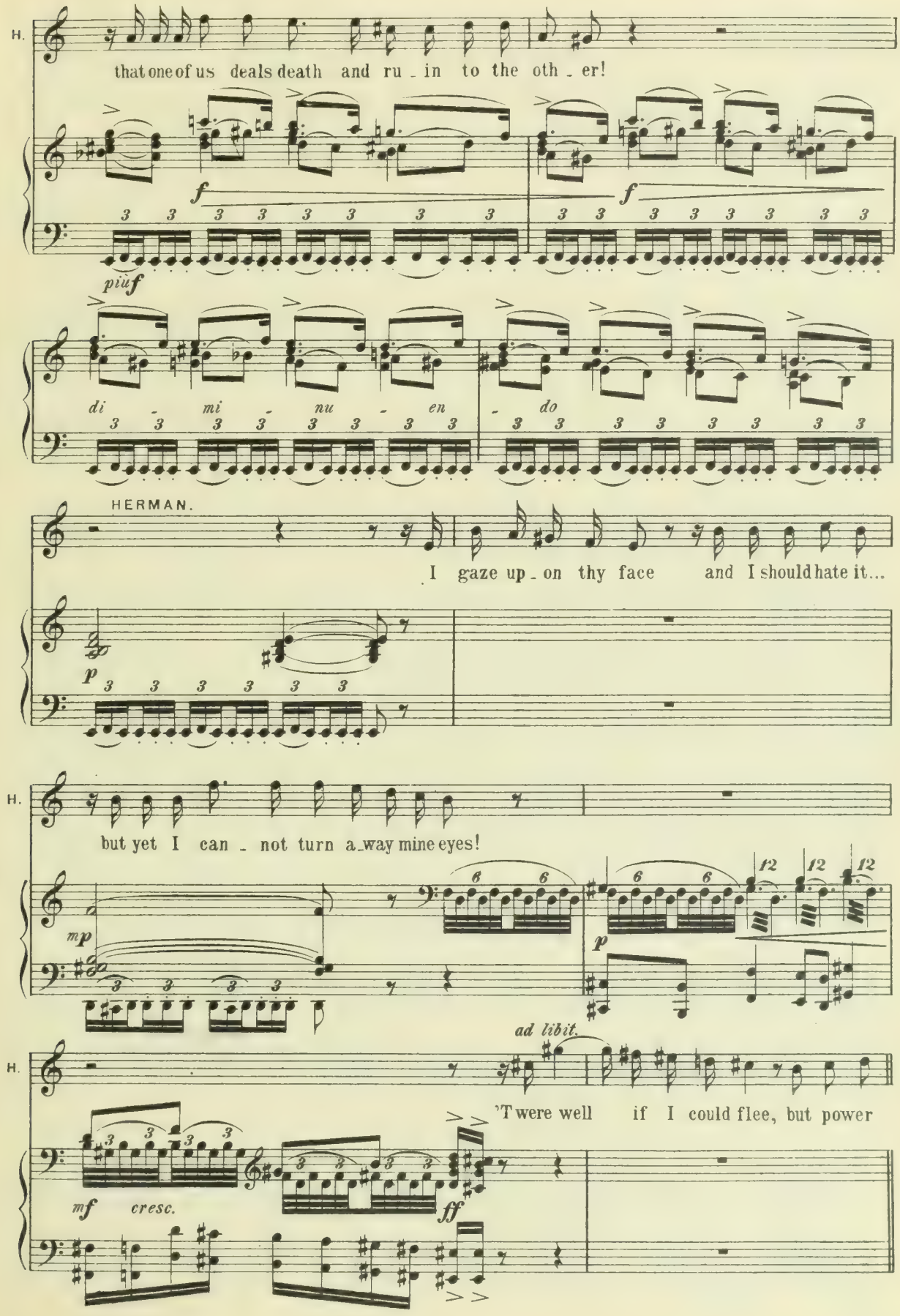

mf
p
p
(Curtain.)
pp
p
pp
p
pp
pp
p
pp
pp
più f
pp
pp
cresc.
f
f
p


p
pp
pp
pp
(Enter Herman through the secret door. He looks round the room.)
p
pp
pp

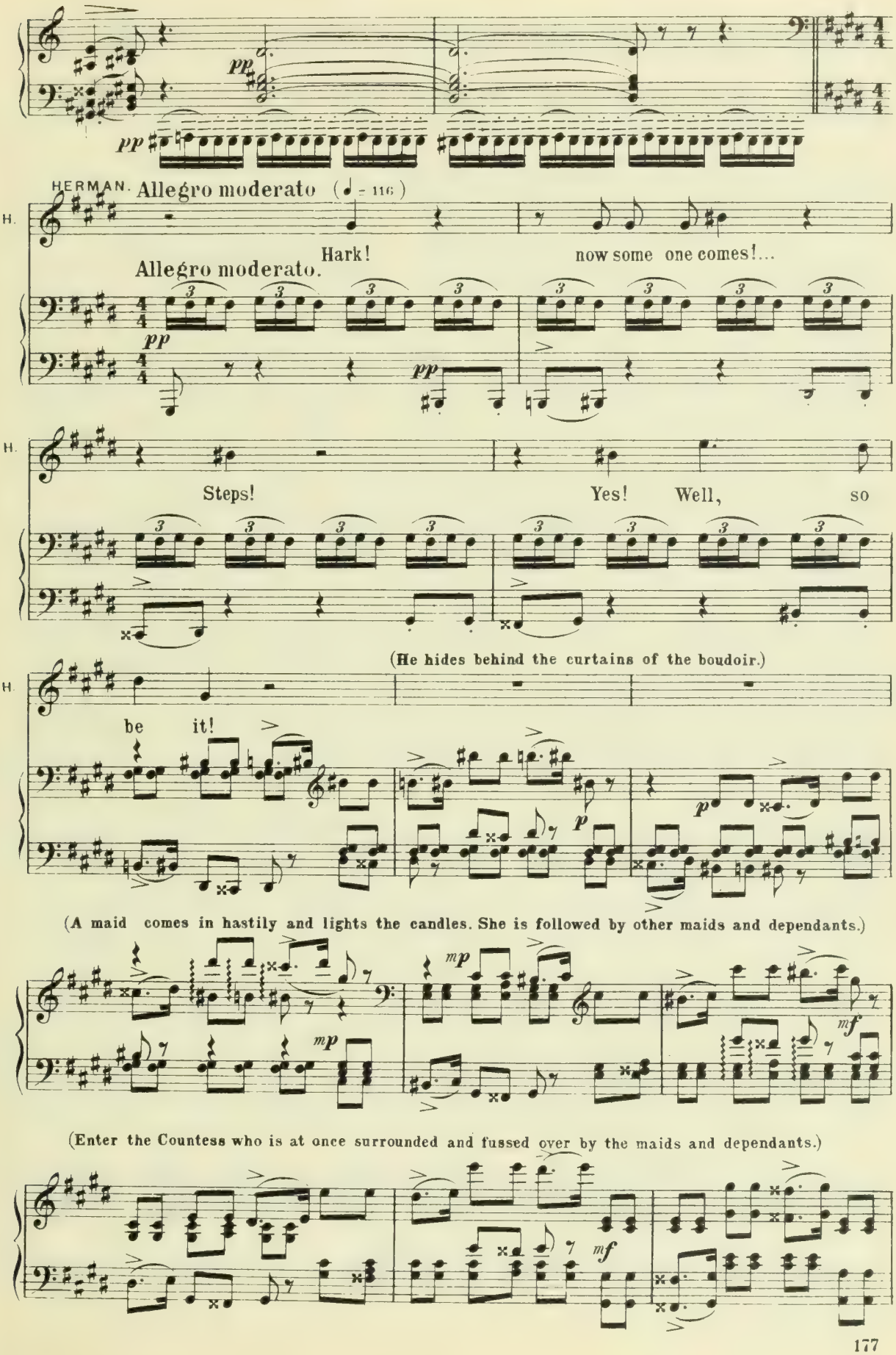

HERMAN.
Ah
H.
yes, 't is all as Lis - a told me...
H.
Well then? Does cour - age fail me? Nay!
H.
Now is my chance! I soon shall wring the secret from the

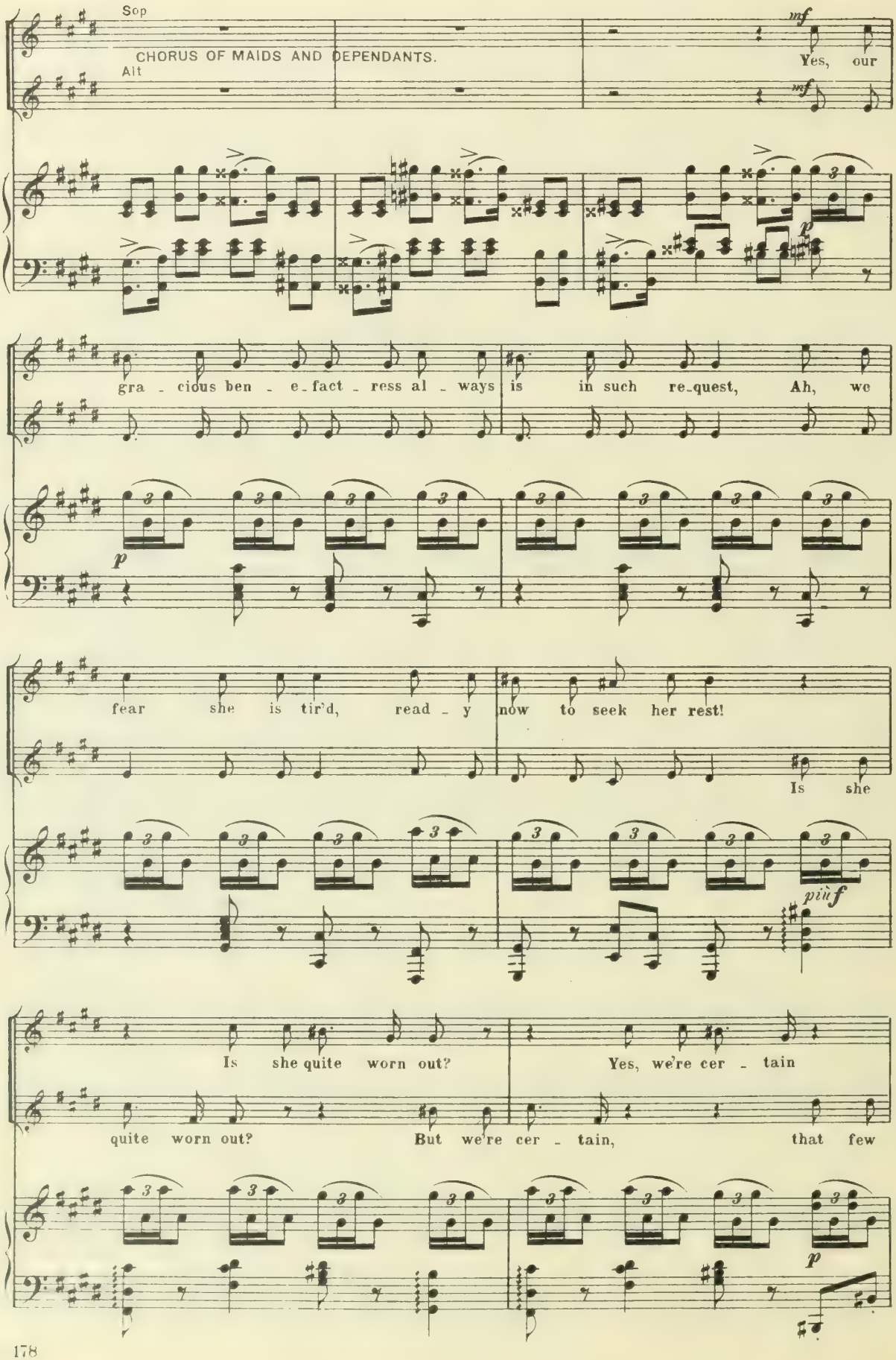

H.
Countess!
(He appears lost in thought.)
pp
HERMAN.
Suppose there is no se_cret? And all should prove to be the
p
H.
fan_cy of my fev' rish brain?
(He goes to the door of Lisa's room. Then he stands before the portrait of the Countess.)
p
(Midnight strikes.)
p
pinf
f
mf
f
mf

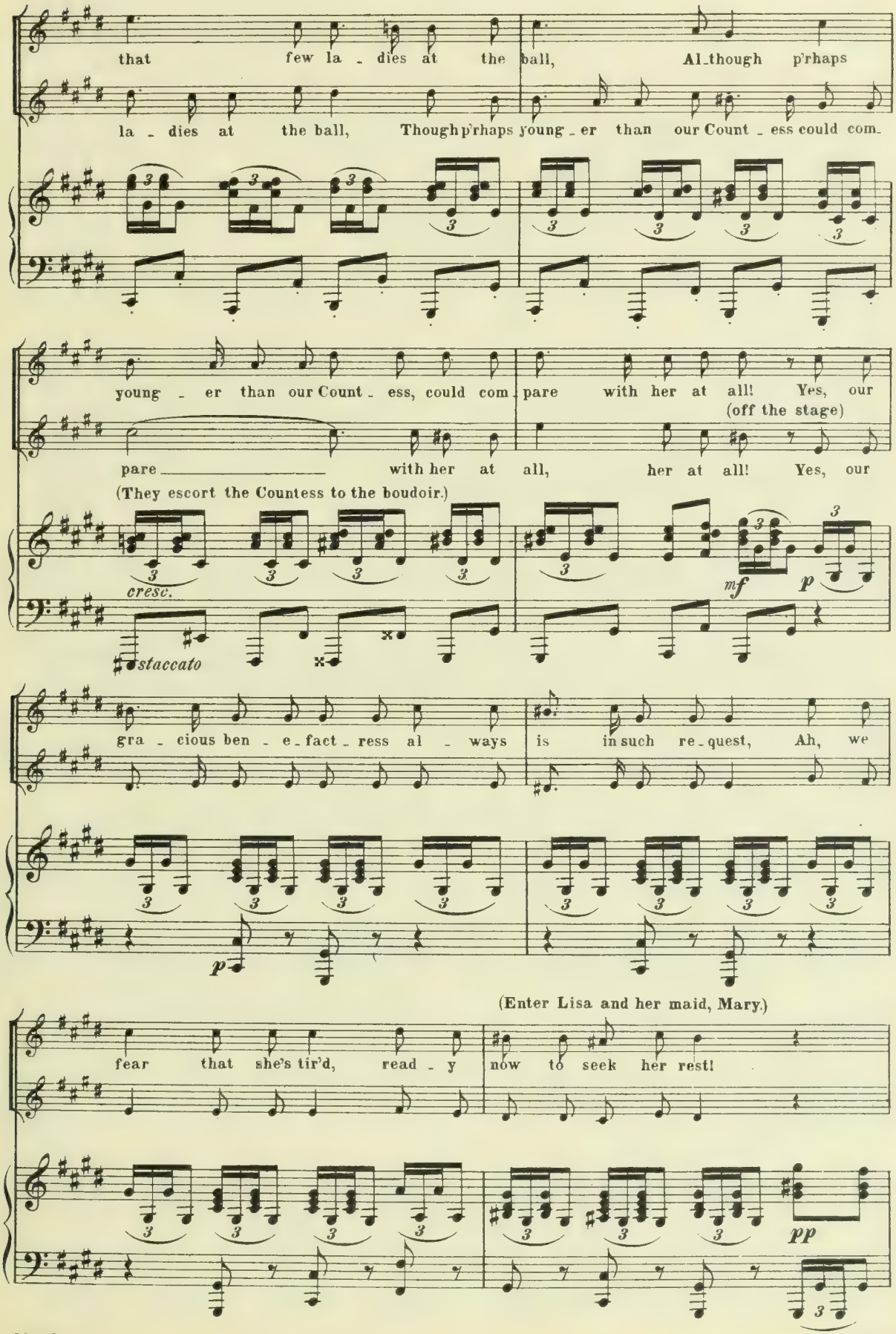

dim.
p
p
2
2
Poco meno. (♩ = 66)
HERMAN.
Yes, there she is, „the Ve - nus of
Poco meno.
p
più f
H.
Mos-cow!“ What dark mys - ter - ious pow - er has linked our fates to -
p espress.
p
H.
geth - er? Bringst thou my end, or do I bring thee thine? I know too well
più f
cresc.

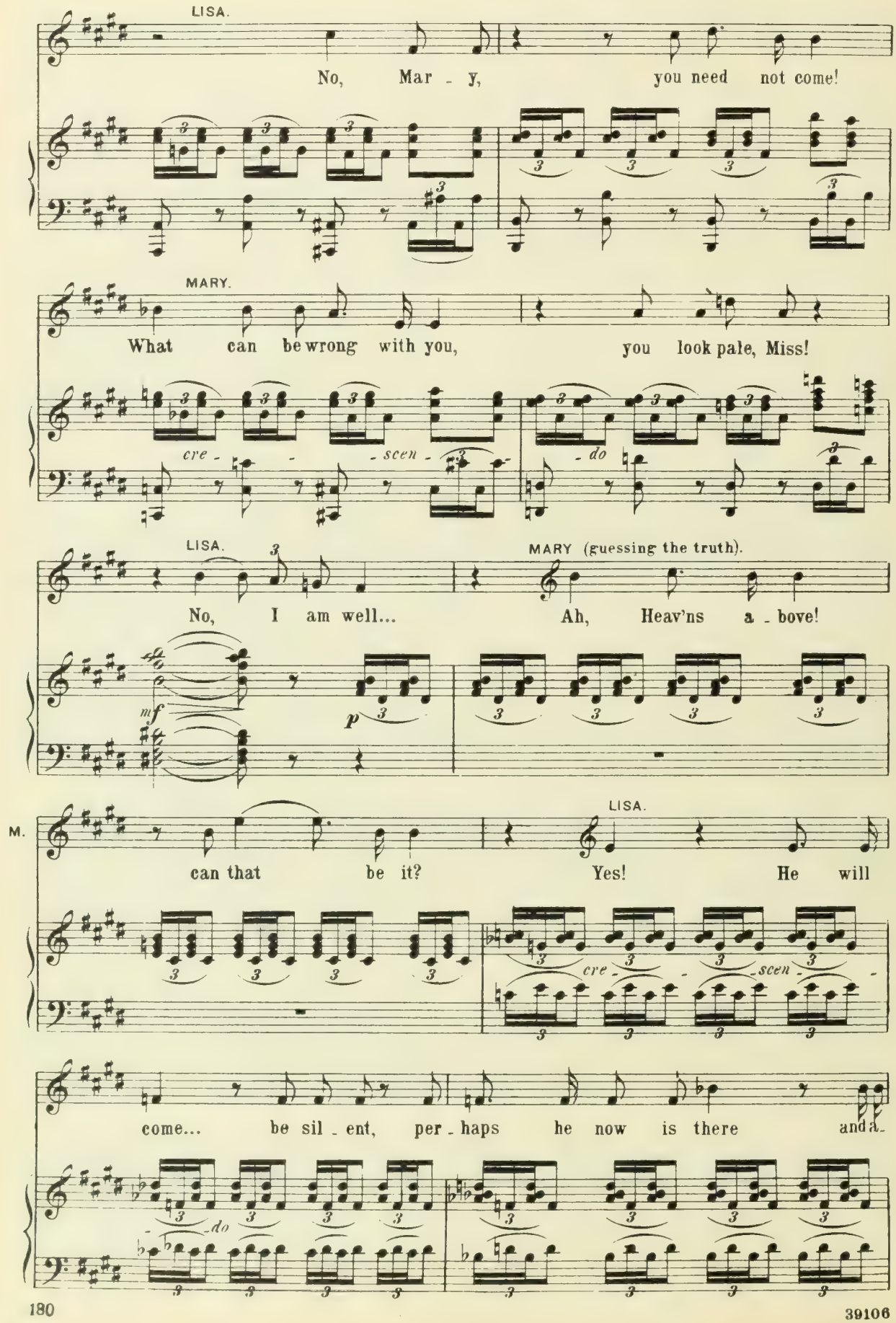

H.
that one of us deals death and ru - in to the oth - er!
f
f
più f
di - mi - nu - en - do
HERMAN.
I gaze up - on thy face and I should hate it...
p
H.
but yet I can - not turn a - way mine eyes!
mp
p
ad libit.
H.
'T were well if I could flee, but power
mf cresc.
ff

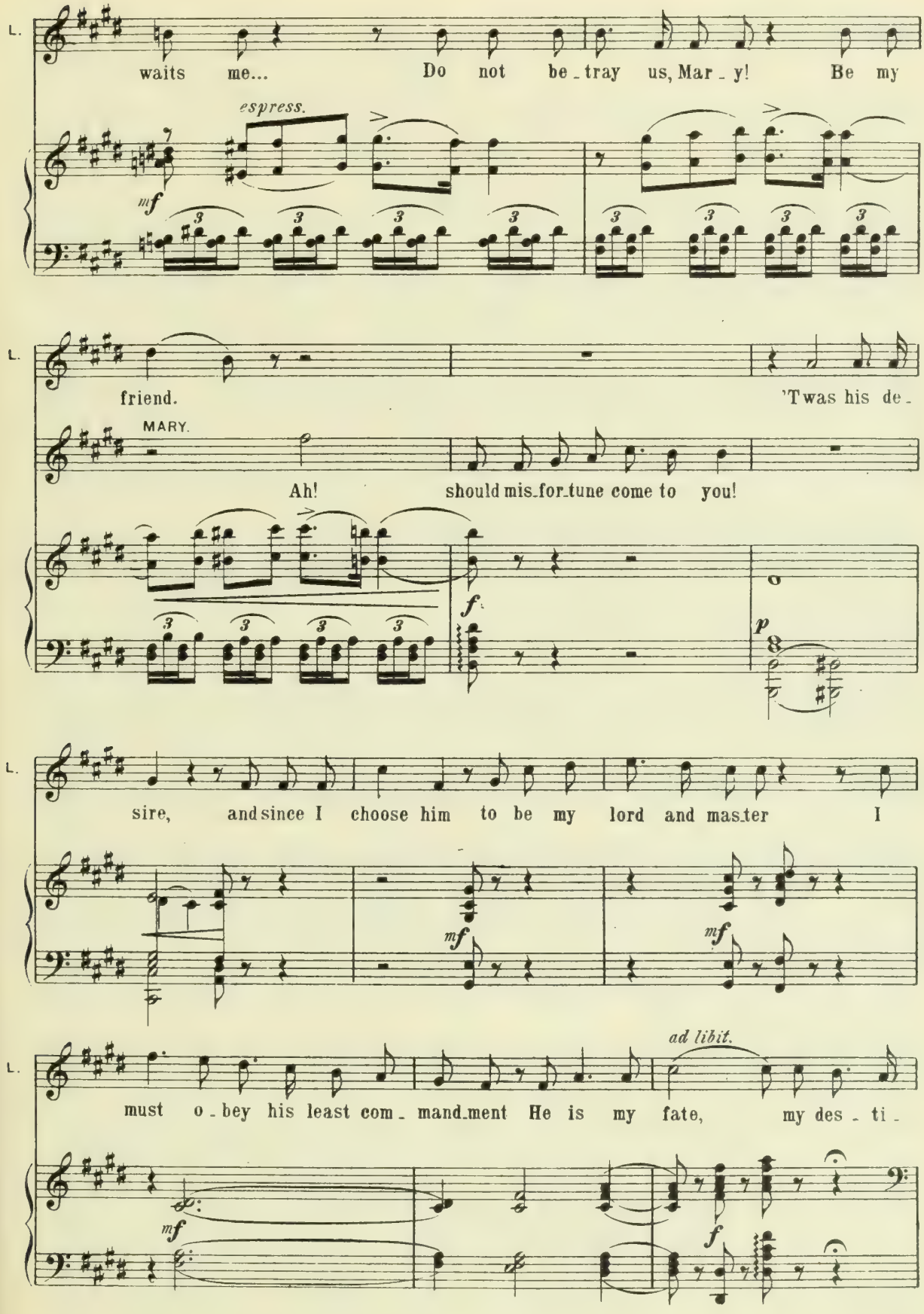

Moderato. (♩ = 100)
H
fails me... Her piere - ing glance, where'er I turn it,
Moderato.
p
H.
fol - lows and trou - bles me... A strange, un - can - ny
f
Tempo I. (♩ = 76)
H
be ing! Well! It was fate or -
Tempo I.
p
p
H.
dain'd our meet - ing... 't was de - creed!
più f
di - mi - nu - èn - do
mf

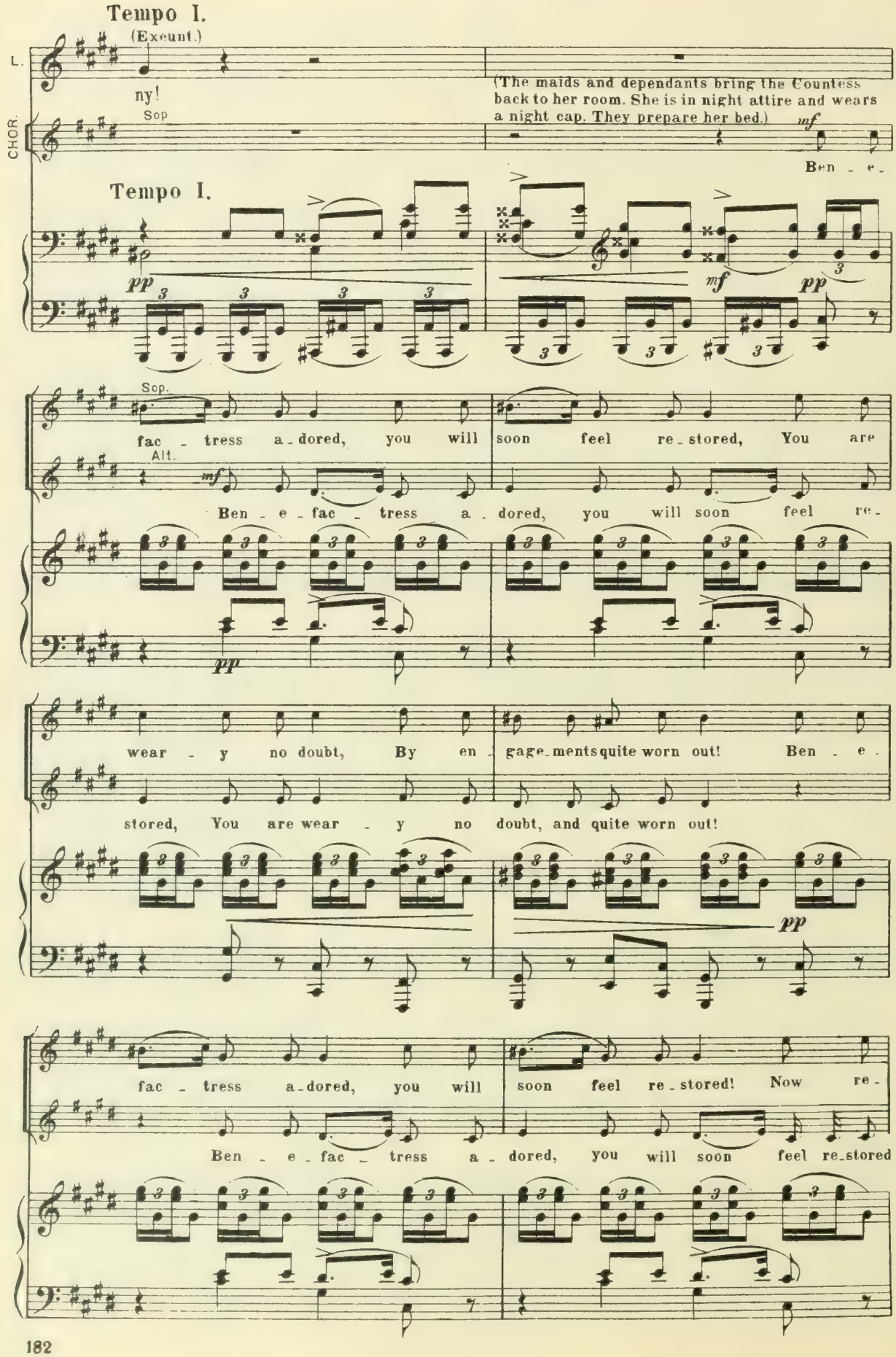

HERMAN. Allegro moderato (♩ = 116)
H.
Hark!
now some one comes!...
Allegro moderato.
H.
Steps!
Yes! Well, so
(He hides behind the curtains of the boudoir.)
H.
be it!
(A maid comes in hastily and lights the candles. She is followed by other maids and dependants.)
(Enter the Countess who is at once surrounded and fussed over by the maids and dependants.)


Sop
Alt
CHORUS OF MAIDS AND DEPENDANTS.
mf
Yes, our
mf
p
gra - cious ben - e-fact - ress al - ways
is in such re-quest, Ah, we
p
fear she is tir'd, read - y
now to seek her rest!
Is she
più f
Is she quite worn out?
Yes, we're cer - tain
quite worn out?
But we're cer - tain, that few
p

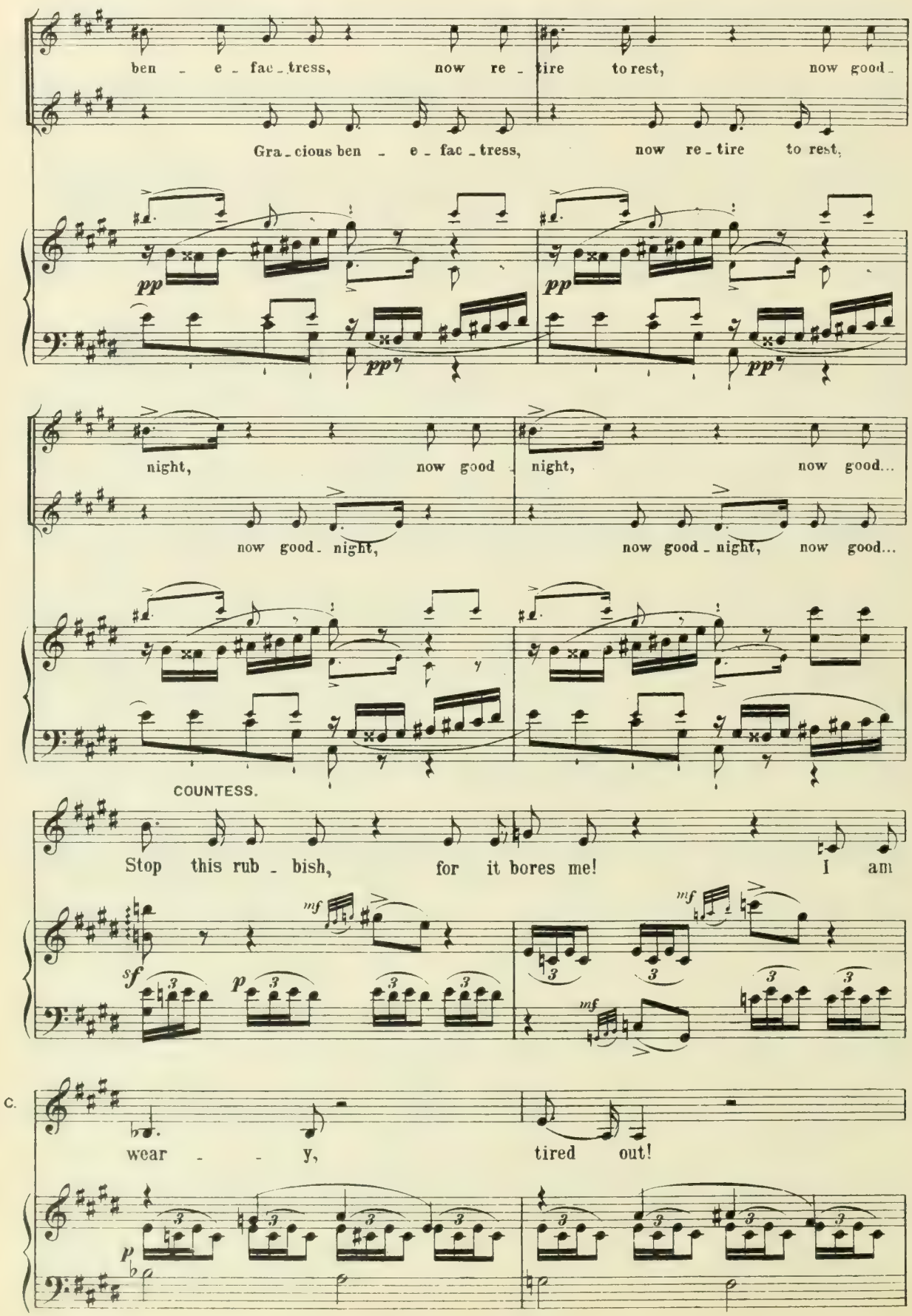

that few la - dies at the ball, Al_though p'rhaps
la - dies at the ball, Though p'rhaps young_er than our Count_ess could com_
young - er than our Count_ess, could com_pare with her at all! Yes, our
(off the stage)
pare with her at all, her at all! Yes, our
(They escort the Countess to the boudoir.)
cresc.
staccato
mf
p
gra - cious ben - e_fact_ress al - ways is in such re_quest, Ah, we
p
(Enter Lisa and her maid, Mary.)
fear that she's tir'd, read - y now to seek her rest!
pp

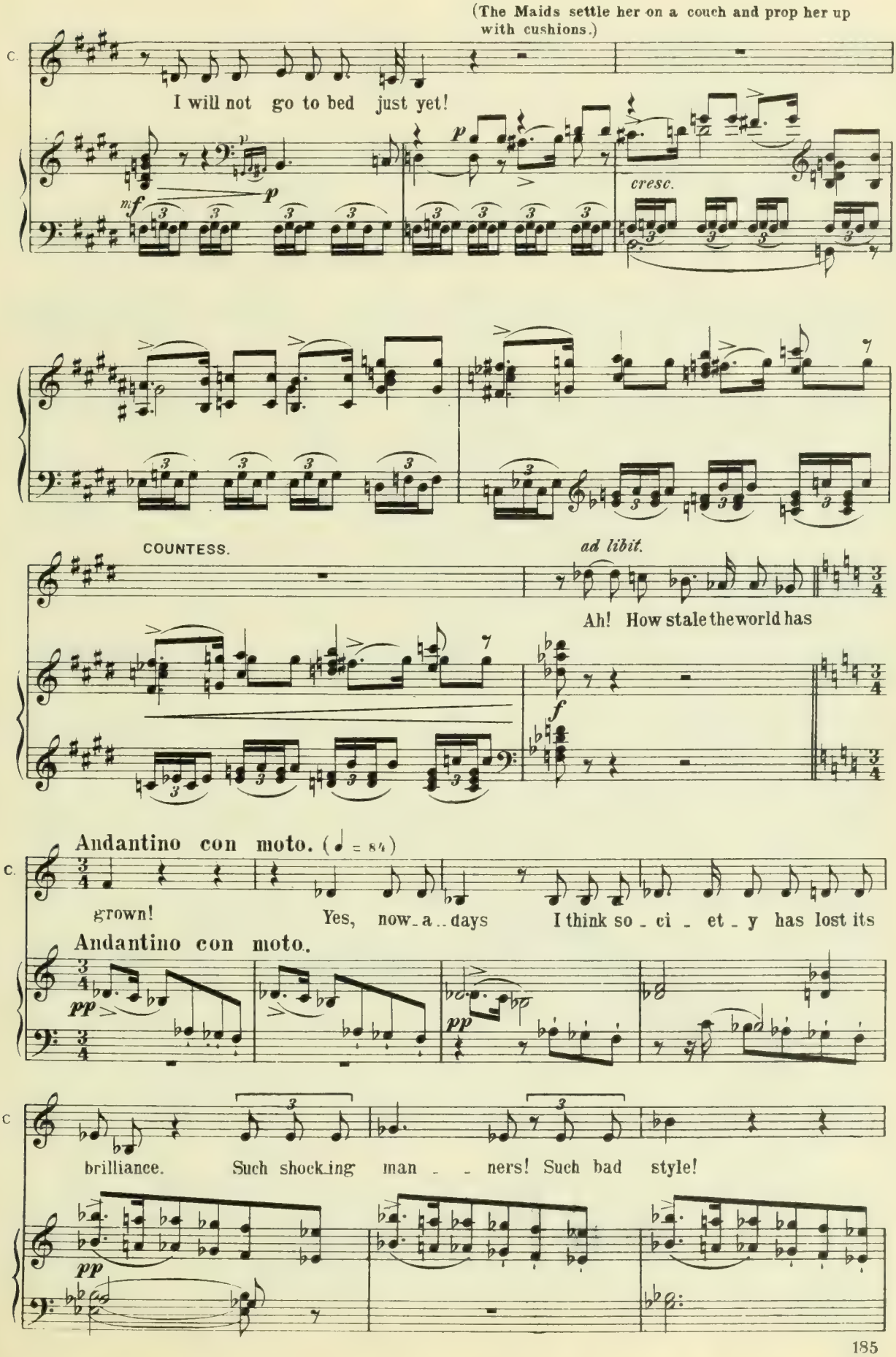

LISA.
No, Mar - y, you need not come!
MARY.
What can be wrong with you, you look pale, Miss!
cre - scen - do
LISA.
No, I am well...
MARY (guessing the truth).
Ah, Heav'ns a - bove!
mf
p
M.
can that be it?
LISA.
Yes! He will
cre - scen -
come... be sil - ent, per - haps he now is there and a -
do

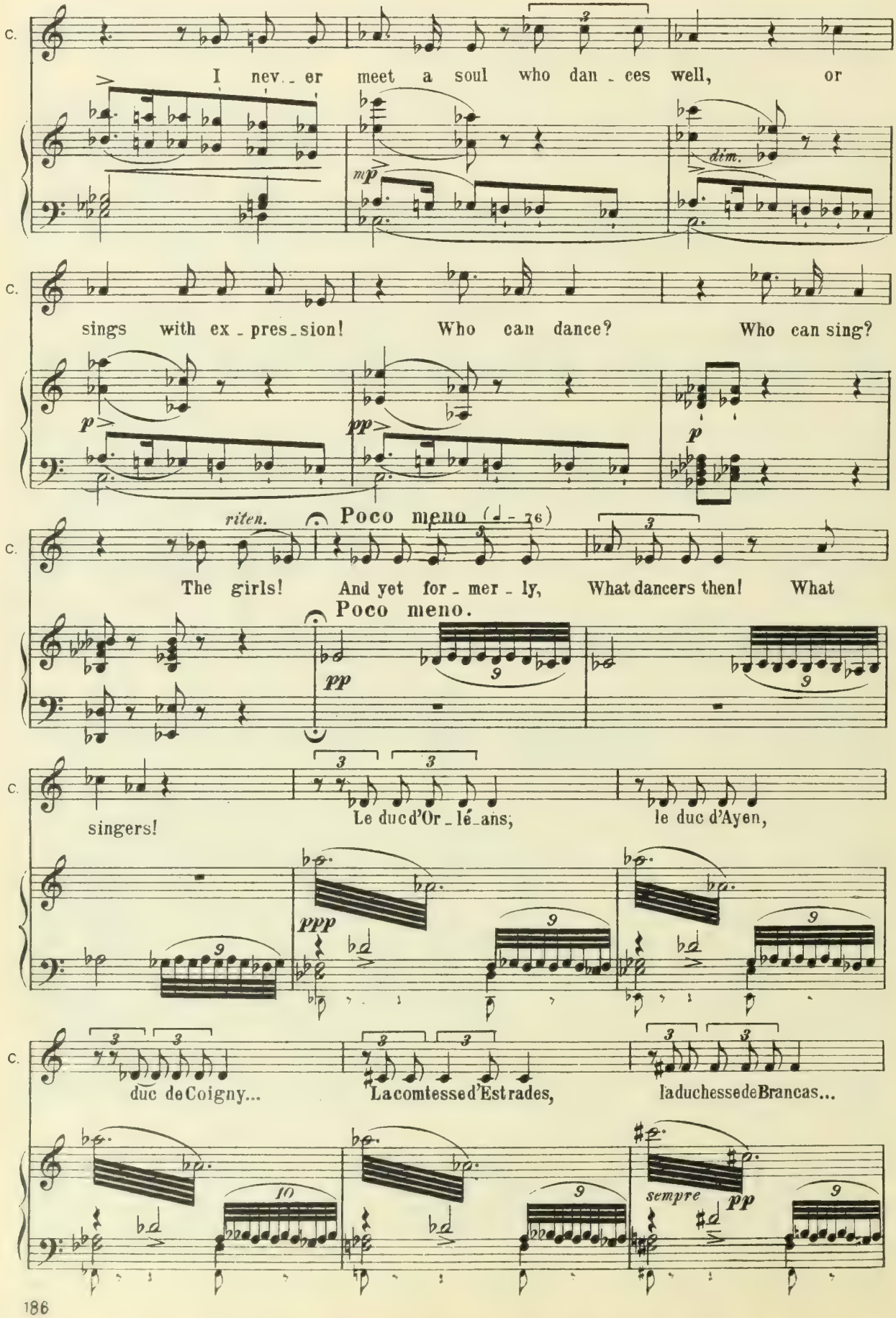

L.
waits me... Do not be_tray us, Mar_y! Be my
espress.
mf
L.
friend. 'Twas his de_
MARY.
Ah! should mis_for_tune come to you!
f
p
L.
sire, and since I choose him to be my lord and master I
mf
mf
L.
ad libit.
must o_bey his least com_mand_ment He is my fate, my des_ti_
mf
f

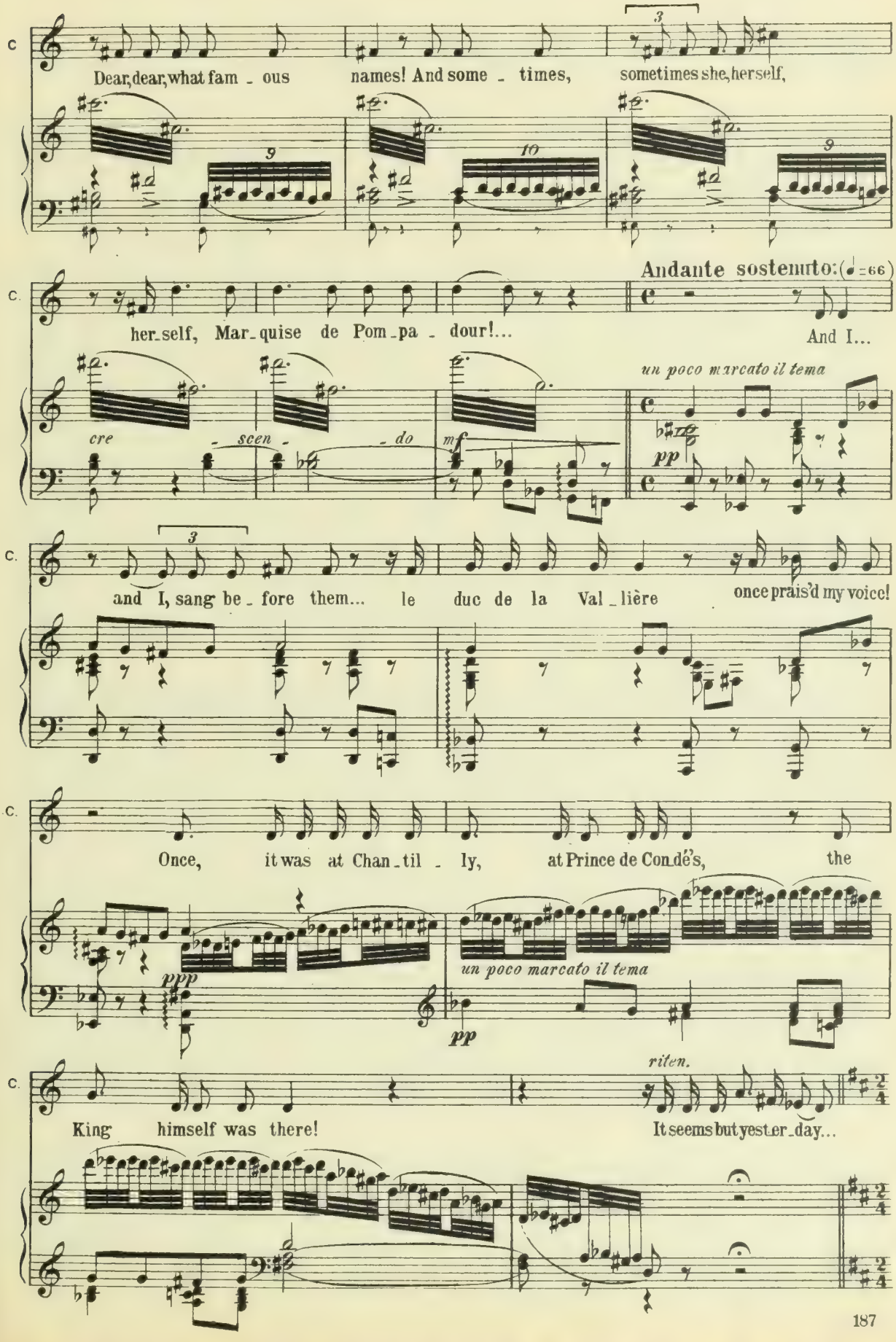

Tempo I.
(Exeunt.)
L.
ny!
CHOR.
Sop.
(The maids and dependants bring the Countess back to her room. She is in night attire and wears a night cap. They prepare her bed.)
mf
Ben - e -
Tempo I.
pp
mf
pp
Sop.
fac - tress a - dored, you will soon feel re - stored, You are
Alt.
mf
Ben - e - fac - tress a - dored, you will soon feel re -
pp
wear - y no doubt, By en - gage - ments quite worn out! Ben - e -
stored, You are wear - y no doubt, and quite worn out!
pp
fac - tress a - dored, you will soon feel re - stored! Now re -
Ben - e - fac - tress a - dored, you will soon feel re - stored


tire and rest till morn, then wake re_freshed, Like
Rest till morn _ ing, then a _wake re_freshed, like
pp poco cresc.
flow'rs by dawn made bright! Now re_
flow'rs by dawn made bright!
mf
tire and rest till morn, then wake re_freshed like
Rest till morn _ ing, then a _wake re_freshed, like
pp poco cresc.
flow'rs by dawn made bright! Gra_ cious
flow'rs by dawn made bright!
mf
pp

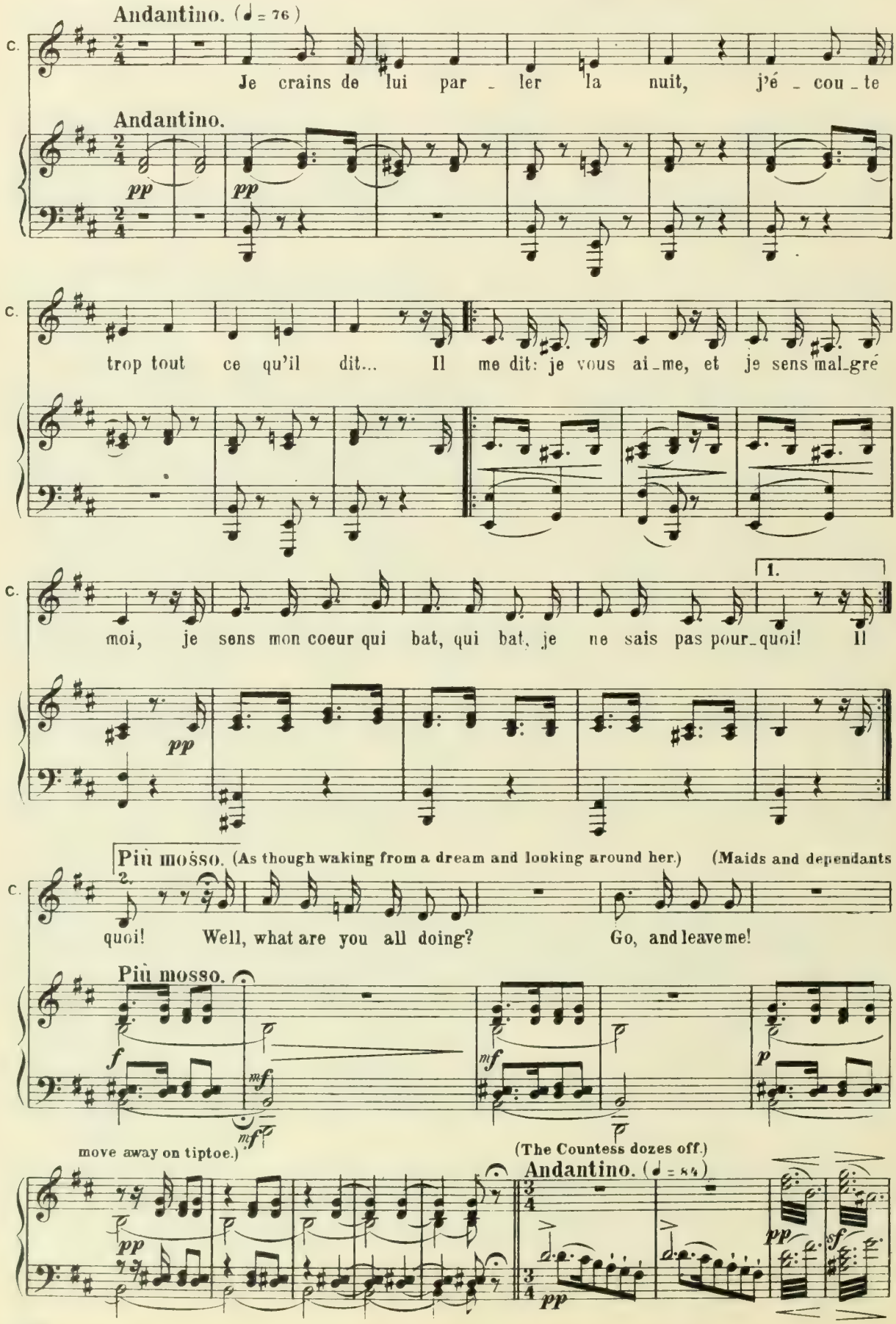

ben - e - fac - tress, now re - tire to rest, now good -
Gra - cious ben - e - fac - tress, now re - tire to rest,
pp
pp
pp
pp
night, now good night, now good...
now good - night, now good - night, now good...
COUNTESS.
Stop this rub - bish, for it bores me! I am
mf
mf
sf
p
mf
C.
wear - - y, tired out!
p

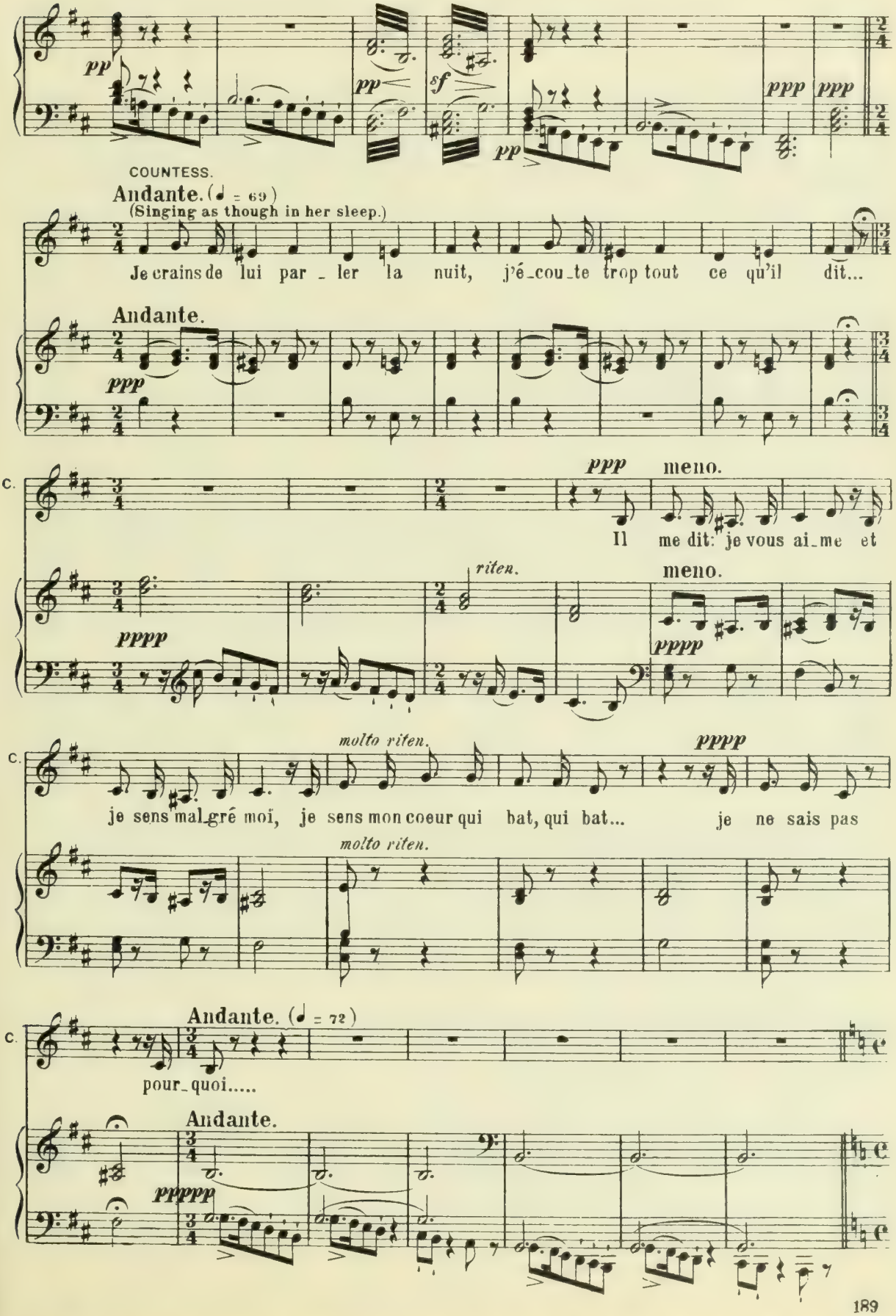

(The Maids settle her on a couch and prop her up with cushions.)
C.
I will not go to bed just yet!
cresc.
COUNTESS.
ad libit.
Ah! How stale the world has
Andantino con moto. (♩ = 84)
C.
grown!
Yes, now-a-days I think so-ci-et-y has lost its
Andantino con moto.
C
brilliance.
Such shock-ing man--ners! Such bad style!


C.
I nev_er meet a soul who dan_ces well, or
mp
dim.
C.
sings with ex_pres_sion! Who can dance? Who can sing?
p
pp
p
riten.
Poco meno (♩ = 76)
C.
The girls! And yet for_mer_ly, What dancers then! What
Poco meno.
pp
C.
singers! Le duc d'Or_lé_ans, le duc d'Ayen,
ppp
C.
duc de Coigny... La comtesse d'Estrades, la duchesse de Brancas...
sempre
pp

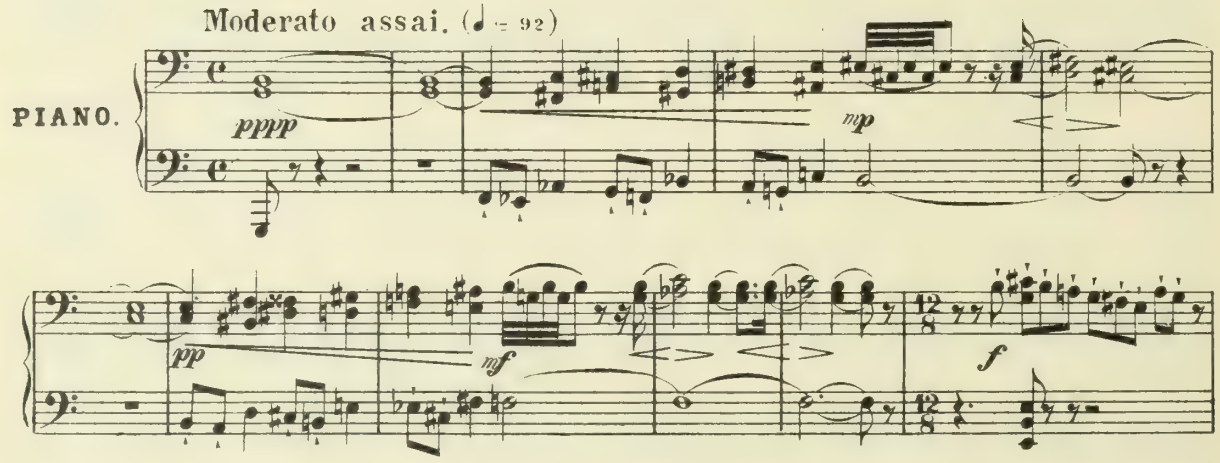

Dear, dear, what fam - ous names! And some - times, sometimes she, herself,
Andante sostenuto: (♩=66)
her - self, Mar - quise de Pom - pa - dour!... And I...
cre - scen - do
mf
un poco marcato il tema
pp
and I, sang be - fore them... le duc de la Val - lière once prais'd my voice!
Once, it was at Chan - til - ly, at Prince de Condé's, the
ppp
un poco marcato il tema
pp
riten.
King himself was there! It seems but yester - day...

(OBSERVATION: The following song is borrowed from Grétry's opera „Richard Coeur de Lion.")




pp
pp
sf
pp
ppp
ppp
COUNTESS.
Andante. (♩ = 69)
(Singing as though in her sleep.)
Je crains de lui par - ler la nuit, j'é-cou-te trop tout ce qu'il dit...
Andante.
ppp
C.
ppp meno.
Il me dit: je vous ai-me et
riten.
meno.
pppp
pppp
C.
molto riten.
pppp
je sens mal-gré moi, je sens mon coeur qui bat, qui bat... je ne sais pas
molto riten.
C.
Andante. (♩ = 72)
pour-quoi.....
Andante.
pppp

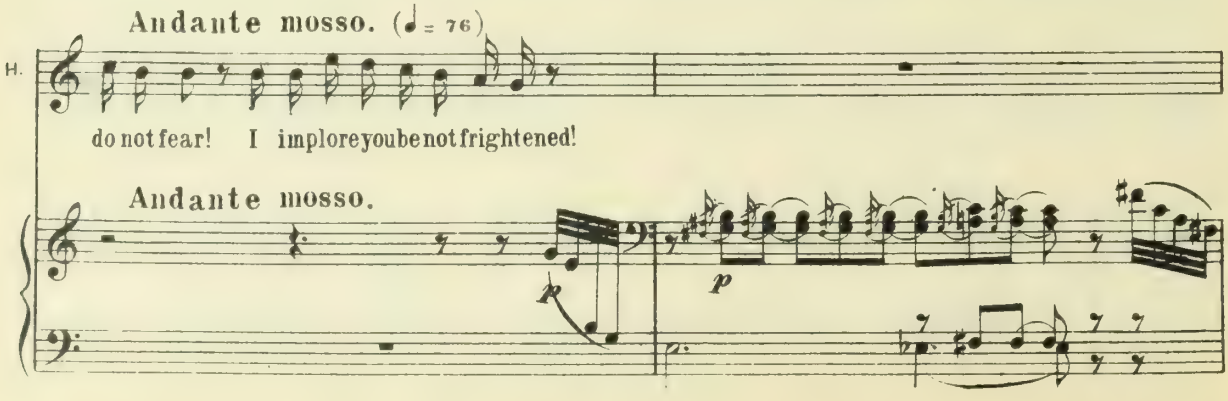
№ 17. Closing scene.

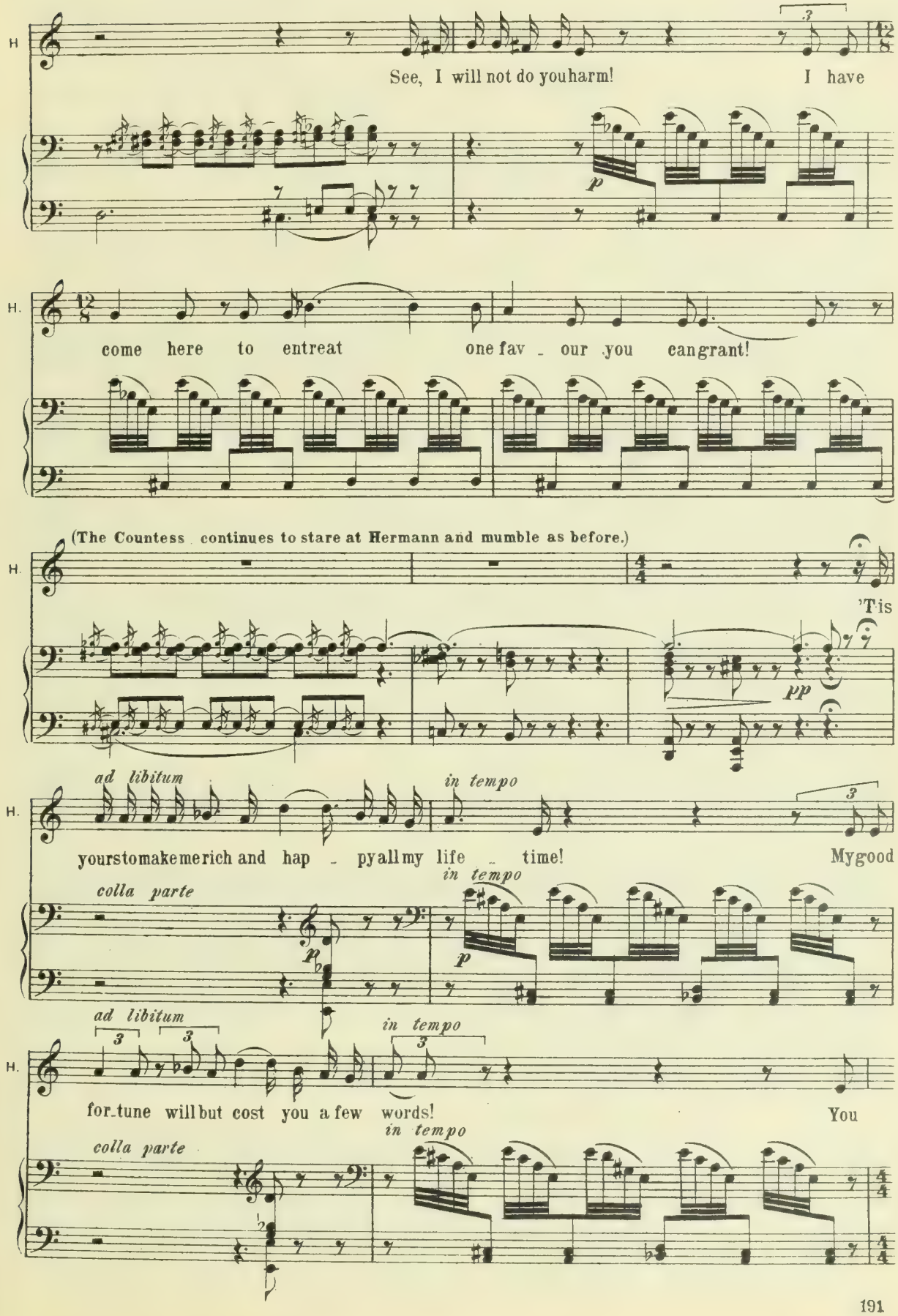


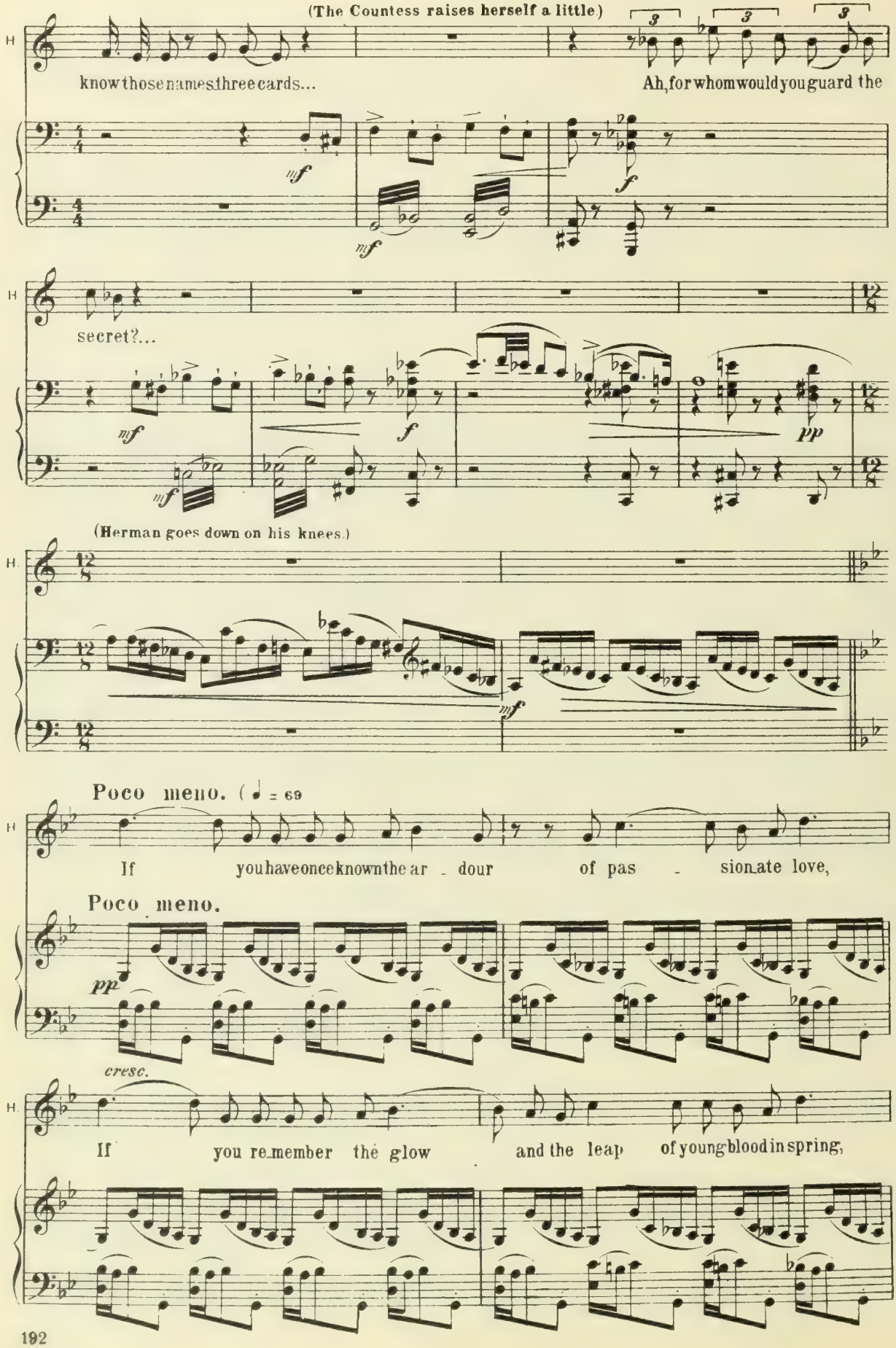
(Herman enters and stands looking at the Countess. She awakes, and struck with terror, her lips move without uttering a word.)

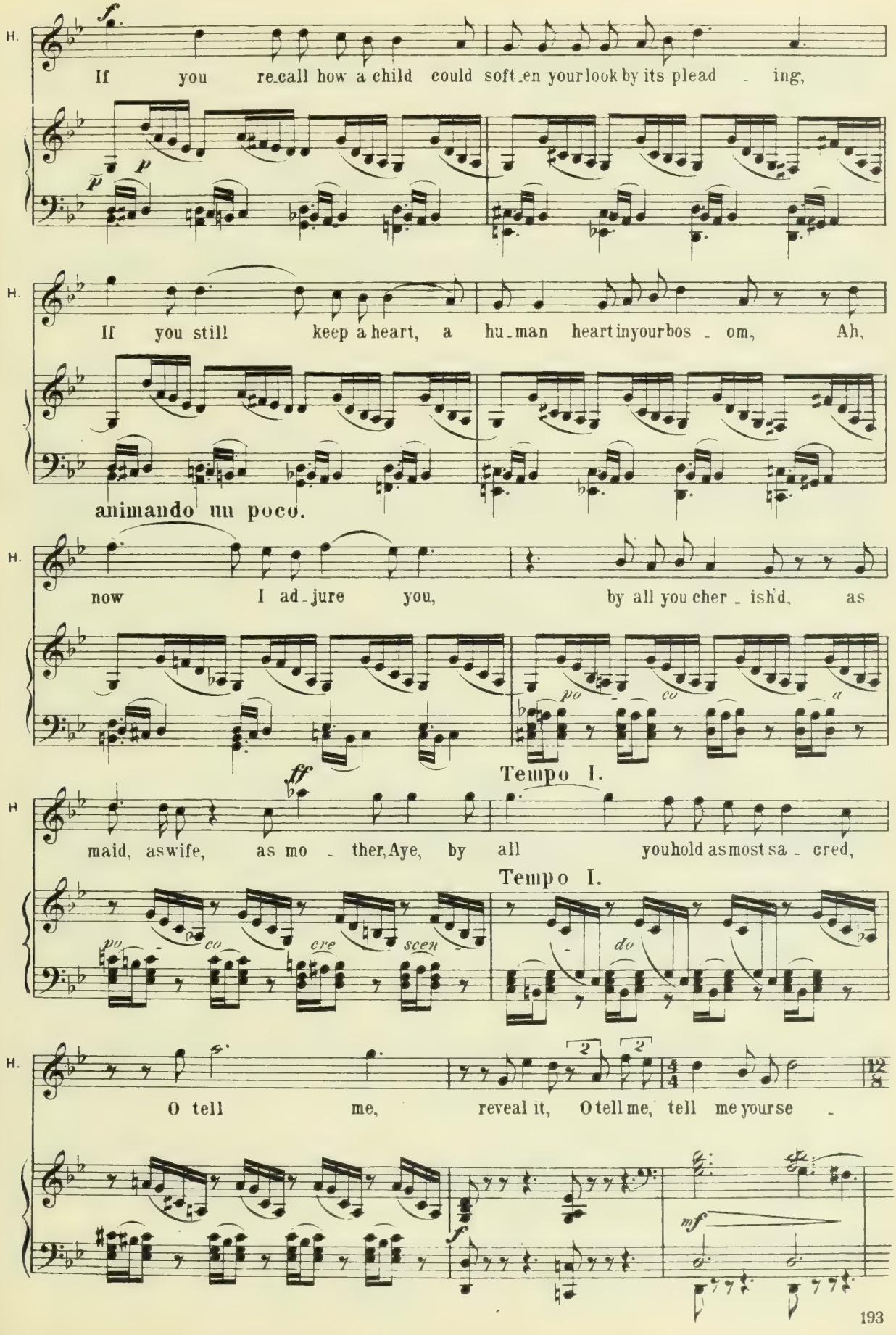




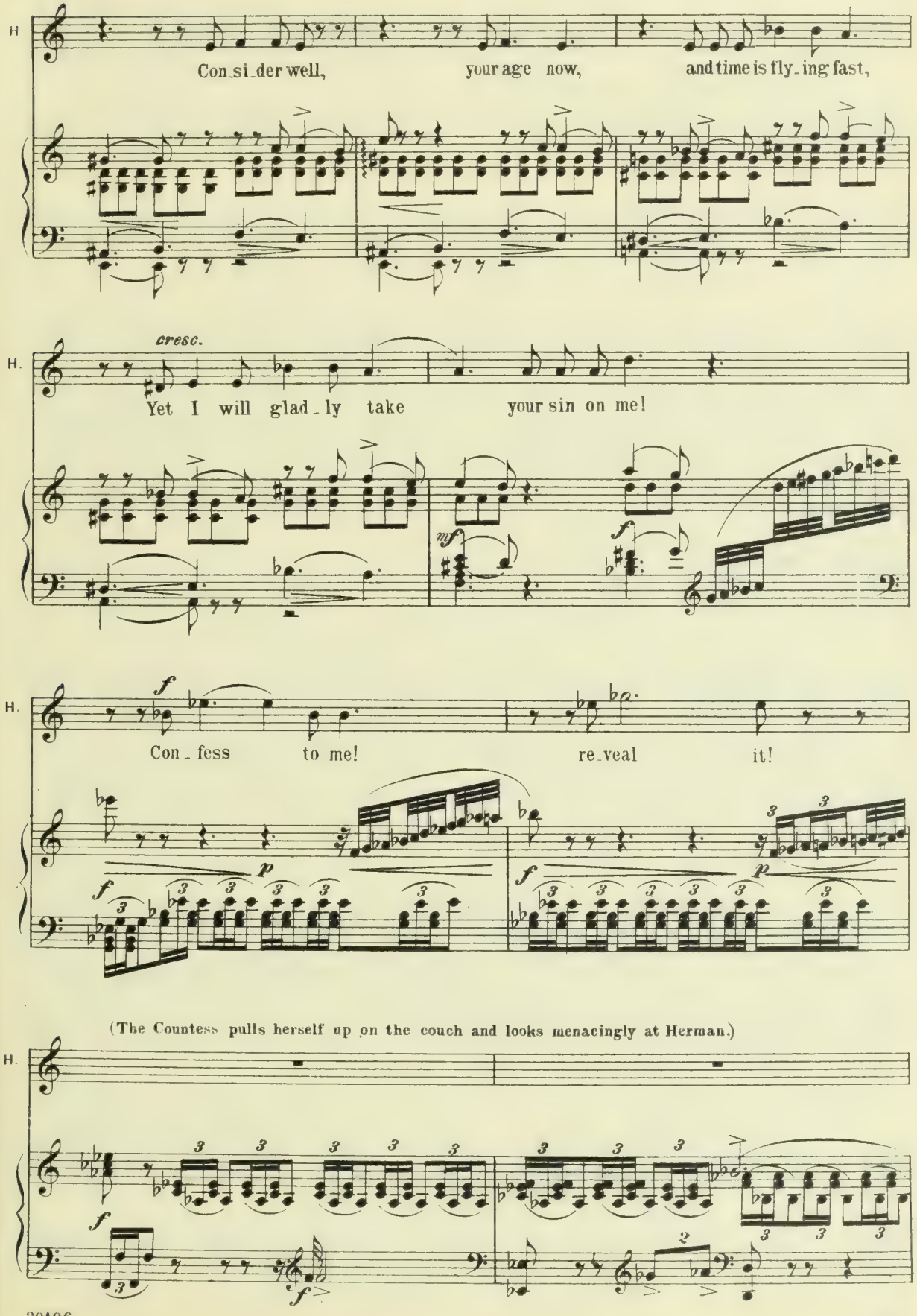



H.
See, I will not do you harm!
I have
p
H.
come here to entreat
one fav - our you can grant!
(The Countess continues to stare at Hermann and mumble as before.)
H.
'Tis
pp
ad libitum
in tempo
H.
yours to make me rich and hap - py all my life - time!
My good
colla parte
in tempo
p
ad libitum
in tempo
H.
for-tune will but cost you a few words!
You
colla parte
in tempo


(The Countess raises herself a little)
know those names three cards...
Ah, for whom would you guard the
secret?...
(Herman goes down on his knees.)
Poco meno. (♩ = 69
If you have once known the ar - dour of pas - sion ate love,
Poco meno.
cresc.
If you re member the glow and the leap of young blood in spring,

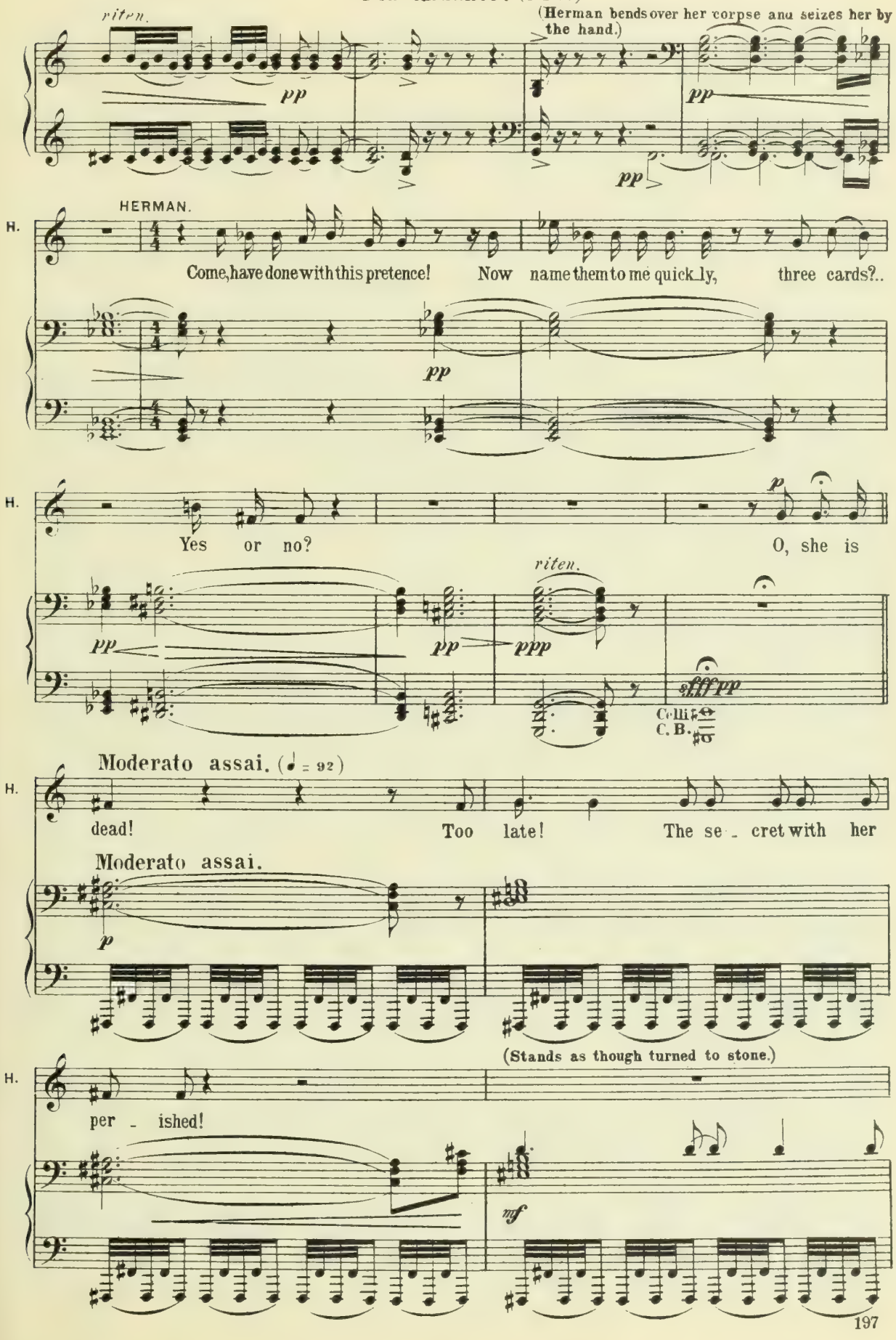

H.
If you re-call how a child could soft-en your look by its plead - ing,
H.
If you still keep a heart, a hu-man heart in your bos - om, Ah,
animando un poco.
H.
now I ad-jure you, by all you cher - ish'd, as
Tempo I.
H
maid, as wife, as mo - ther, Aye, by all you hold as most sa - cred,
Tempo I.
H.
O tell me, reveal it, O tell me, tell me yourse -


H.
cret! What use can it be, what use can it
riten.
riten.
p
più f
Poco più. (♩ = 84)
H.
be?
Or per_chance, 't is
p
Poco più.
pp
pp
H.
linked to some old sin, tosome deed of dark_ness,
H
Then youstand in per - il of Hell and all its tor - ments?


H.
Con_si_der well, your age now, and time is fly_ing fast,
cresc.
H.
Yet I will glad_ly take your sin on me!
mf
f
H.
f
Con_fess to me! re_veal it!
p
f
p
f
(The Countess pulls herself up on the couch and looks menacingly at Herman.)
H.
f
f

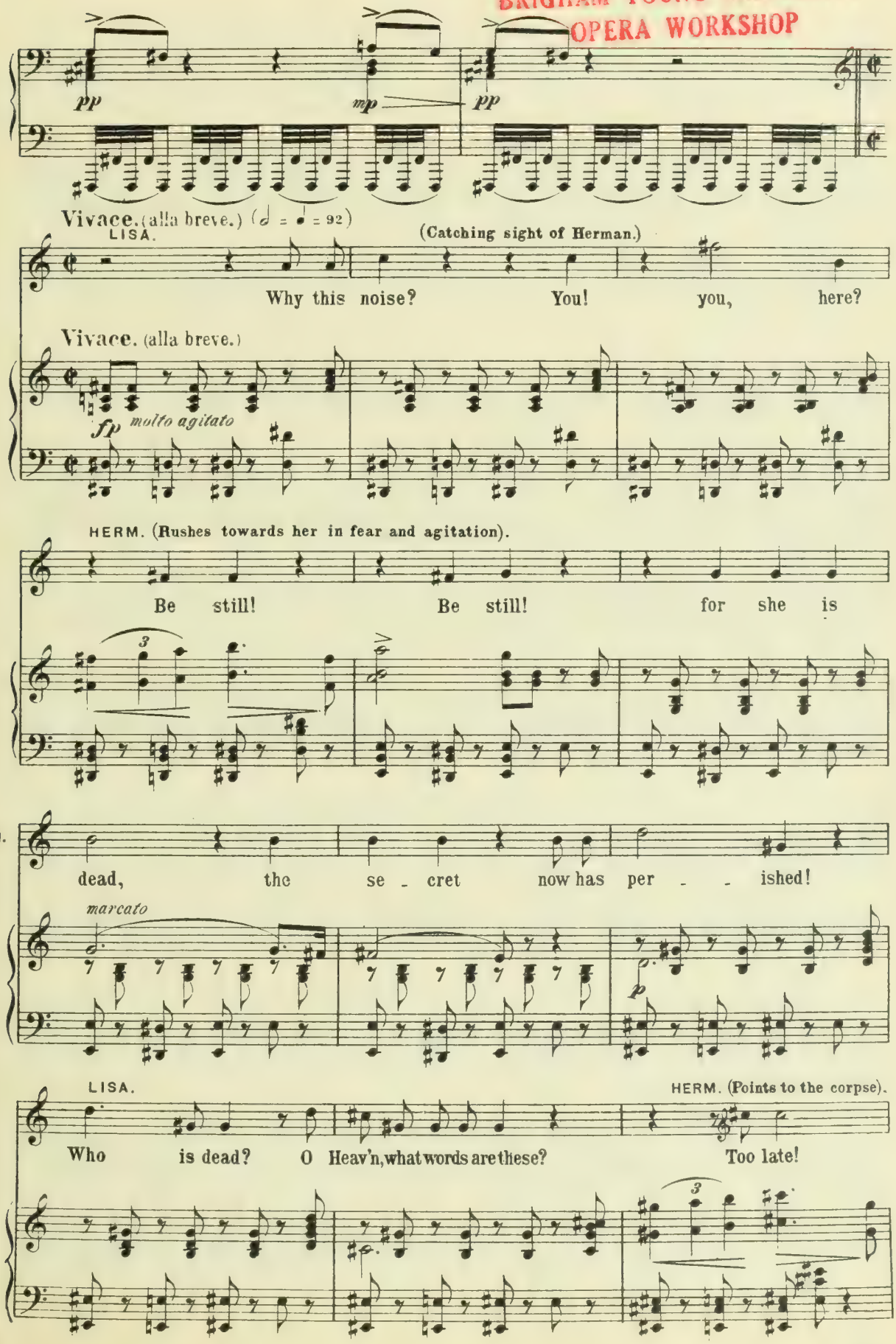

HERMAN.
H.
Speak, you old witch!
Speak, or I will force you to
(He draws out a pistol.)
H.
tell me the truth!
(The Countess nods her head at him, and throws up her arms to protect herself from the shot, then
cresc.
falls back dead.)

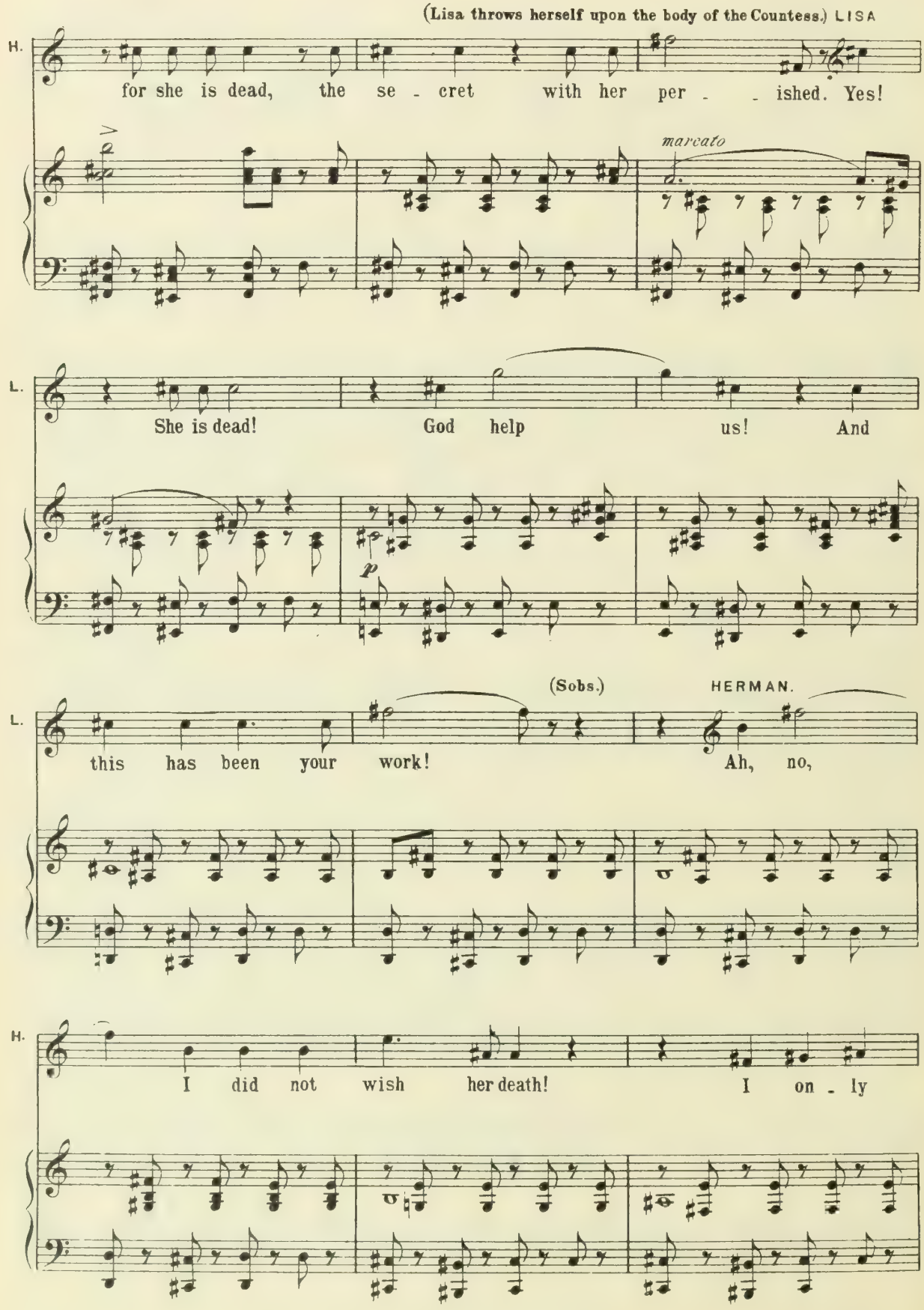
Più andante. (♩ = 72)

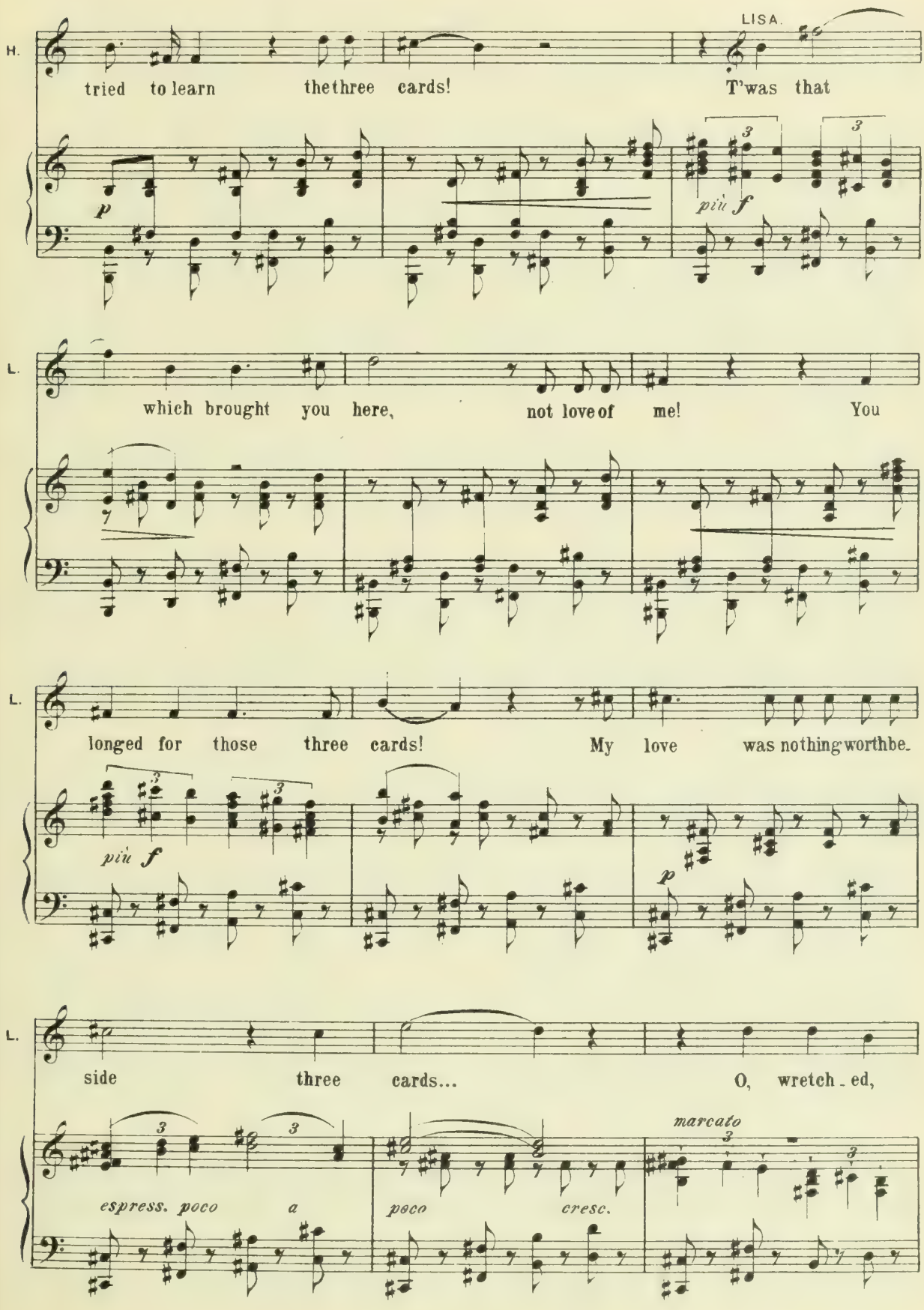



HERMAN.
She's dead!
The se_cret with her
p
mp
H.
per_ished... she is dead! She is
mf
p
H.
dead!
mf
mf
(Enter Lisa with a light.)

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OPERA WORKSHOP




(Lisa throws herself upon the body of the Countess.) LISA
H.
for she is dead, the se - cret with her per - - ished. Yes!
marcato
L.
She is dead! God help us! And
p
(Sobs.)
HERMAN.
L.
this has been your work! Ah, no,
H.
I did not wish her death! I on - ly


H.
LISA.
tried to learn the three cards! T'was that
p
più f
L.
which brought you here, not love of me! You
L.
longed for those three cards! My love was nothing worthbe-
più f
p
L.
side three cards... O, wretch - ed,
espress. poco a
poco cresc.
marcato


L.
wretch - ed girl! A - las! Why did I
L.
love you, who brought me shame and
marcato
mf
L.
ru - in... O, heart - less man,
(Herman tries to speak, but she motions him with a stern gesture towards the secret door.)
L.
be - tray - er! Murd' rer!

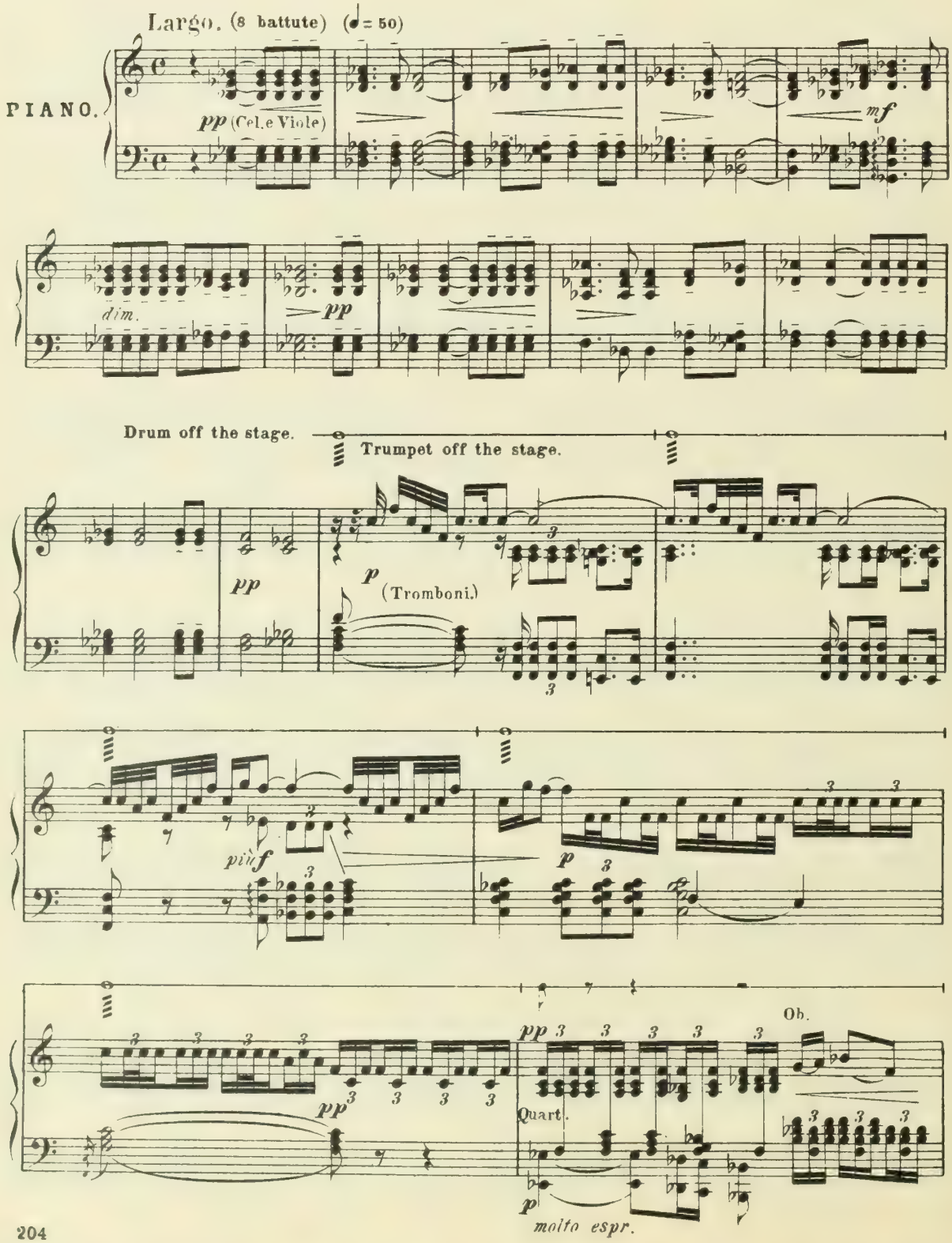


END OF SECOND ACT.

ACT XXI.

SCENE V.

№ 18. Entr'acte and scene.

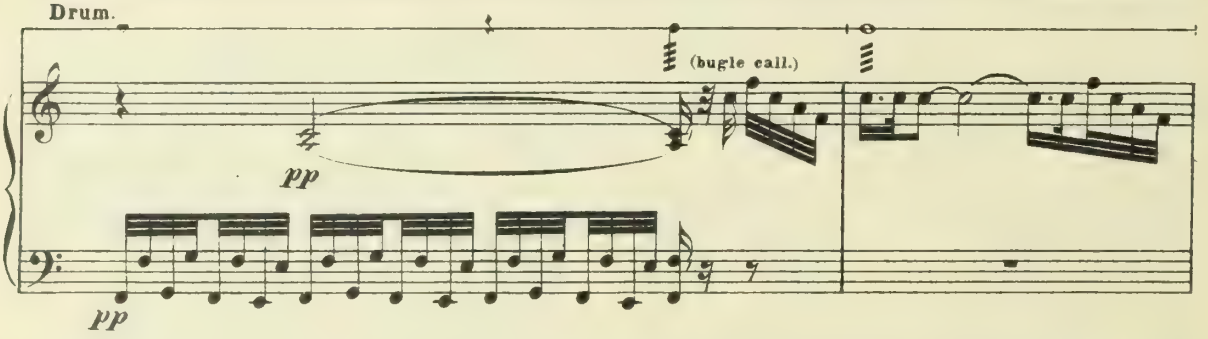



più f
p
mf
pesante
m.g.
mf
f
ob.
ff
mf
cresc. in la mano diritta
tr
ff
marcatissimo
f
tr
dim.
mf
f
dim.
mf
p
p
pp
pp

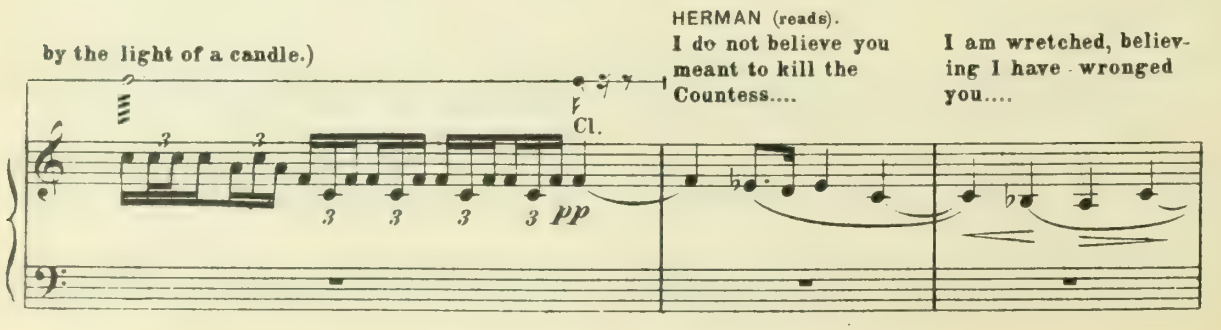




(It is late evening and the moonlight gleams through the window from time to time. The wind howls outside.)







Set me at rest! To-day I will expect you on the Quay,

when no one will be there to see us. By midnight,

if you fail to come, I shall be filled with dreadful fears,

which I strive now to chase away. Forgive me, I suffer greatly...

HERMAN.

Poor woman!

Cl. basso

mf

mf

H.

To what dark depths of shame and grief I've dragged her with me!

tr

p

H.

p

(Falls back in his chair and is lost in revery.)

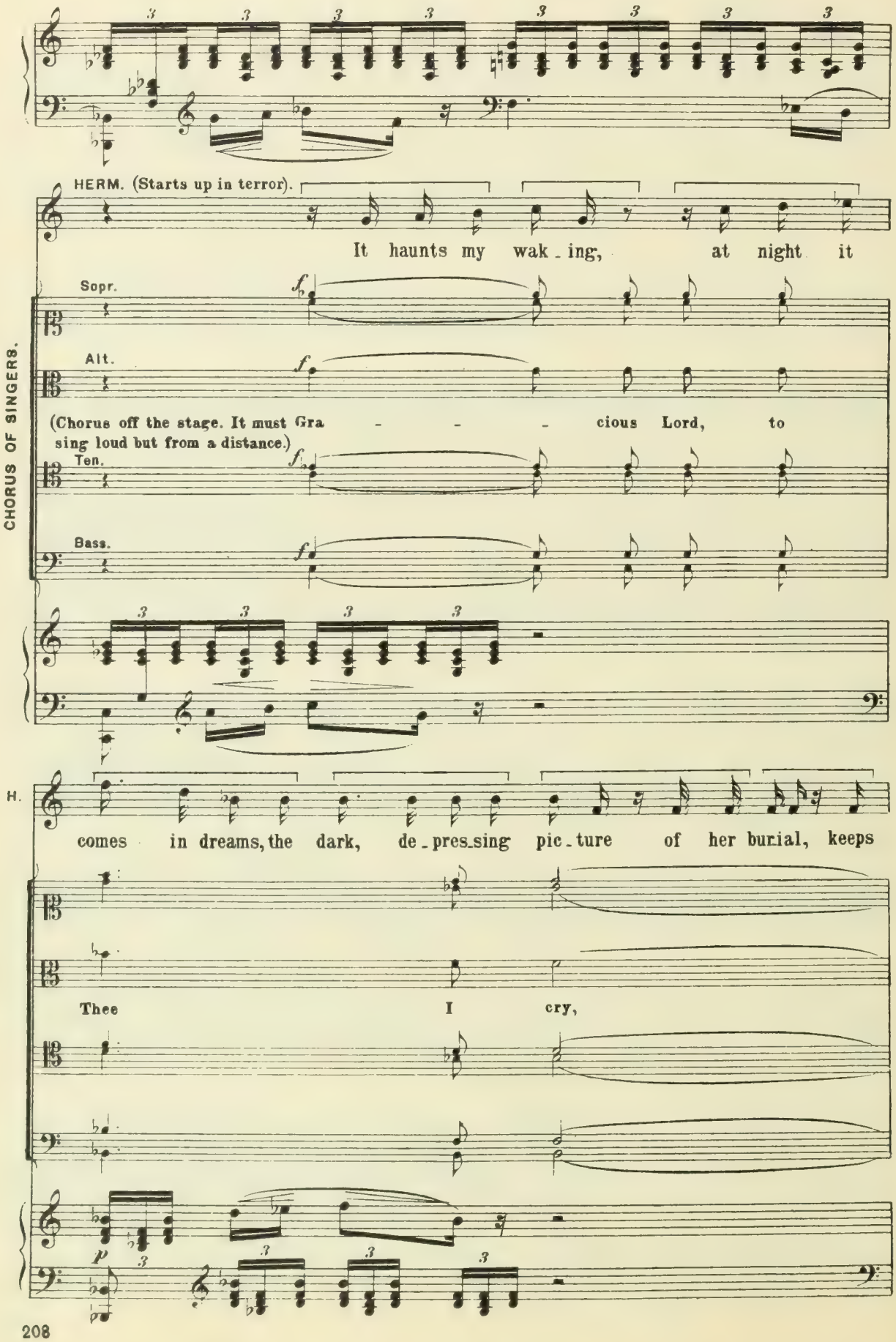
H.

Ah, could I find some quiet, some o - bliv - ion!

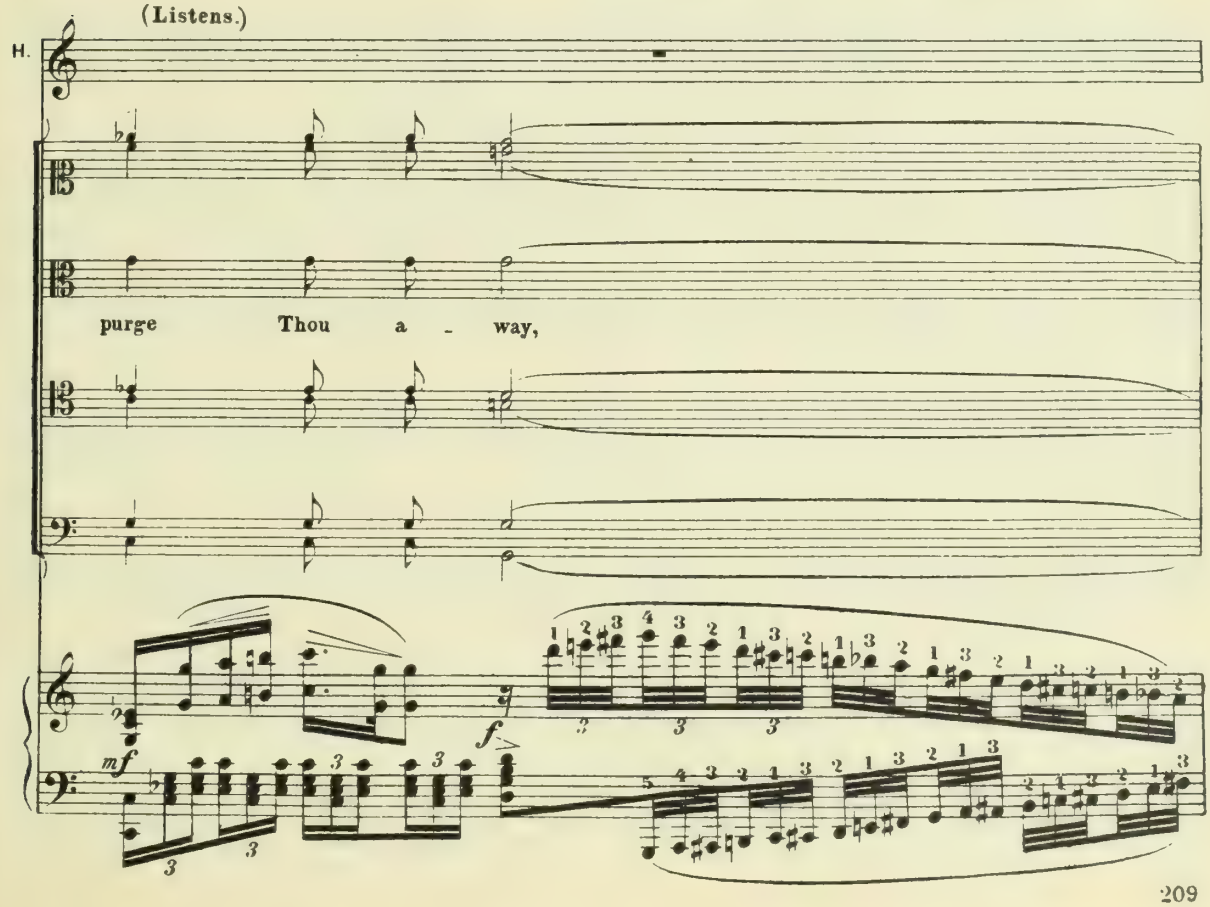
sfp

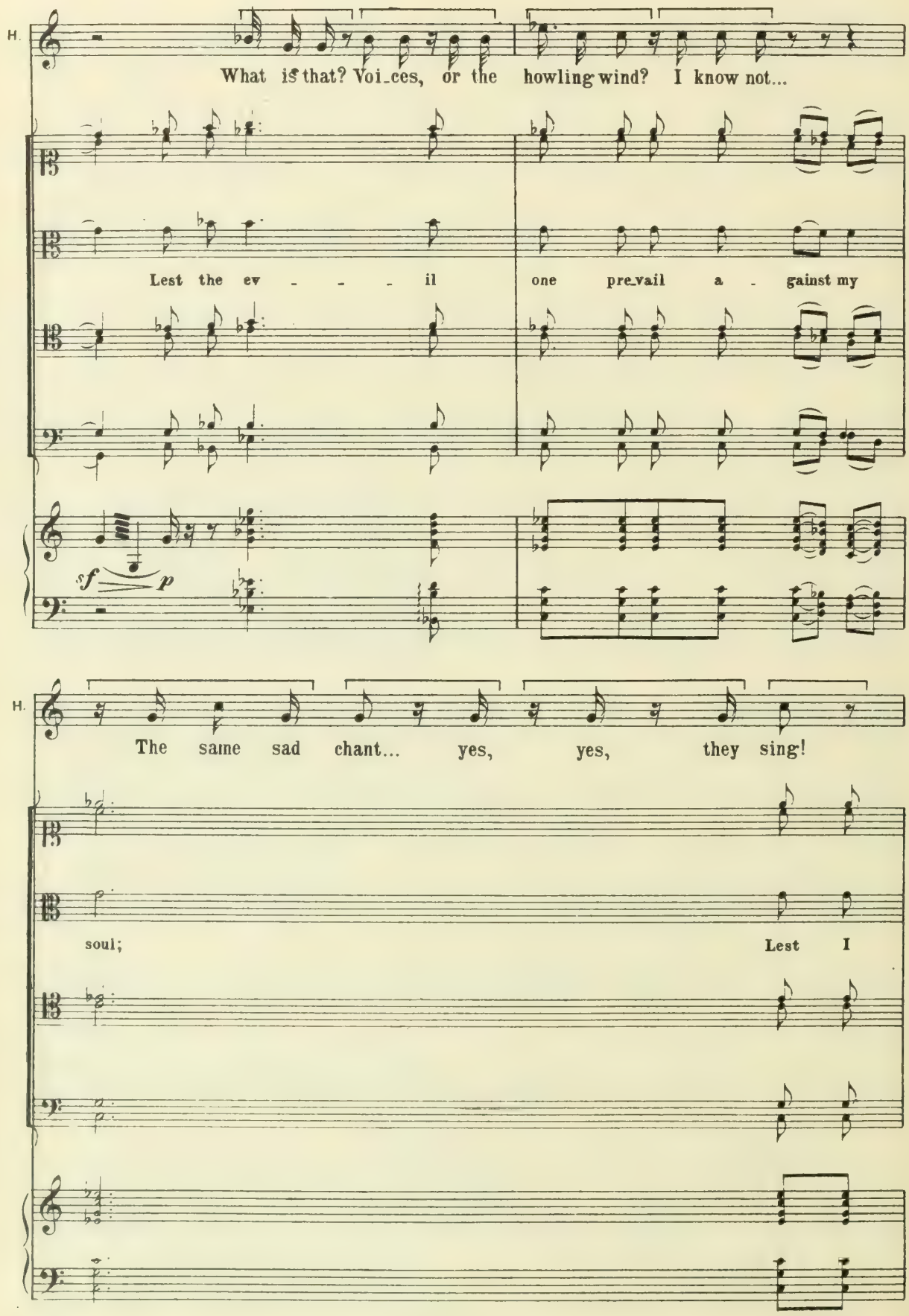
p

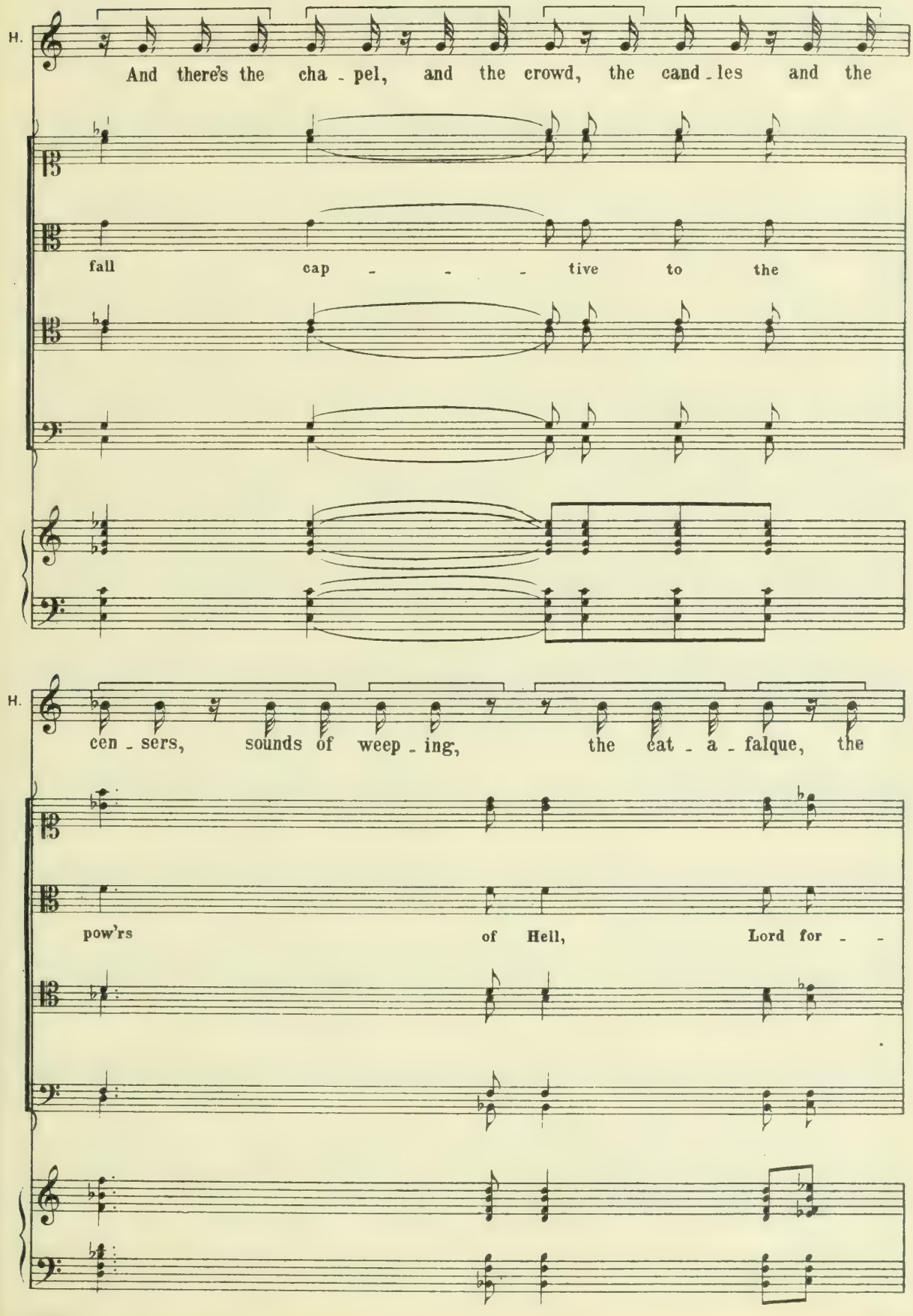
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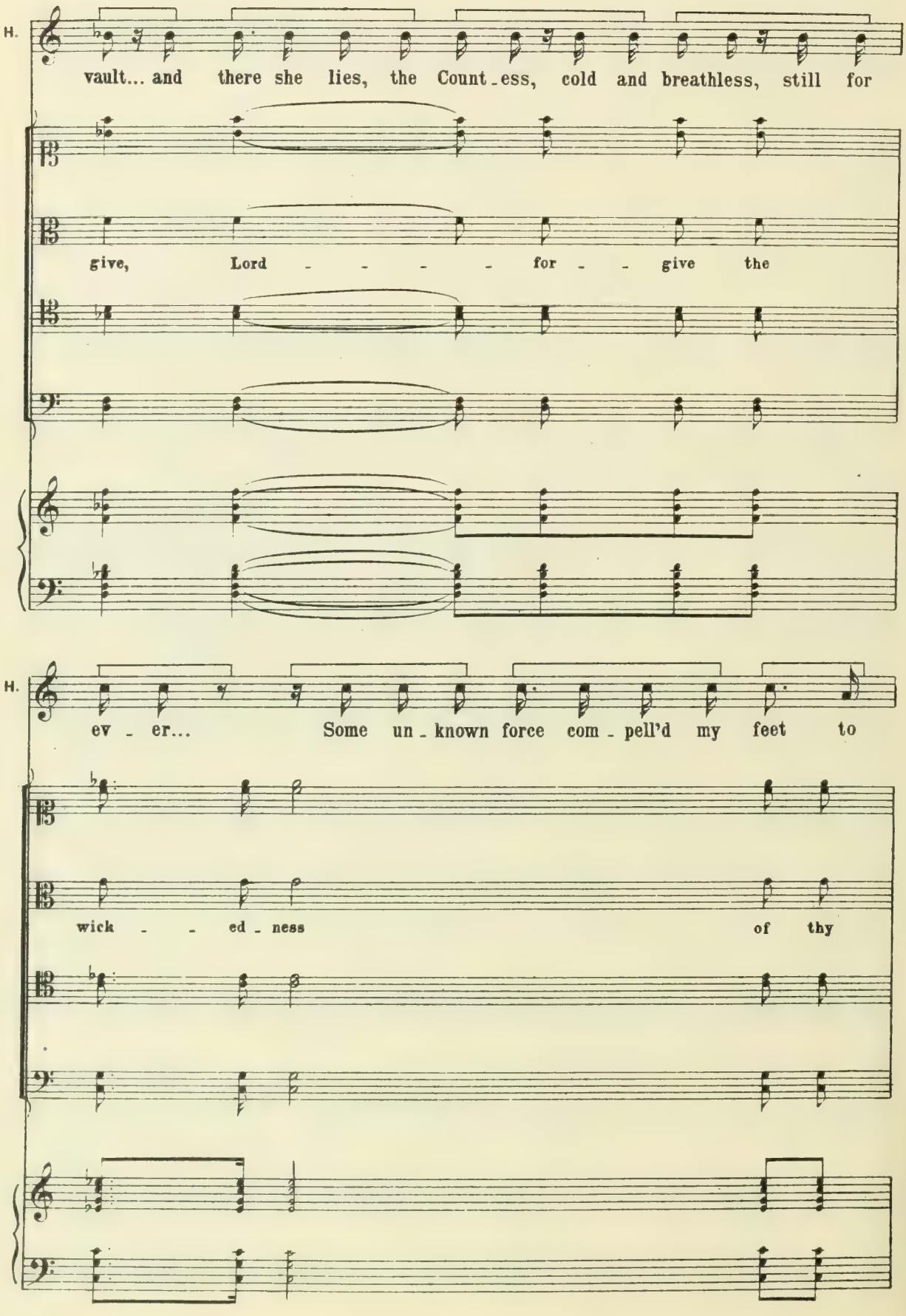

HERM. (Starts up in terror).
It haunts my wak_ing, at night it
Sopr.
Alt.
(Chorus off the stage. It must sing loud but from a distance.)
Gra - - - cious Lord, to
Ten.
Bass.
CHORUS OF SINGERS.
H.
comes in dreams, the dark, de_pres_sing pic_ture of her burial, keeps
Thee I cry,
p

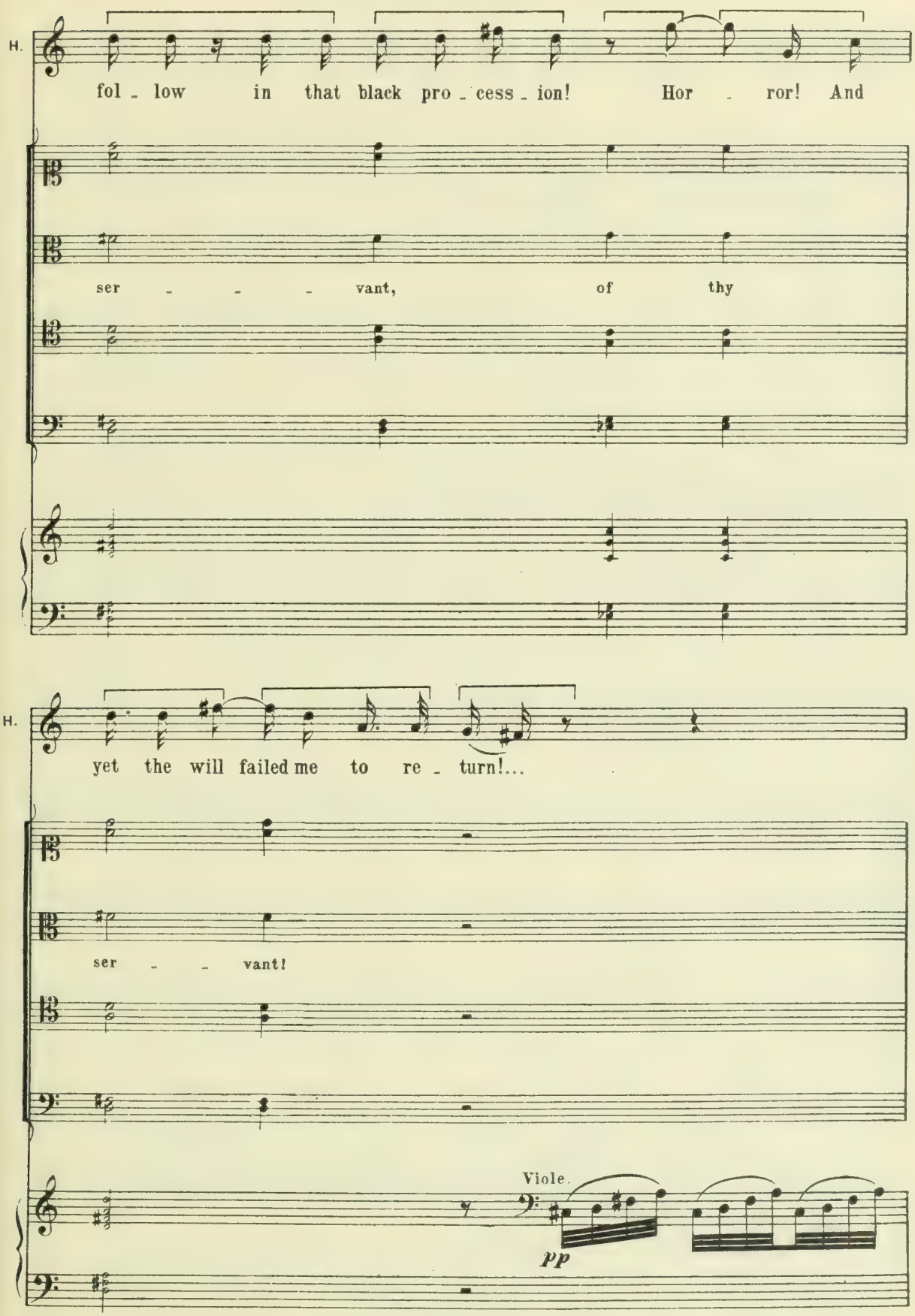

H.
ris - ing up be - fore me where'er I am...
My of - - fen - - - ces, O
p

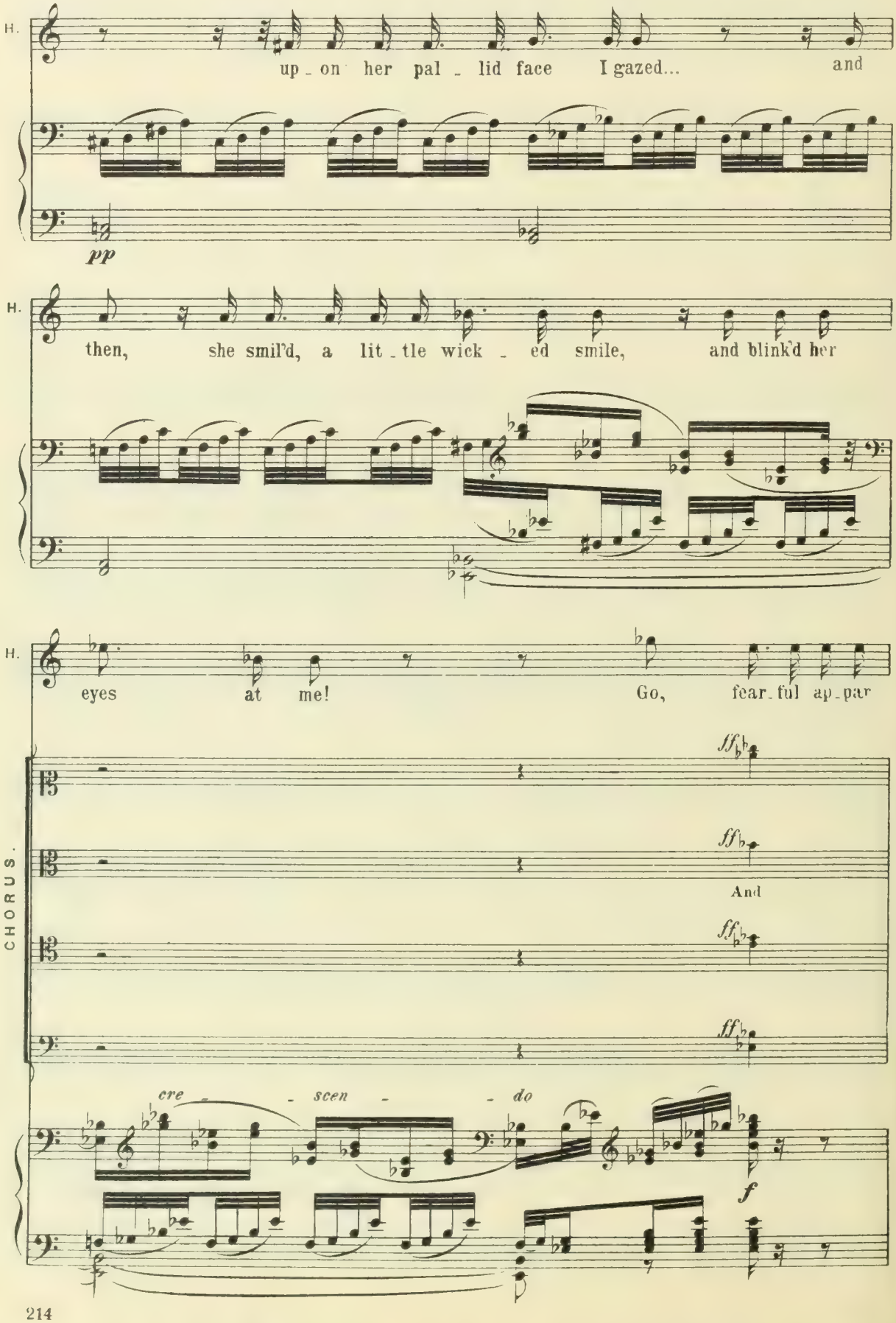

(Listens.)
H.
purge Thou a - way,
mf
f


H.
What is that? Voi_ces, or the howling wind? I know not...
Lest the ev - - - il one pre_vail a - gainst my
sf p
H.
The same sad chant... yes, yes, they sing!
soul; Lest I


H.
And there's the cha - pel, and the crowd, the cand - les and the
fall cap - - - tive to the
H.
cen - sers, sounds of weep - ing, the cat - a - falque, the
pow'rs of Hell, Lord for - -


H.
vault... and there she lies, the Count-ess, cold and breathless, still for
give, Lord - - - - for - - give the
H.
ev - er... Some un-known force com-pell'd my feet to
wick - - ed - ness of thy


H.
fol - low in that black pro - cess - ion! Hor - ror! And
ser - - - vant, of thy
H.
yet the will failed me to re - turn!...
ser - - vant!
Viole.
pp


H.
up - on her pal - lid face I gazed... and
pp
H.
then, she smil'd, a lit - tle wick - ed smile, and blink'd her
H.
eyes at me! Go, fear - ful ap - par
CHORUS.
ff
And
cre - - scen - - do
f

(Sinks back in his chair, hiding his face in his hands.)

H.

i _ tion! Go!

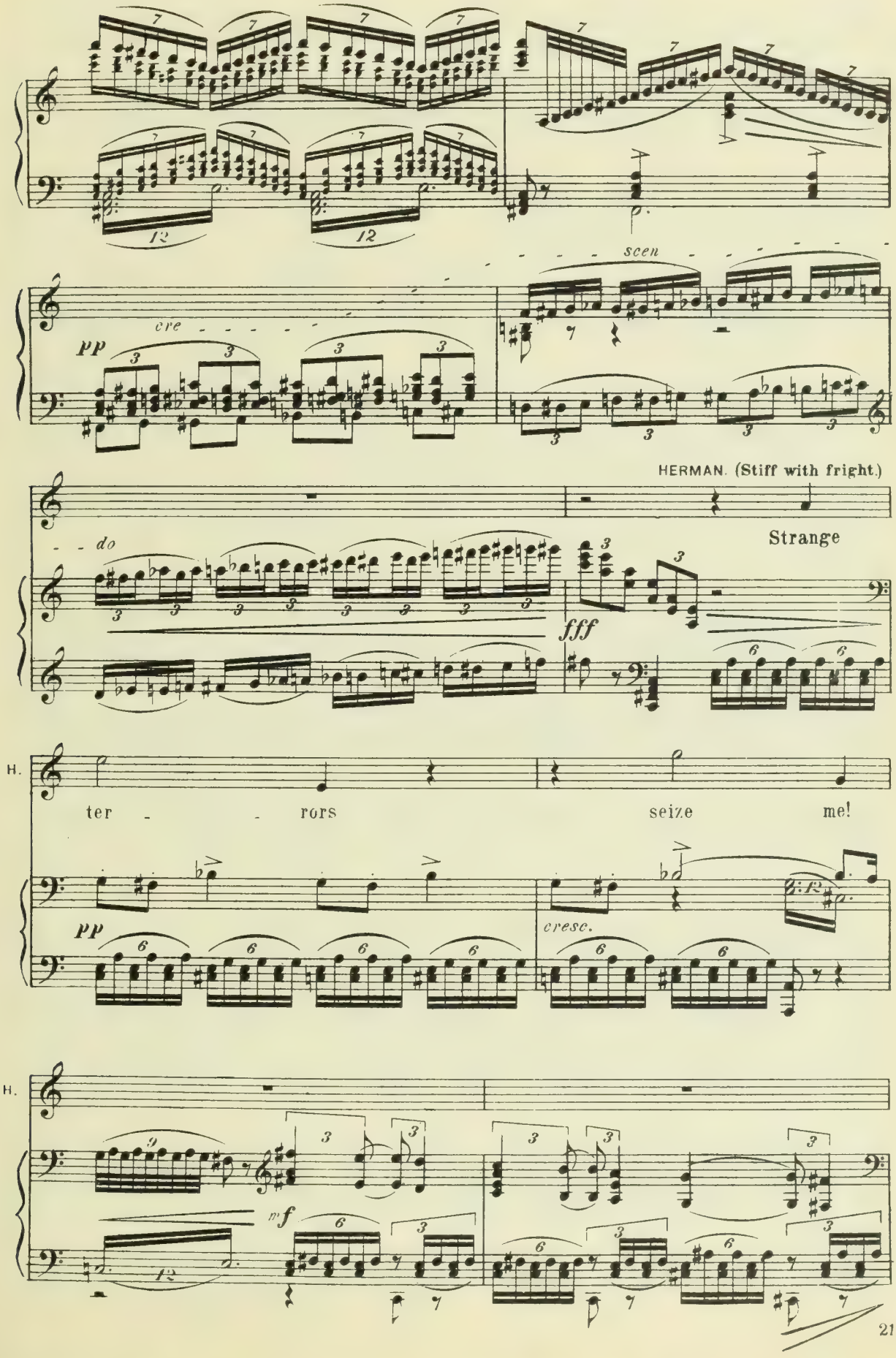
grant her peace e _ ter _ _ _ _ _ _

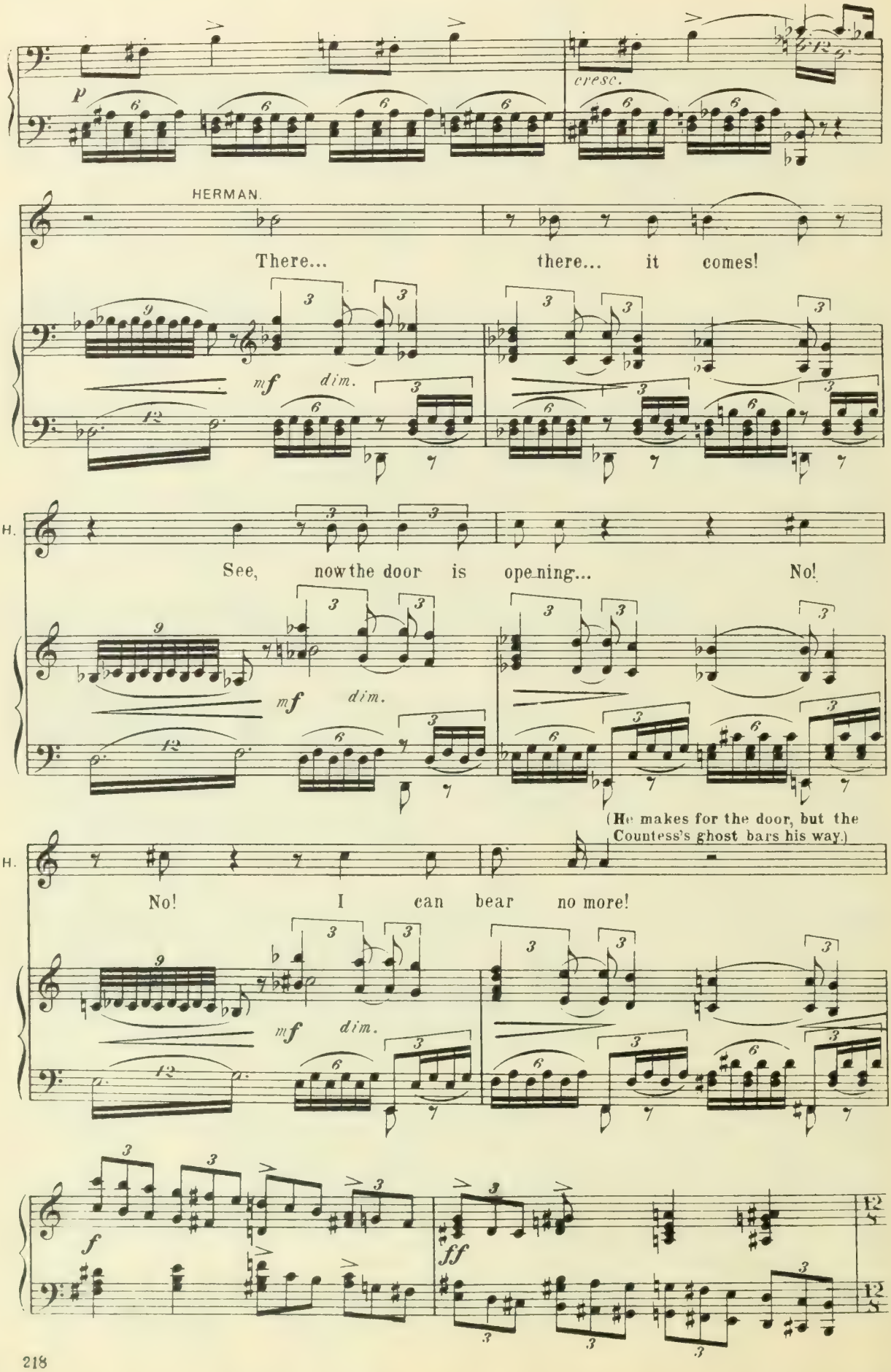
p

nal!

fff


Moderato con moto. (♩= 112.)
PIANO.
pp
ppp
(A knock on the window. Herman raises his head and listens. The wind howls.)
pp ma un poco marcato
f
(Some one looks in at the window, then vanishes.)
dim.
pp
ppp
(The tapping at the window is heard again. A great gush
pp marcato
of wind blows it open and a shadow is seen there. The candle goes out.)
f


scen
cre
pp
HERMAN. (Stiff with fright.)
Strange
do
fff
H.
ter - - rors
seize
me!
pp
cresc.
H.
mf


cresc.
HERMAN.
There... there... it comes!
mf dim.
H.
See, now the door is ope-ning... No!
mf dim.
(He makes for the door, but the Countess's ghost bars his way.)
H.
No! I can bear no more!
mf dim.
f
ff


Andante non tanto. (♩= 84.)
fff
(He draws back, but the ghost approaches.)
fff
sf
sf
sf
sf
GHOST OF THE COUNTESS.
Against my will
pp
marcato
pp
sempre
pp
ma
marca-
G.C.
I ap - pear,
I am sent that you may
to in la mano sinistra


G C
gain your dea_rest wish.
Now rescue Lis - - a,
G.C.
and mar - ry her,
then three cards,
G.C.
three cards,
three cards
G.C.
shall bring you good for - - tune.
Re -
G.C.
mem - ber!
Three!
ppp
marcato
ppp
un
po - co
cresc.


G.C.
Sev
G.C.
- en!
Ace!
ppp
G.C.
Three!
semp - - re ppp
(Vanishes.)
G.C.
Sev - en!
Ace!
HERMAN. (With wild looks.)
Three!
semp - - re ppp



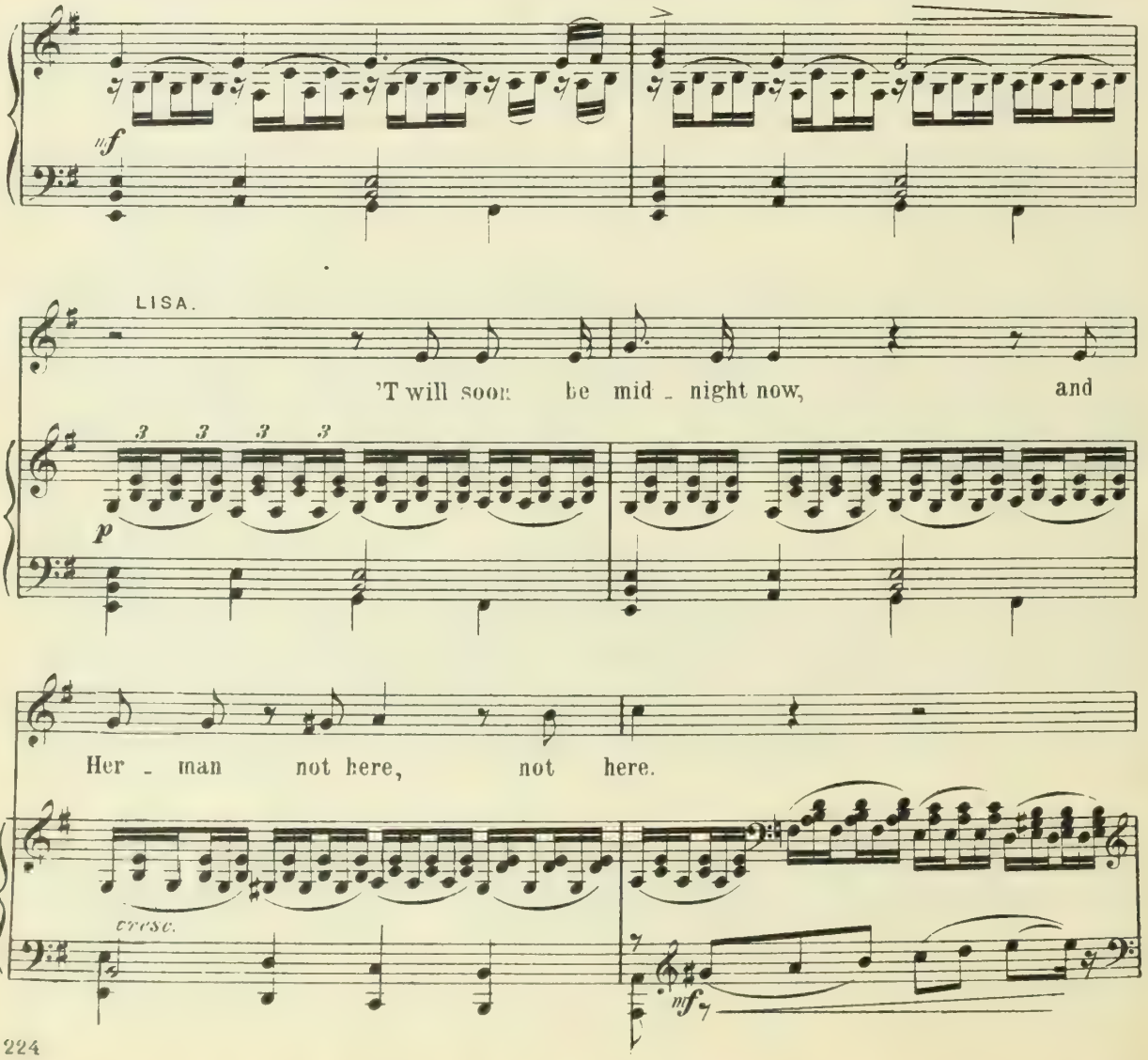
End of Fifth Scene.

№20. Scene and Arioso: Lisa.

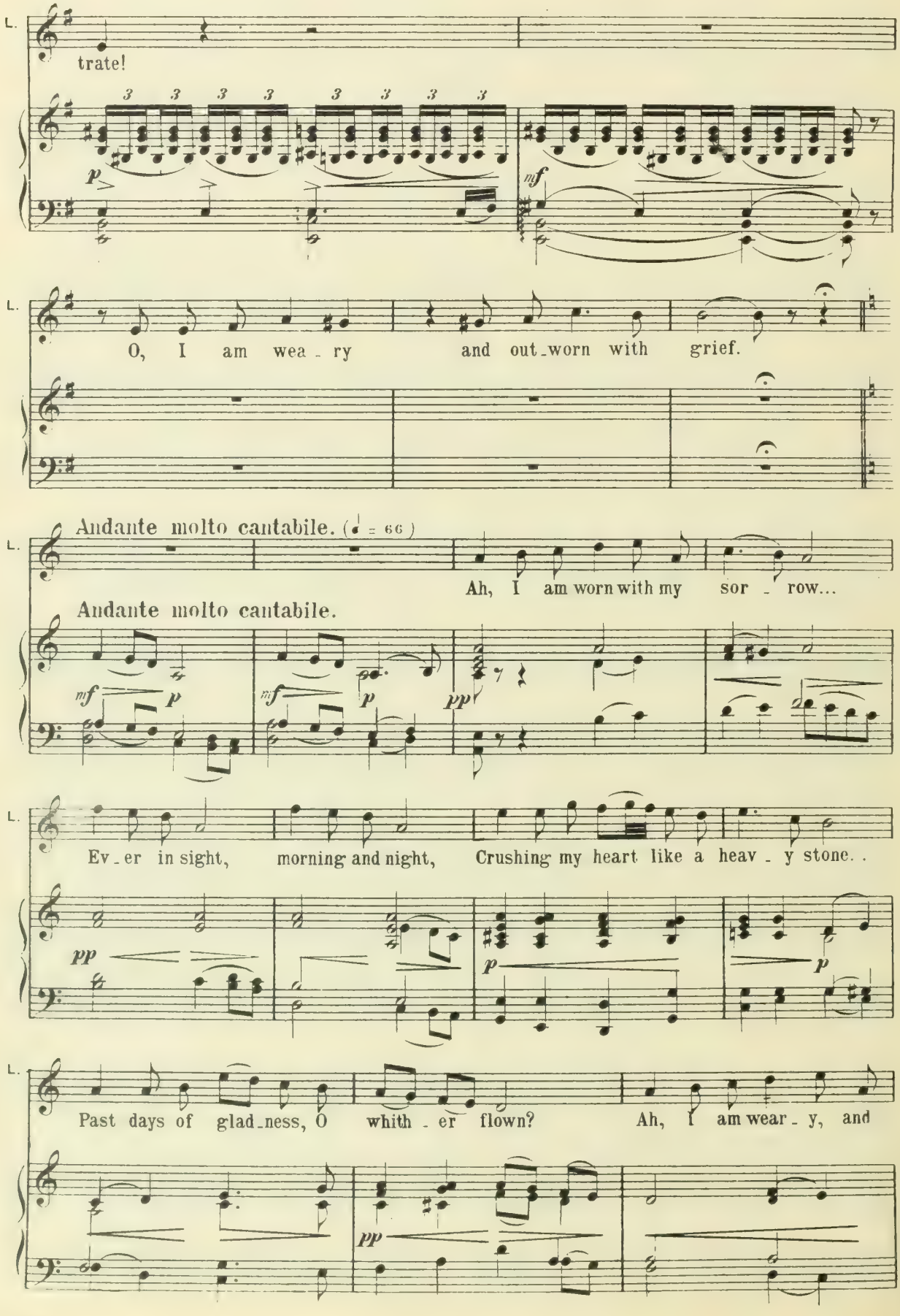


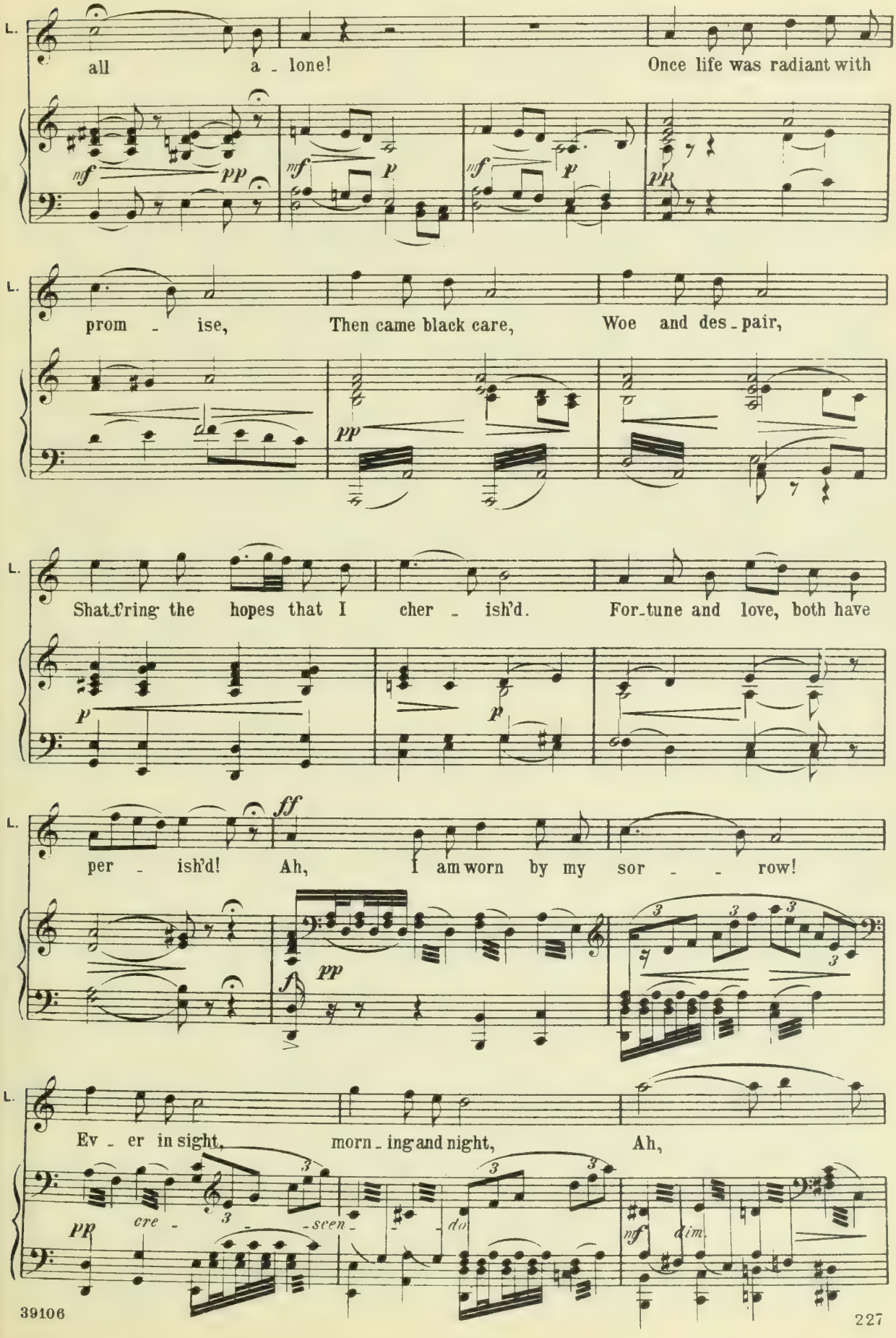


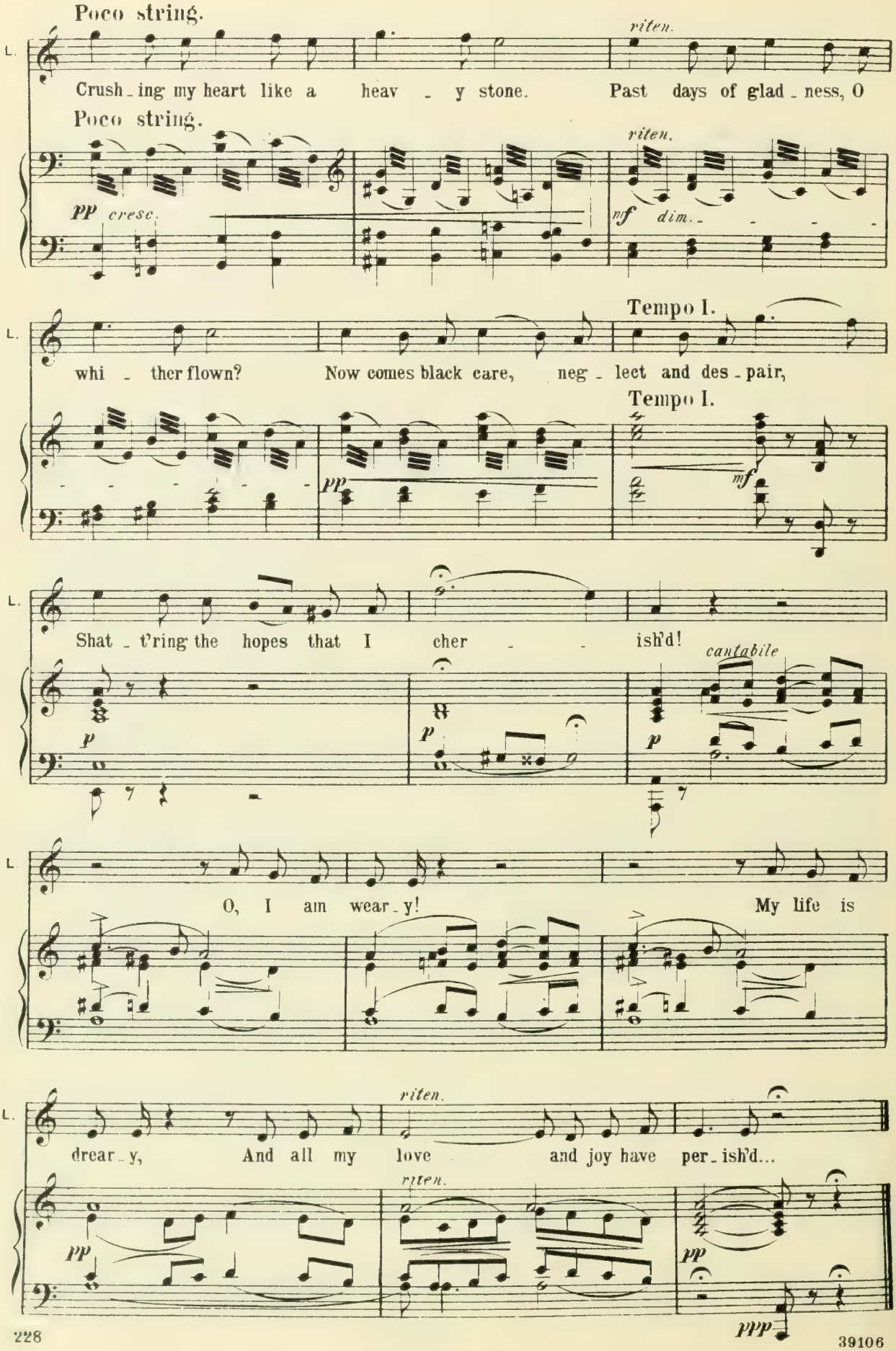
Night. The canal opposite the Winter Palace. In the back ground the Quays of the Neva, and the Peter-and-Paul Fortress in the moonlight. Under the arch, in a dark corner, sits Lisa, dressed in black




L.
f
L.
Ah, sure - ly he will
mf
f
L.
come to set at rest my an - guish.
p
f marcato
L.
'T was fate that lured him on.
sf
mf
L.
A crime so hate - ful he could not, he could not, per - pe
p

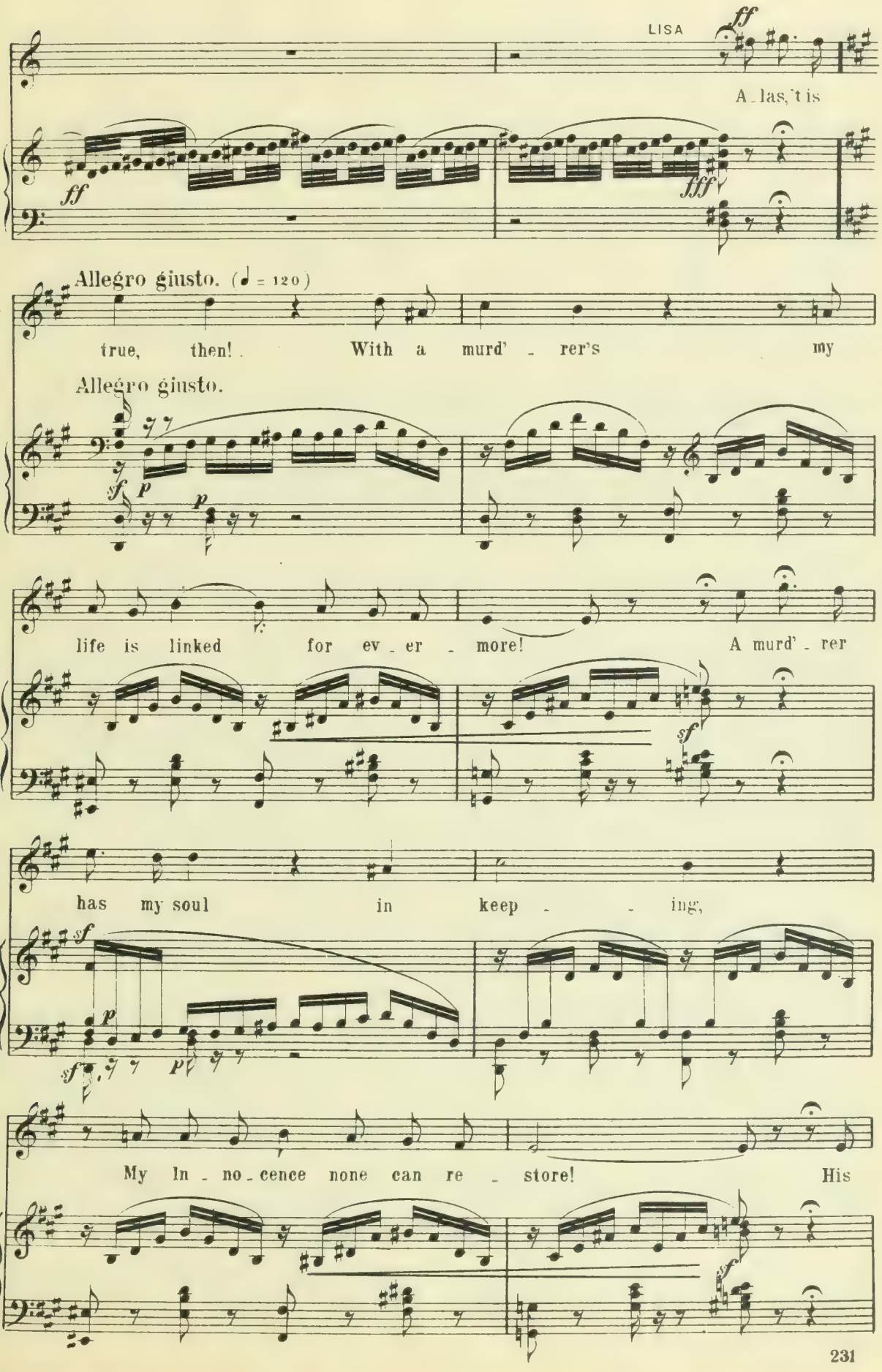

L.
trate!
p
mf
L.
O, I am wea - ry and out-worn with grief.
Andante molto cantabile. (♩ = 66)
Ah, I am worn with my sor - row...
Andante molto cantabile.
mf
p
mf
p
pp
L.
Ev-er in sight, morning and night, Crushing my heart like a heav - y stone. .
pp
p
p
L.
Past days of glad-ness, O whith - er flown? Ah, I am wear - y, and
pp

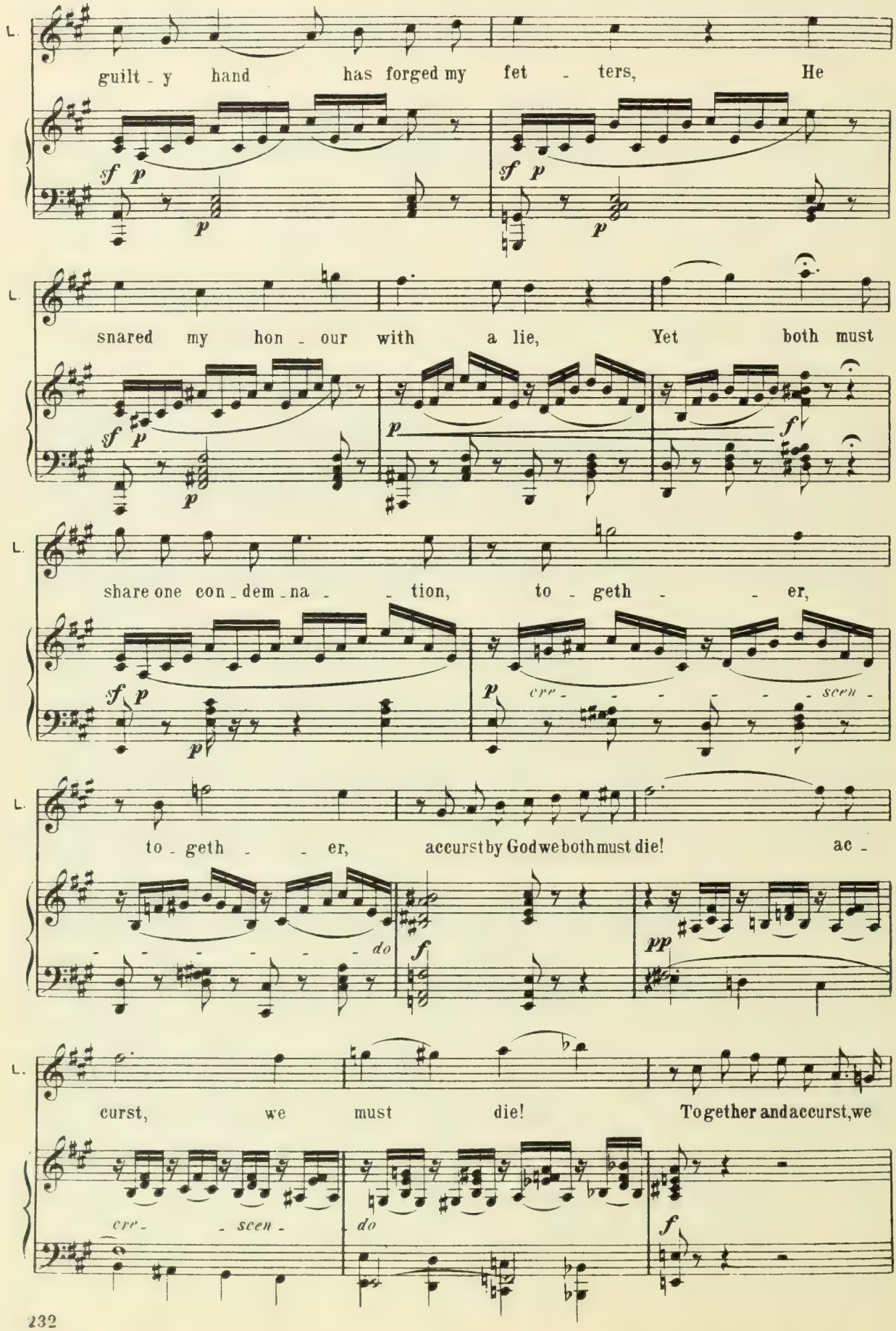

L.
all a - lone! Once life was radiant with
mf pp mf p mf p pp
L.
prom - ise, Then came black care, Woe and des - pair,
pp
L.
Shat-t'ring the hopes that I cher - ish'd. For-tune and love, both have
p p
L.
per - ish'd! Ah, I am worn by my sor - - row!
ff pp f
L.
Ev - er in sight, morn - ing and night, Ah,
pp cre - scen - do nf dim.

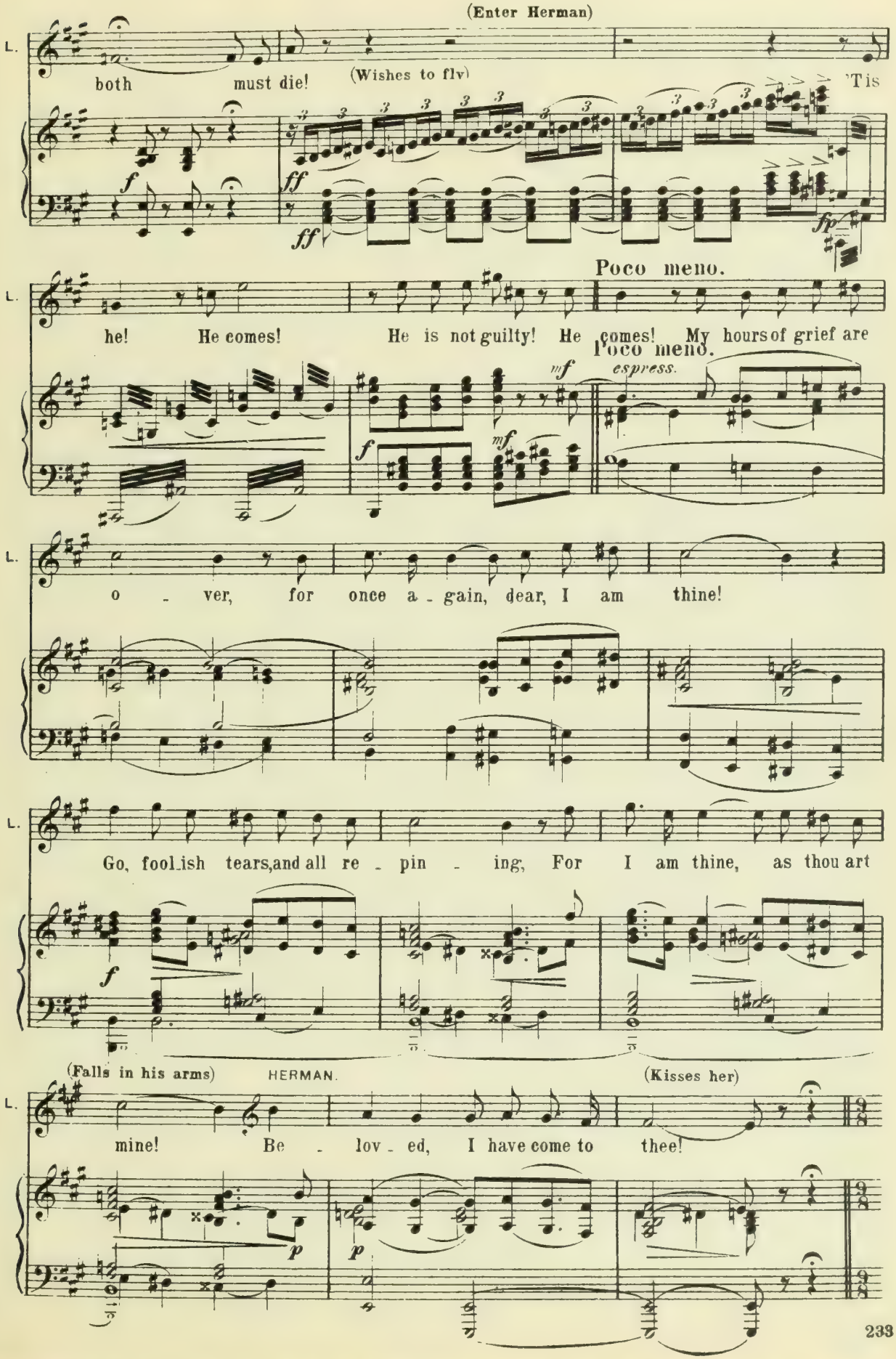

Poco string.
riten.
Crush - ing my heart like a heav - y stone. Past days of glad - ness, O
Poco string.
riten.
pp cresc.
mf dim.
Tempo I.
whi - ther flown? Now comes black care, neg - lect and des - pair,
Tempo I.
pp
mf
Shat - t'ring the hopes that I cher - - ish'd!
cantabile
p
O, I am wear - y! My life is
riten.
drear - y, And all my love and joy have per - ish'd...
riten.
pp
pp
ppp

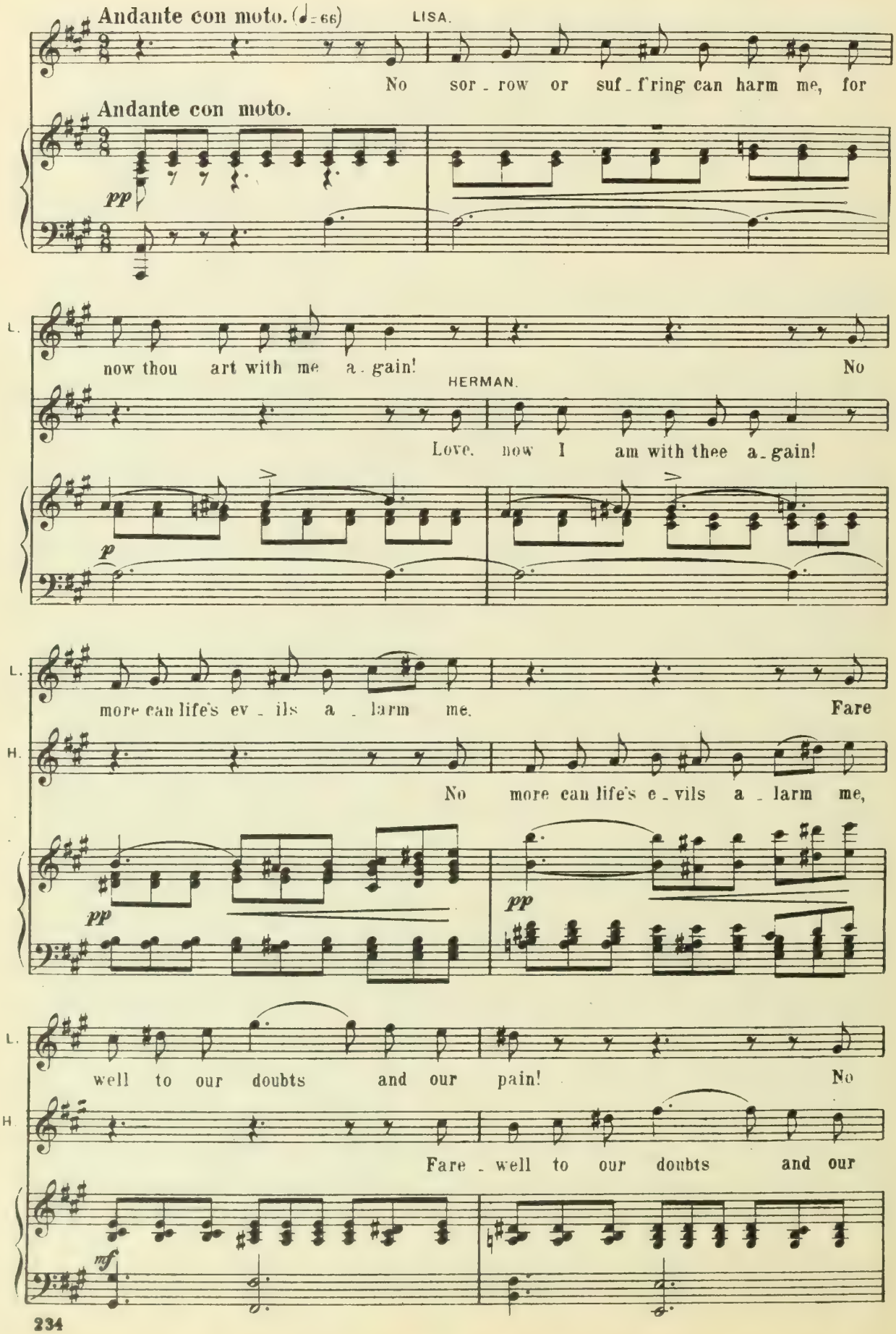

Moderato mosso. (♩ = 104)
LISA.
What if the clock strike midnight, thus ans'wring me that he is guilt - y
Moderato mosso.
PIANO.
p
and a murd' - rer? I dare not think of it!
cresc.
f
O, time,
(The clock on the tower of the fortress begins to strike.)
1
2
pp

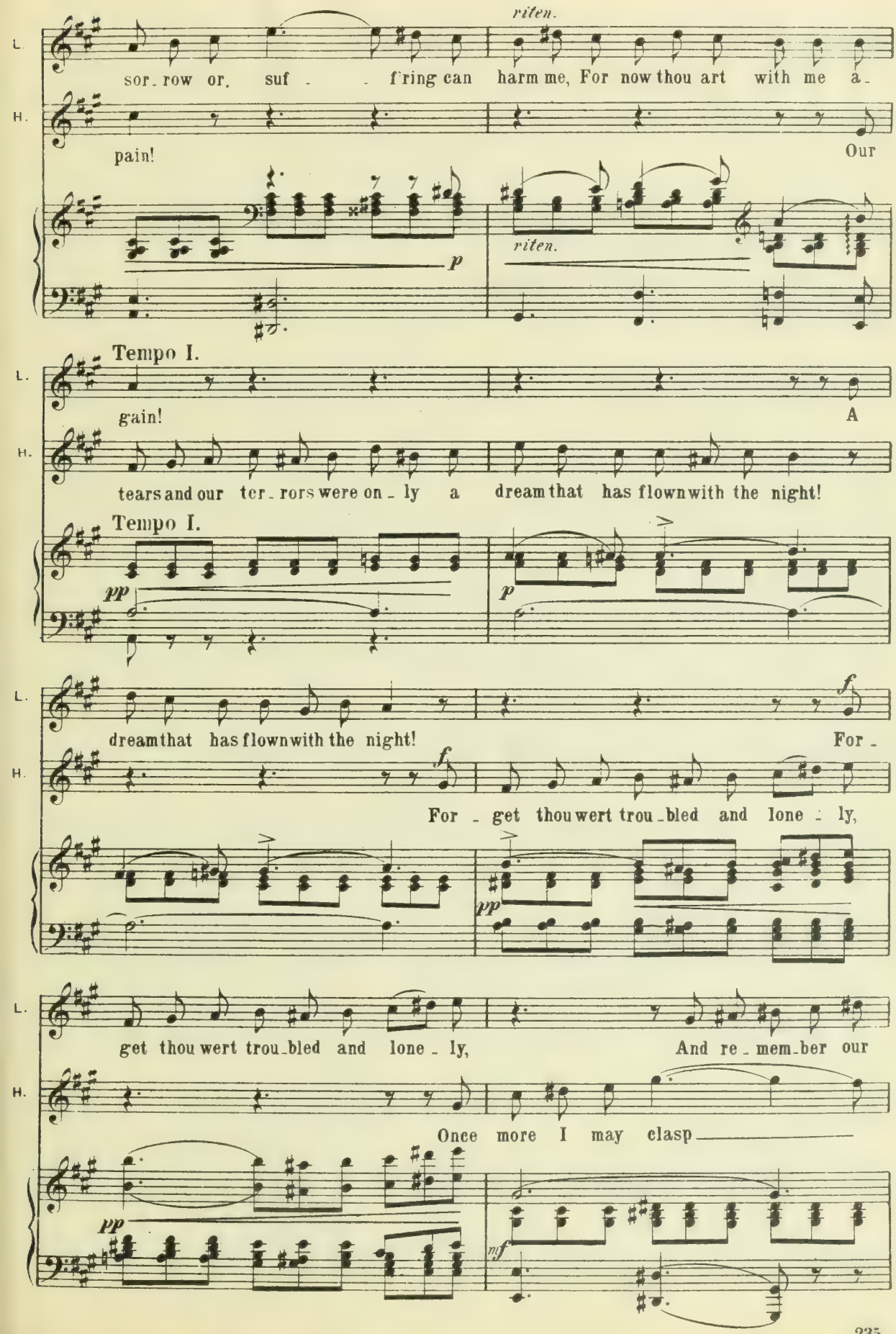

(in despair)
L.
time, re_tard your flight, he will come! Be _ lov _ ed do not fail! Come,
pp
pp
L.
come, for pity's sake, my hus _ band, my only ref _ uge!
ppp
poco
poco
cre - - - - - - scen - - - - - - do
f
dim. - - - - - - - -
pp
ppp
f


LISA
ff
A_las, 't is
fff
Allegro giusto. (♩ = 120)
L.
true, then! With a murd' - rer's my
Allegro giusto.
sf
p
L.
life is linked for ev_er - more! A murd' - rer
sf
L.
has my soul in keep - - ing,
sf
p
L.
My In - no_cence none can re - store! His
sf


L.
guilt - y hand has forged my fet - ters, He
sf p
p
sf p
p
L.
snared my hon - our with a lie, Yet both must
sf p
p
p
f
L.
share one con - dem - na - - tion, to - geth - - er,
sf p
p
p
cre - - - - - - scen -
L.
to - geth - - er, accurst by God we both must die! ac -
do
f
pp
L.
curst, we must die! Together and accurst, we
cre - - scen - do
f

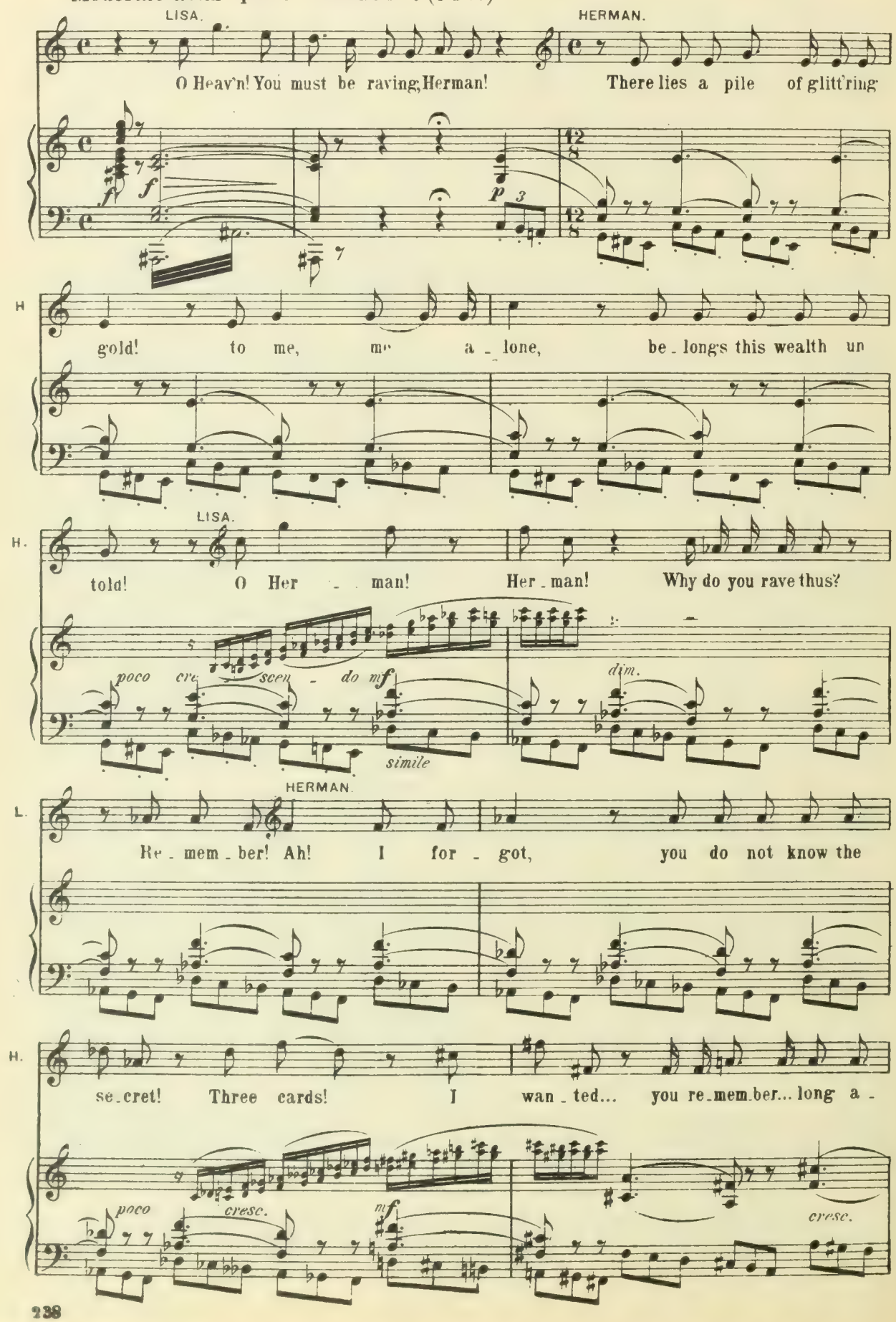

(Enter Herman)
L.
both must die!
(Wishes to fly)
'Tis
Poco meno.
he! He comes!
He is not guilty! He comes! My hours of grief are
Poco meno.
espress.
o - ver, for once a - gain, dear, I am thine!
Go, fool_ish tears, and all re - pin - ing, For I am thine, as thou art
(Falls in his arms)
HERMAN.
(Kisses her)
mine! Be - lov - ed, I have come to thee!

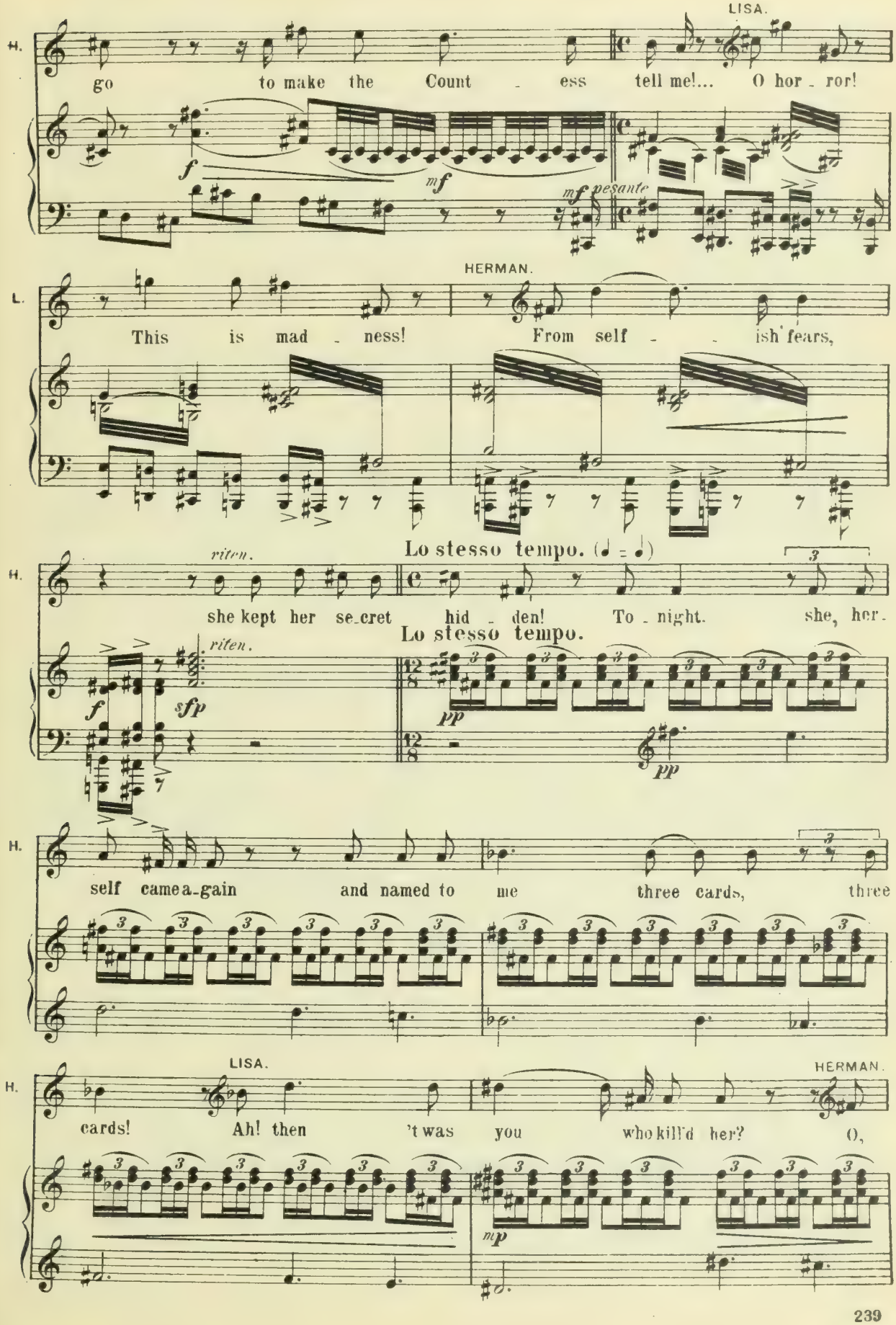

Andante con moto. (♩= 66)
LISA.
No sor - row or suf - f'ring can harm me, for
Andante con moto.
pp
L.
now thou art with me a - gain!
No
HERMAN.
Love, now I am with thee a - gain!
p
L.
more can life's ev - ils a - larm me.
Fare
H.
No more can life's e - vils a - larm me,
pp
pp
L.
well to our doubts and our pain!
No
H.
Fare - well to our doubts and our
mf

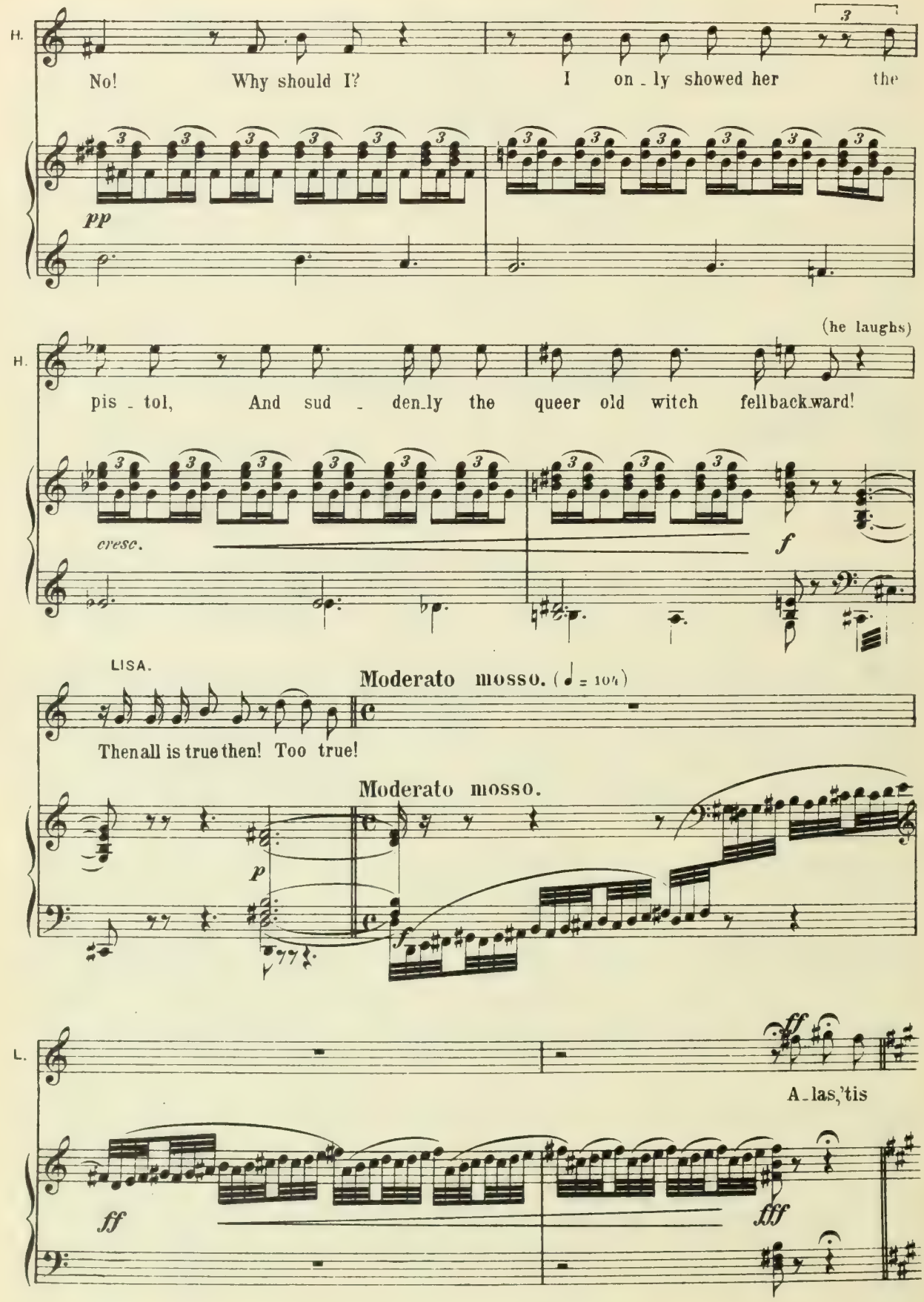

riten.
L.
sor_row or, suf - - fring can harm me, For now thou art with me a_
H.
pain!
Our
p
riten.
Tempo I.
L.
gain!
A
H.
tears and our ter_rors were on_ly a dream that has flown with the night!
Tempo I.
pp
p
L.
dream that has flown with the night!
For_
f
H.
For_get thou wert trou_bled and lone_ly,
pp
L.
get thou wert trou_bled and lone_ly,
And re_mem_ber our
H.
Once more I may clasp
pp
mf

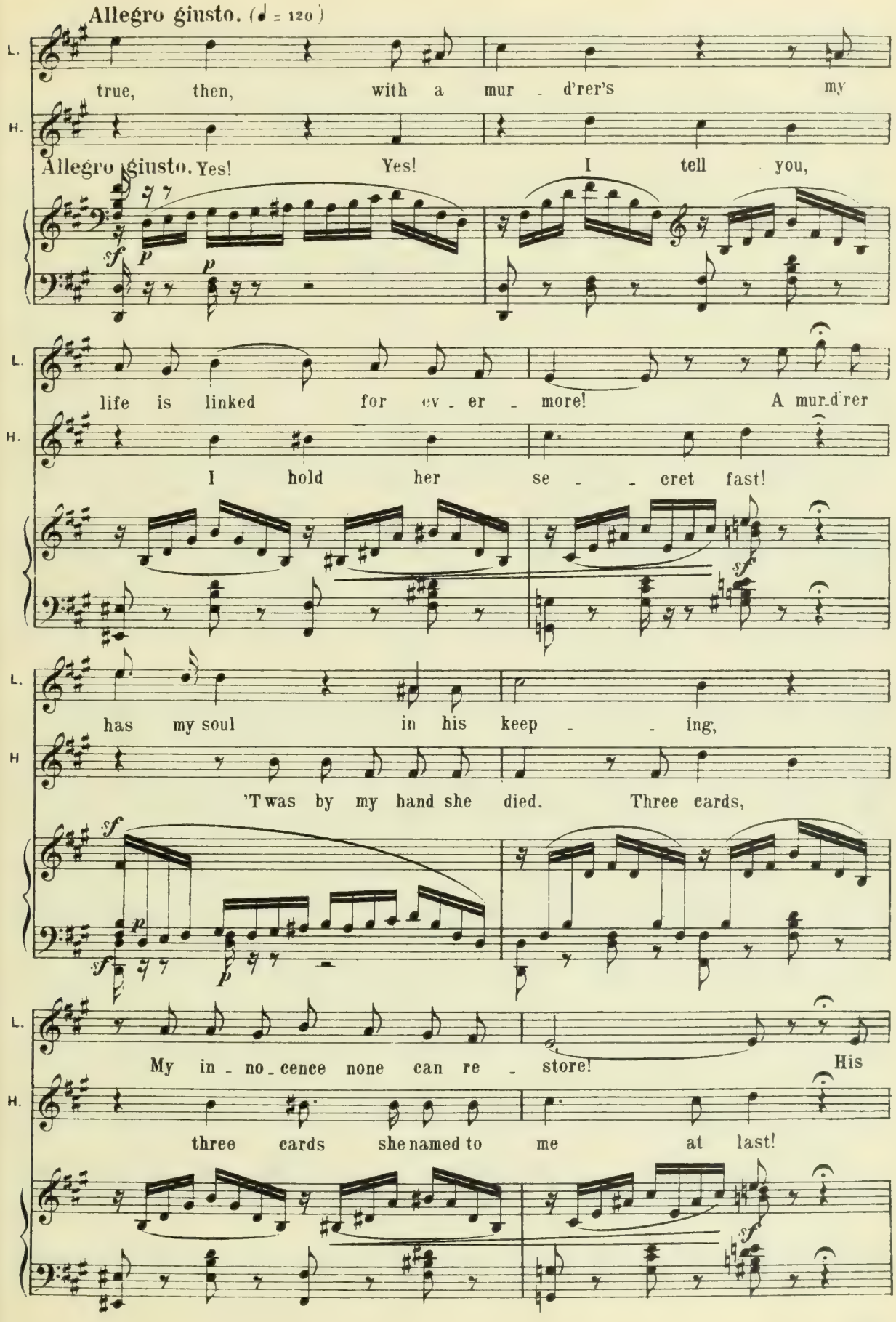

L.
love and de - light, For - get thou wert trou-bled and lone - ly,
H.
thee! I may clasp thee! For - get thou wert sad and lone - ly,
riten. molto.
L.
Our tears and ter-rors were on - ly Dreams that have flown with the night! Now a -
H.
Our tears and griefs were on - ly Dreams that have flown with the night! Now a -
riten. molto.
f
mf
p
Andante.
Andantino. (♩ = 76)
L.
gain, thou art near me, My love!
H.
gain, I may clasp thee, My love!
Andante.
pp
mf
p
Andantino.
HERMAN.
Now sweet-heart mine, we
pp
pp

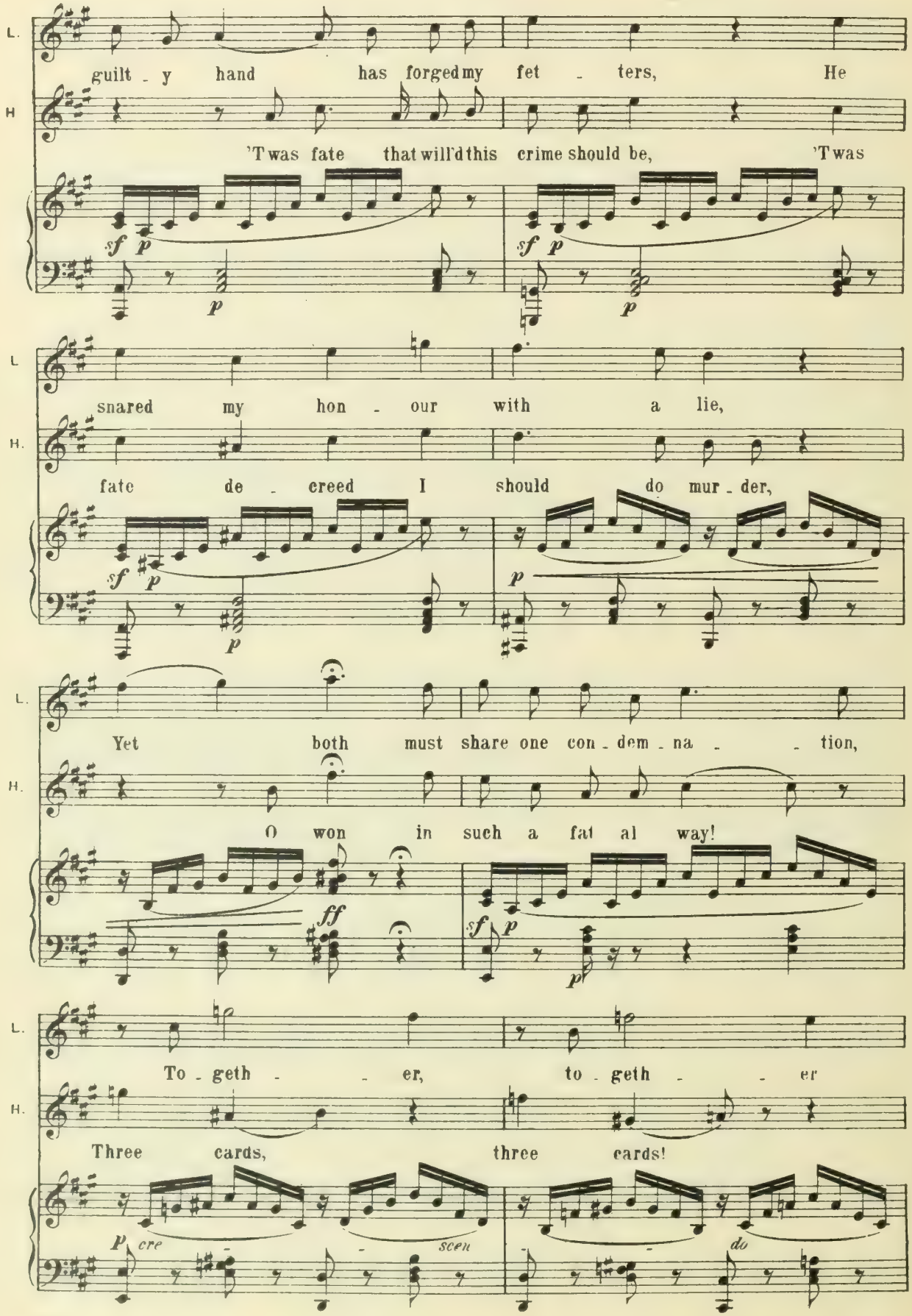

H.
must not lin - ger, the mo - ments fly... Come,
H.
LISA.
are you read - y to go? I'll fol - low you,
L.
HERMAN.
to earth's most dis - tant lim - its! Where shall we flee?
H.
a piacere
Ah where? The gaminghouse!


Moderato assai quasi andantino. (♩ = 84)
LISA.
HERMAN.
O Heav'n! You must be raving, Herman!
There lies a pile of glitt'ring
gold! to me, me a - lone, be - longs this wealth un
told! O Her - man! Her - man! Why do you rave thus?
poco cre - scen - do mf
simile
dim.
HERMAN.
Re - mem - ber! Ah! I for - got, you do not know the
se - cret! Three cards! I wan - ted... you re - mem - ber... long a -
poco
cresc.
mf
cresc.

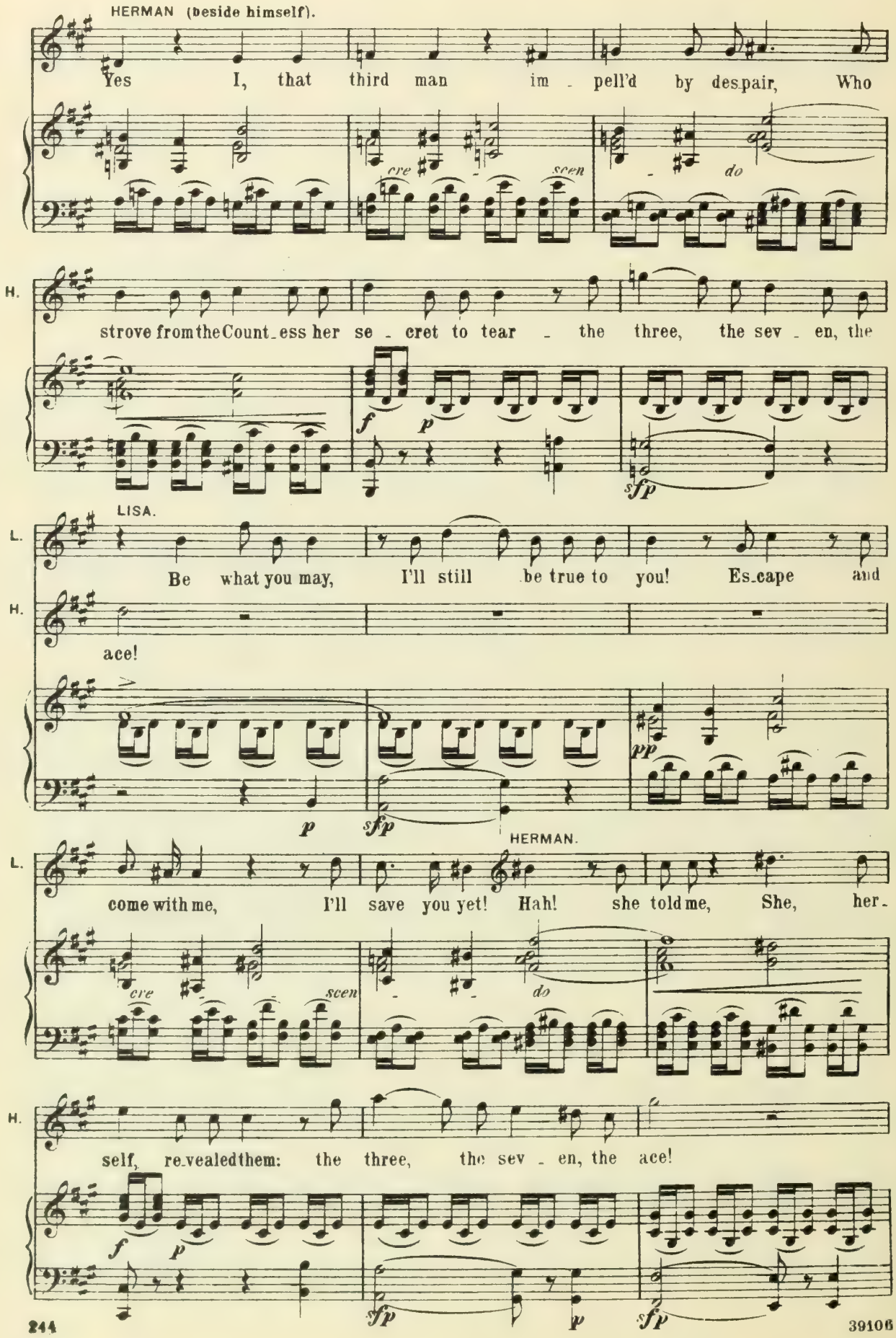

LISA.
H.
go to make the Count - ess tell me!... O hor - ror!
f
mf
mf pesante
HERMAN.
L.
This is mad - ness! From self - - ish fears,
Lo stesso tempo. (♩ = ♩)
riten.
H.
she kept her se-cret hid - den! To - night. she, her-
Lo stesso tempo.
riten.
f
sfp
pp
pp
H.
self came a-gain and named to me three cards, three
LISA.
HERMAN.
H.
cards! Ah! then 't was you who kill'd her? O,
mp


H.
No! Why should I? I on - ly showed her the
pp
H.
pis - tol, And sud - den-ly the queer old witch fell back-ward!
(he laughs)
cresc.
f
LISA.
Then all is true then! Too true!
Moderato mosso. (♩ = 104)
Moderato mosso.
p
f
L.
A - las, 'tis
ff
fff


Allegro giusto. (♩ = 120)
L.
true, then, with a mur - d'rer's my
H.
Allegro giusto. Yes! Yes! I tell you,
sf p p
L.
life is linked for ev - er - more! A mur.d'rer
H.
I hold her se - - cret fast!
sf
L.
has my soul in his keep - - ing,
H
'Twas by my hand she died. Three cards,
sf p sf p
L.
My in - no - cence none can re - store! His
H.
three cards she named to me at last!
sf


L.
guilt - y hand has forged my fet - ters, He
H
'T was fate that will'd this crime should be, 'T was
sf p
p
sf p
p
L
snared my hon - our with a lie,
H.
fate de - creed I should do mur - der,
sf p
p
p
L.
Yet both must share one con - dem - na - - tion,
H.
O won in such a fat al way!
ff
sf p
p
L.
To - geth - - er, to - geth - - er
H.
Three cards, three cards!
p cre - scen - do


L.
ac_curst by God, we both must die! Ac
H.
Yes, fate de_creed I should do
f
pp
L.
curst we must die!
H.
mur_der. O won in such a fat_al
cre_ scen_ do
L
To_gether, and ac_curst, we both must die! Ah no!
H.
way! For my three cards the price I pay!
Più Allegro. (♩ = 132)
Più Allegro.
f
f
sf
p
p
L.
It can_not be! You rave, poor Her_man!
fp
p

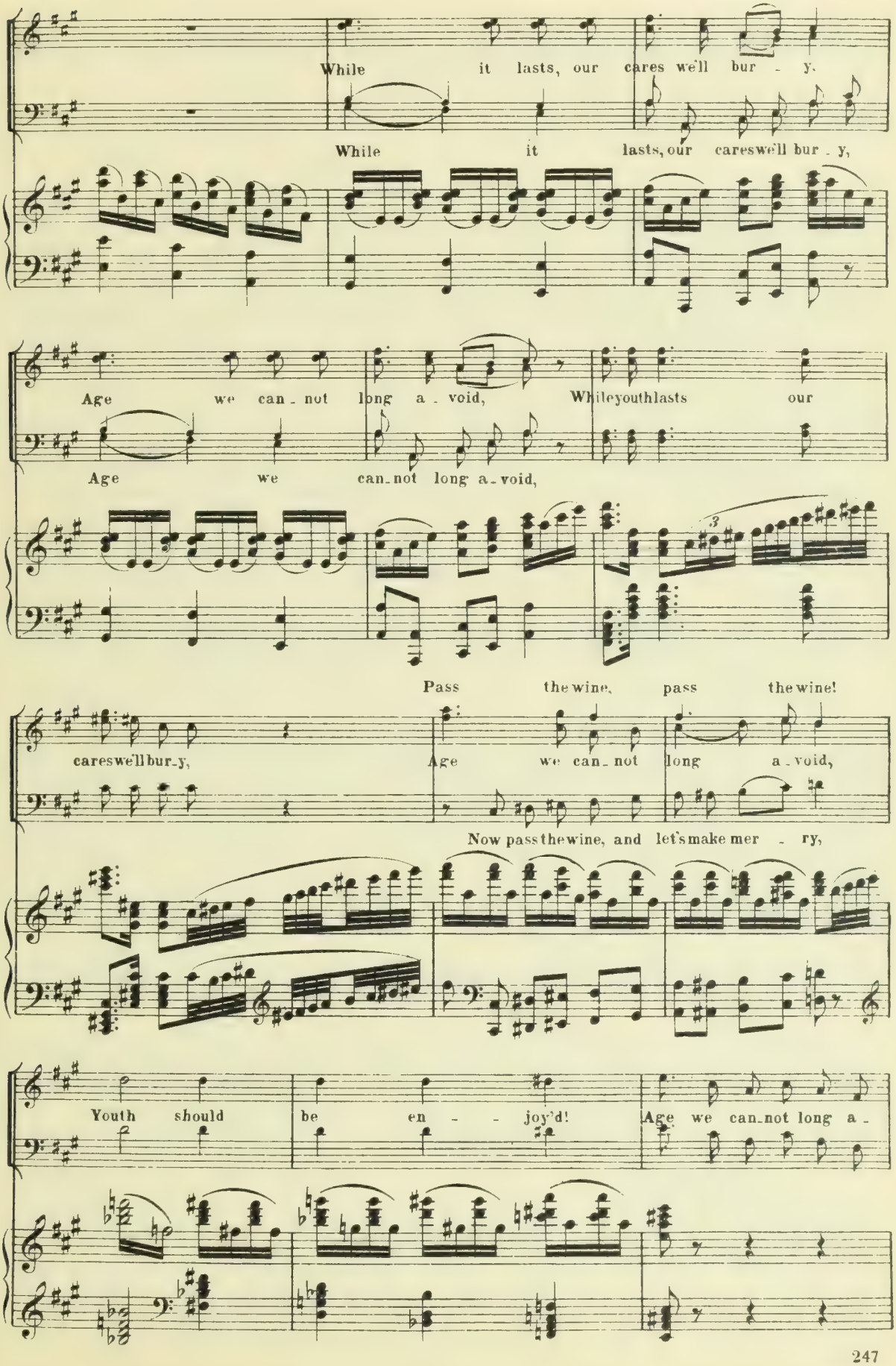

HERMAN (beside himself).
Yes I, that third man im - pell'd by despair, Who
cre
scen
do
H.
strove from the Count - ess her se - cret to tear - the three, the sev - en, the
f
p
sfp
LISA.
L.
Be what you may, I'll still be true to you! Es - cape and
H.
ace!
pp
p
sfp
HERMAN.
L.
come with me, I'll save you yet! Hah! she told me, She, her -
cre
scen
do
H.
self, re - vealed them: the three, the sev - en, the ace!
f
p
sfp
p
sfp



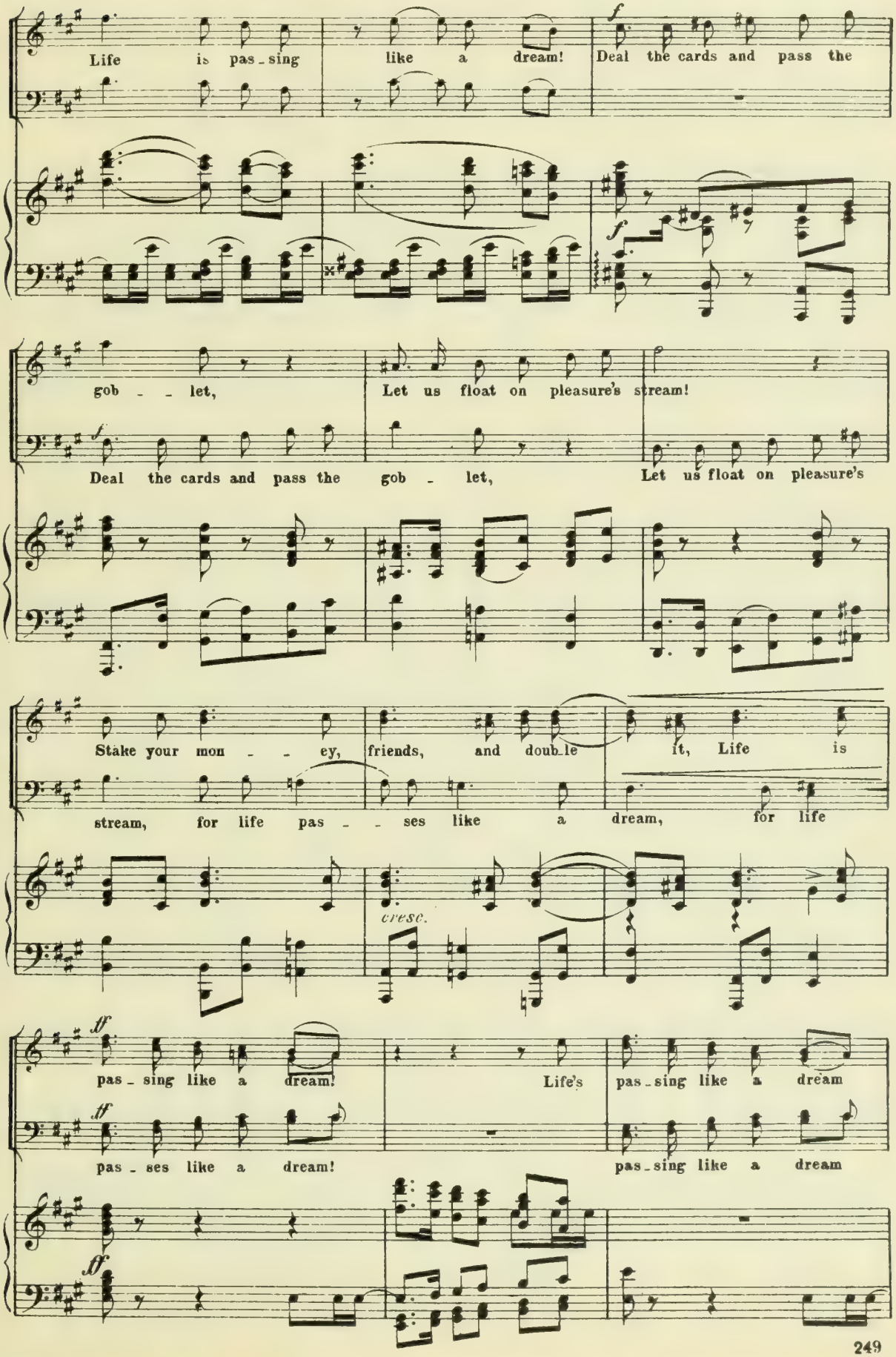
End of 6th Scene.

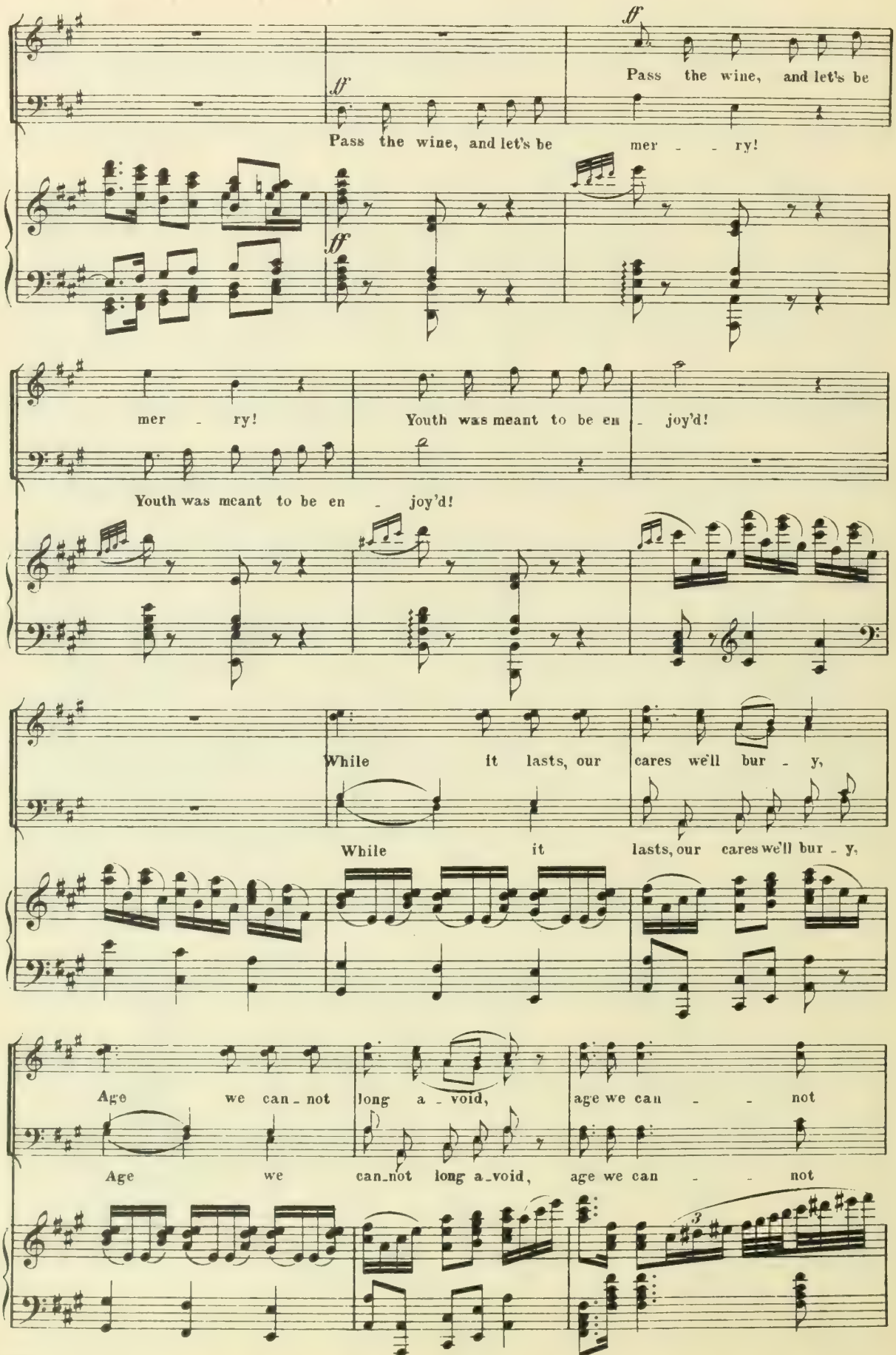
№ 22. Chorus and scene.



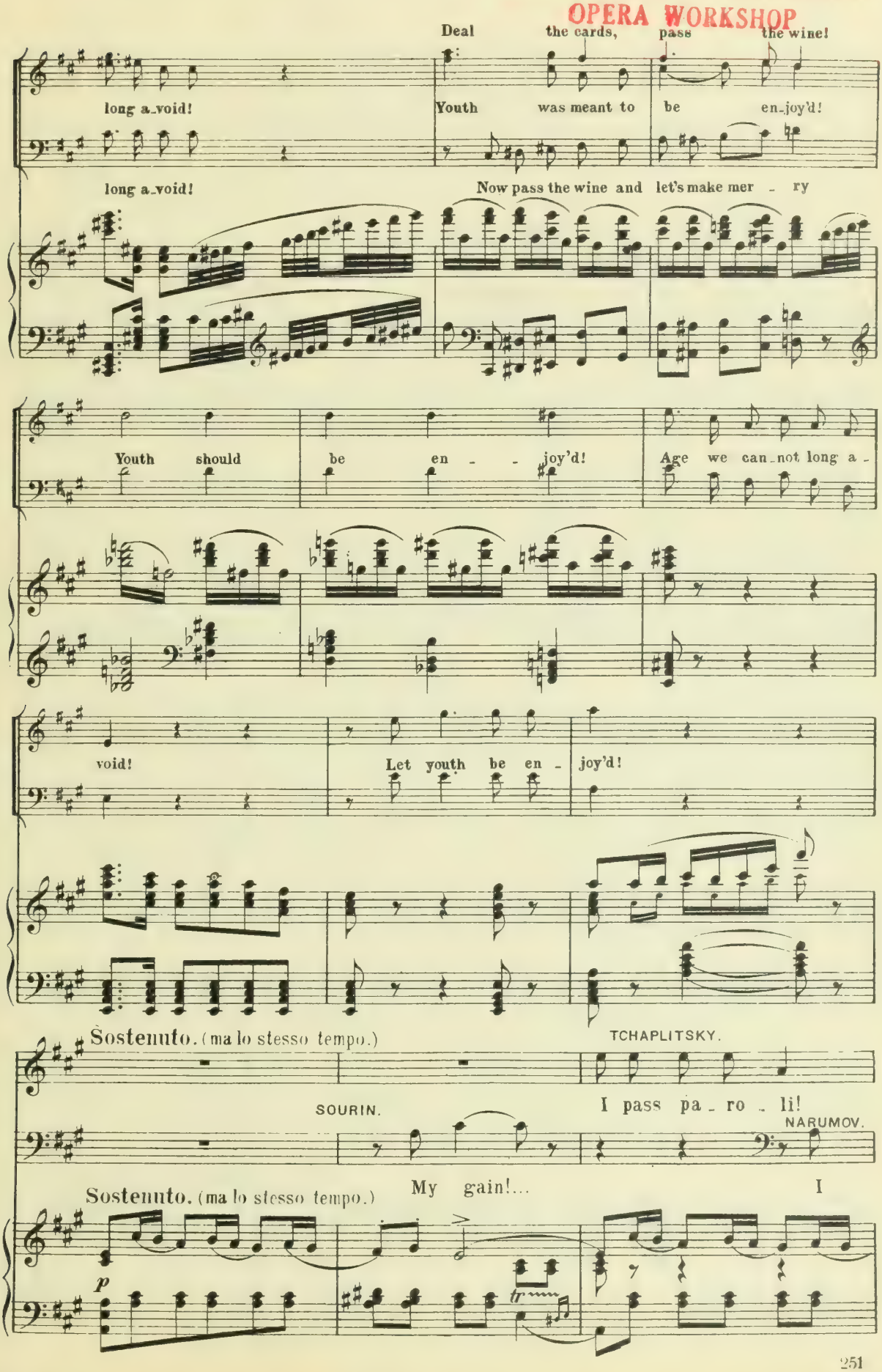

While it lasts, our cares we'll bur - y.
While it lasts, our cares we'll bur - y,
Age we can - not long a - void,
While youth lasts our
Age we can - not long a - void,
Pass the wine, pass the wine!
cares we'll bur - y,
Age we can - not long a - void,
Now pass the wine, and let's make mer - ry,
Youth should be en - joy'd!
Age we can - not long a -

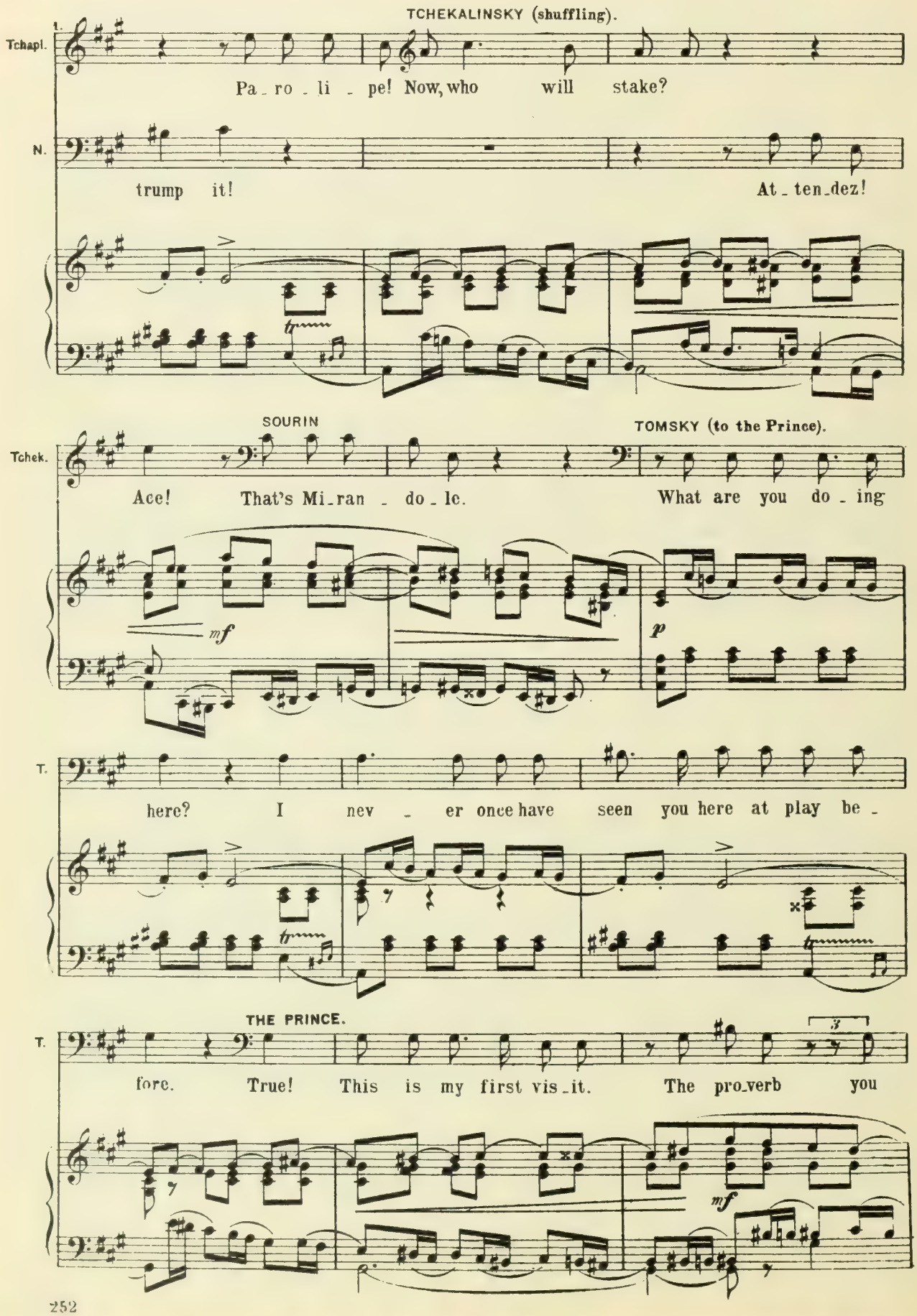

void,
Let youth be en_joy'd!
mf
Deal the cards and
p
pass the gob - - let,
Let us float on pleasure's stream!
mf
Deal the cards and
pass the gob - - let,
Let us float on pleasure's
p
mf
p
stream!
Stake your mon - - ey,
friends, and double it,
mf

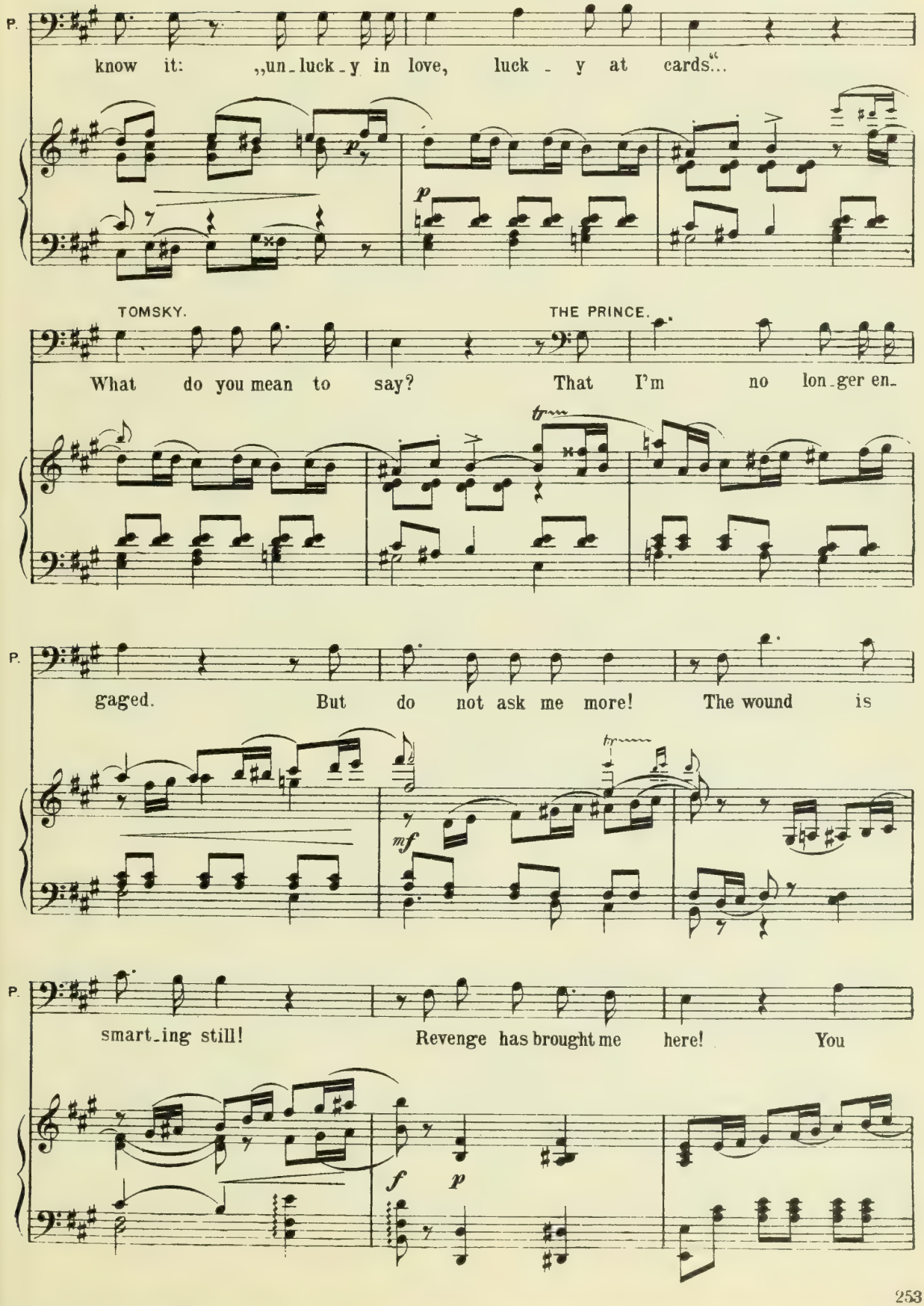

Life is pas - sing like a dream!
Deal the cards and pass the
gob - - let,
Let us float on pleasure's stream!
Deal the cards and pass the gob - let,
Let us float on pleasure's
Stake your mon - - ey, friends, and doub - le it, Life is
stream, for life pas - - ses like a dream, for life
cresc.
pas - sing like a dream!
Life's pas - sing like a dream
pas - ses like a dream!
pas - sing like a dream

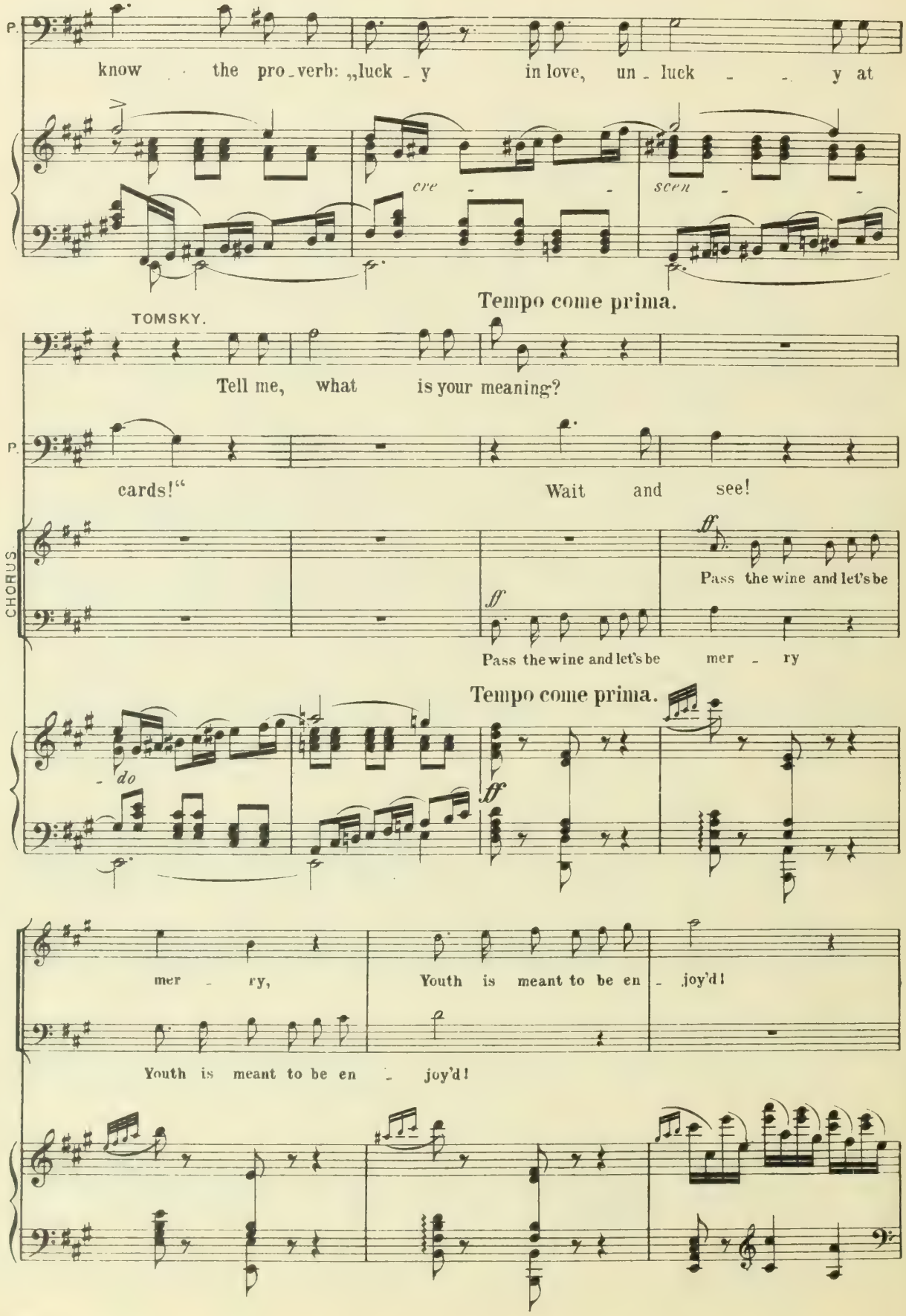

ff
Pass the wine, and let's be
mer - - ry!
mer - ry!
Youth was meant to be en - joy'd!
While it lasts, our cares we'll bur - y,
Age we can - not long a - void,
age we can - - not

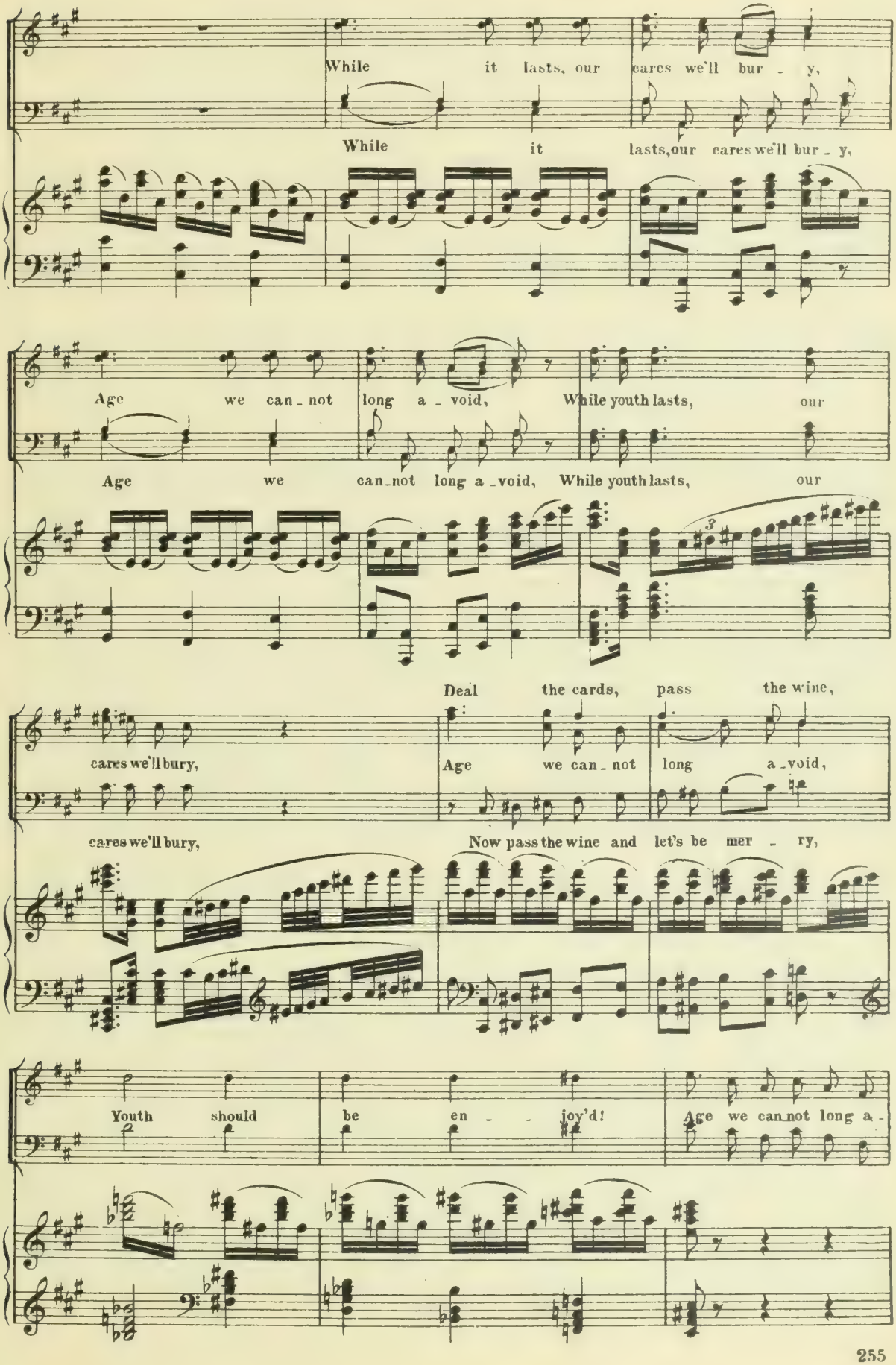
Property of
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY
OPERA WORKSHOP

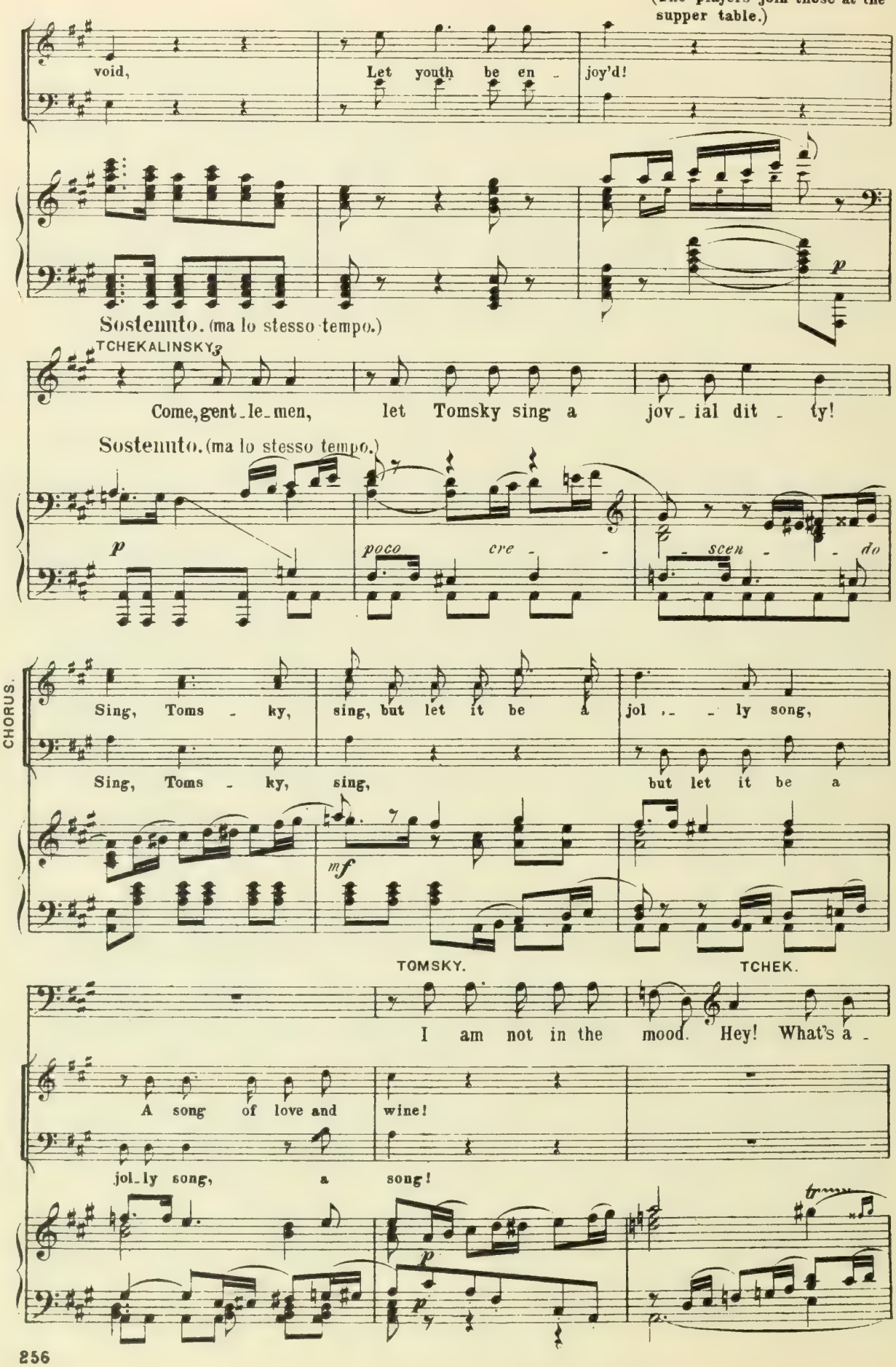


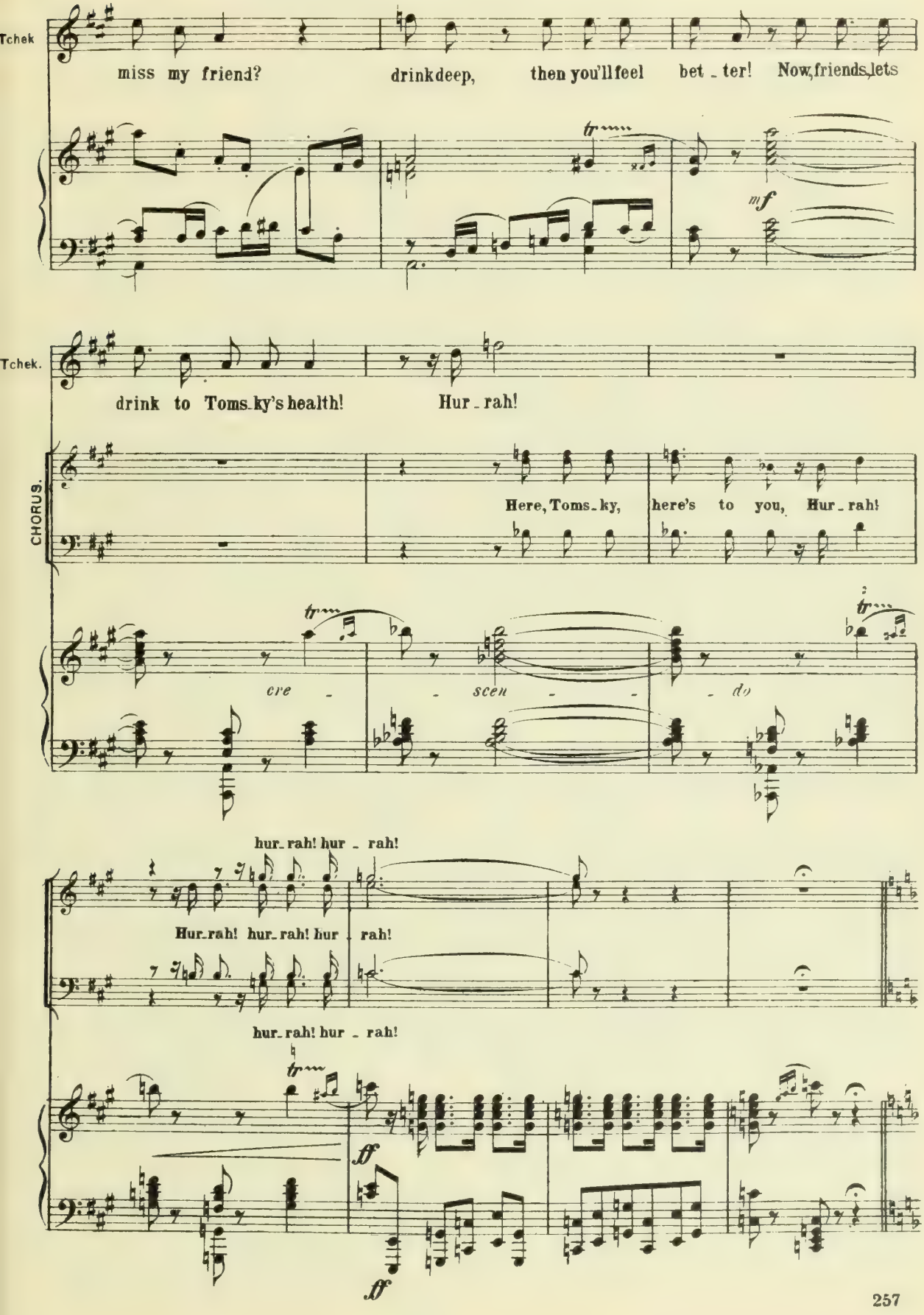

TCHEKALINSKY (shuffling).
Tchapl.
Pa_ro_li_pe! Now, who will stake?
N.
trump it!
At_ten_dez!
SOURIN
TOMSKY (to the Prince).
Tchek.
Ace! That's Mi_ran_do_le.
What are you do_ing
mf
p
T.
here? I nev_er once have seen you here at play be_
THE PRINCE.
T.
fore. True! This is my first vis_it.
The pro_verb you
mf


P.
know it: „un-luck-y in love, luck - y at cards“...
p
TOMSKY.
THE PRINCE.
What do you mean to say? That I'm no lon-ger en-
tr
P.
gaged. But do not ask me more! The wound is
mf
P.
smart-ing still! Revenge has brought me here! You
f
p


P.
know the pro_verb: „luck_y in love, un_luck_y at
cre_scen_
Tempo come prima.
TOMSKY.
Tell me, what is your meaning?
P.
cards!“ Wait and see!
CHORUS
ff
Pass the wine and let's be
ff
Pass the wine and let's be mer_ry
Tempo come prima.
do
ff
mer_ry, Youth is meant to be en_joy'd!
Youth is meant to be en_joy'd!

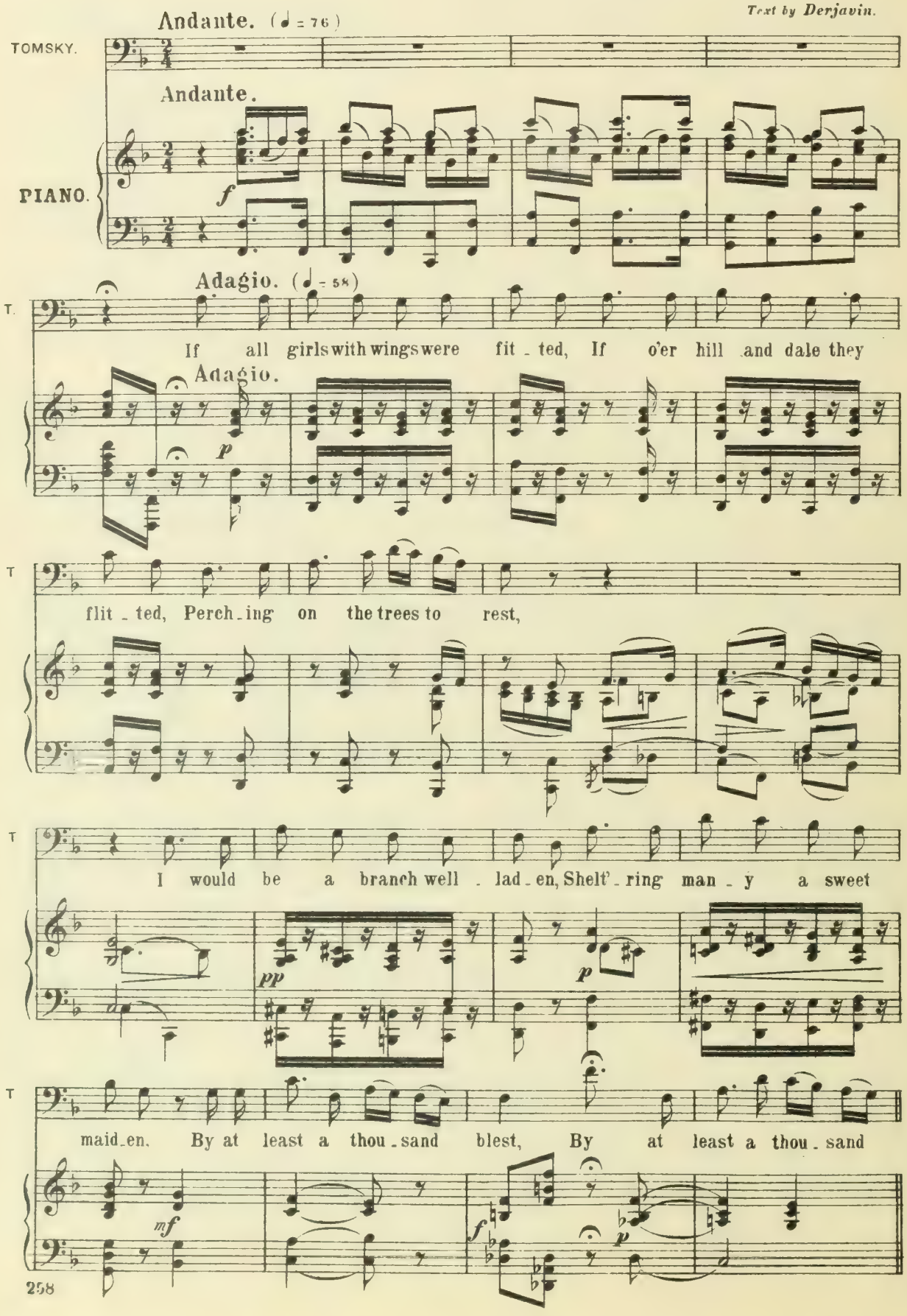

While it lasts, our cares we'll bur - y,
While it lasts, our cares we'll bur - y,
Age we can - not long a - void,
While youth lasts, our
Age we can - not long a - void,
While youth lasts, our
Deal the cards, pass the wine,
cares we'll bury,
Age we can - not long a - void,
cares we'll bury,
Now pass the wine and let's be mer - ry,
Youth should be en - joy'd!
Age we can not long a -

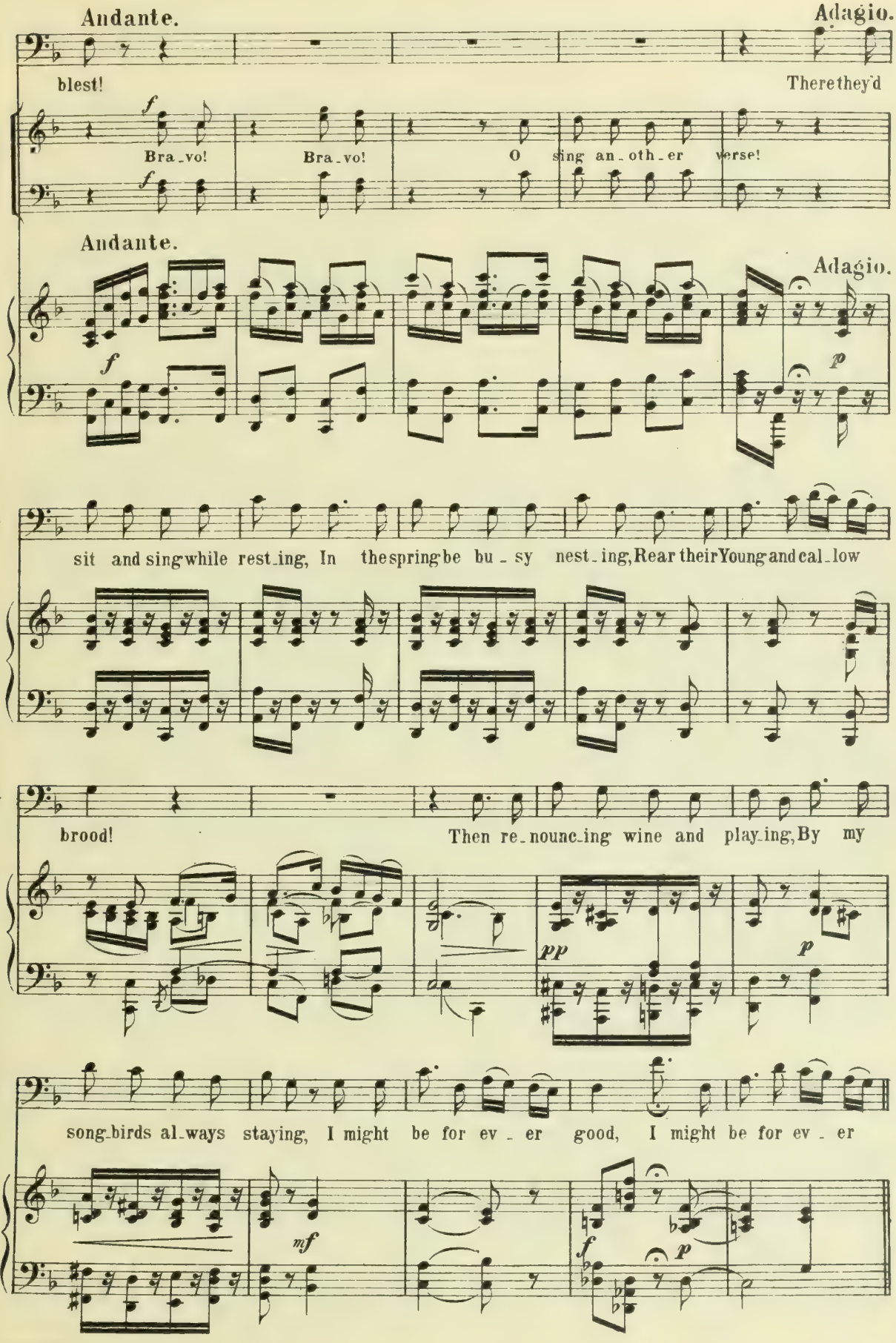

(The players join those at the supper table.)
void,
Let youth be en -
joy'd!
p
Sostenuto. (ma lo stesso tempo.)
TCHEKALINSKY.
Come, gent-le-men, let Tomsky sing a jov-ial dit - ty!
Sostenuto. (ma lo stesso tempo.)
p
poco cre - - scen - - do
CHORUS.
Sing, Toms - ky, sing, but let it be a jol - - ly song,
Sing, Toms - ky, sing, but let it be a
mf
TOMSKY.
TCHEK.
I am not in the mood. Hey! What's a -
A song of love and wine!
jol-ly song, a song!
p
p

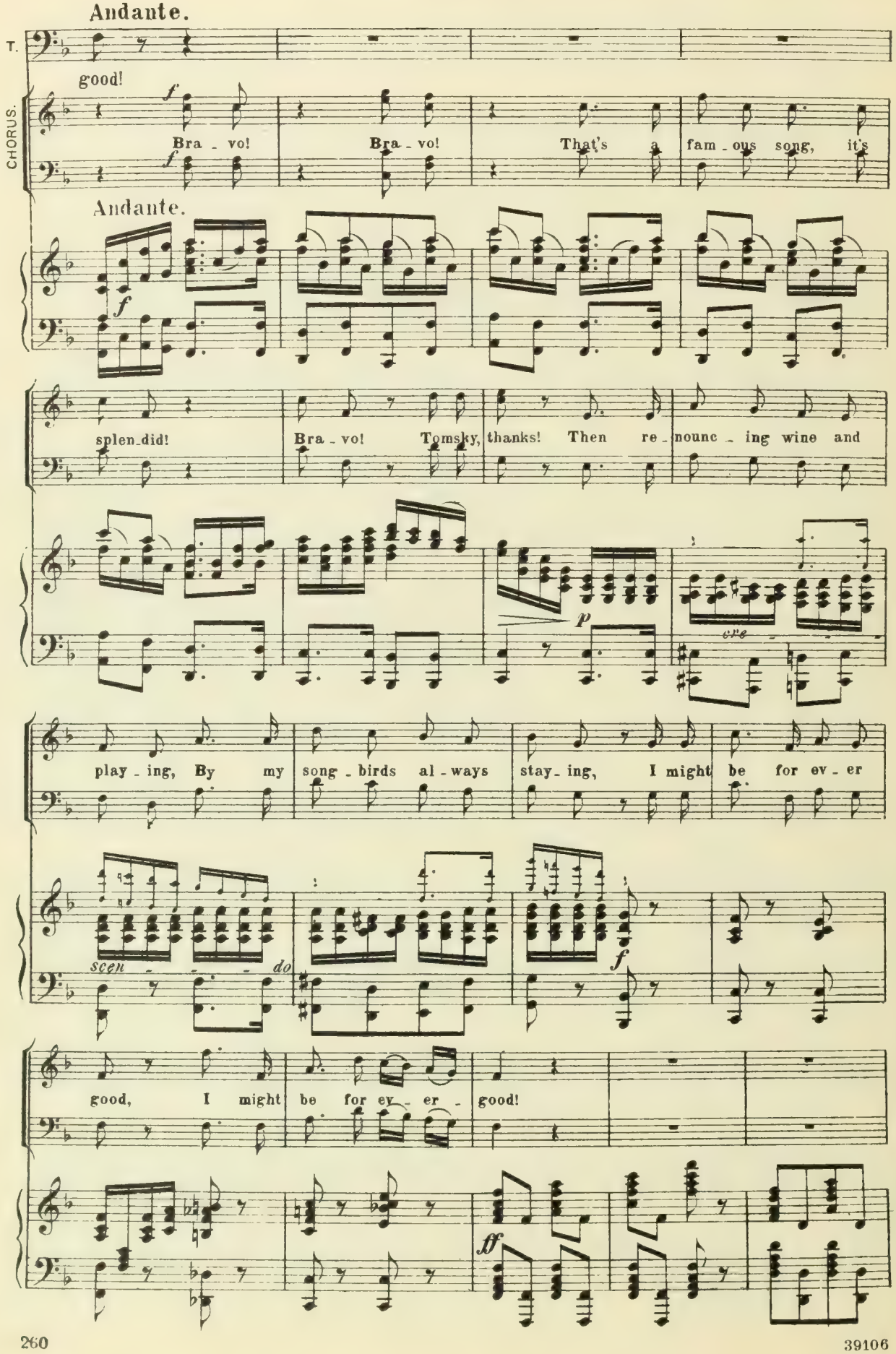

Tchek
miss my friend?
drink deep,
then you'll feel
bet - ter!
Now, friends, lets
mf
Tchek.
drink to Toms-ky's health!
Hur - rah!
CHORUS.
Here, Toms-ky,
here's to you,
Hur - rah!
cre - scen - do
hur-rah! hur - rah!
Hur-rah! hur-rah! hur - rah!
hur-rah! hur - rah!
ff
ff

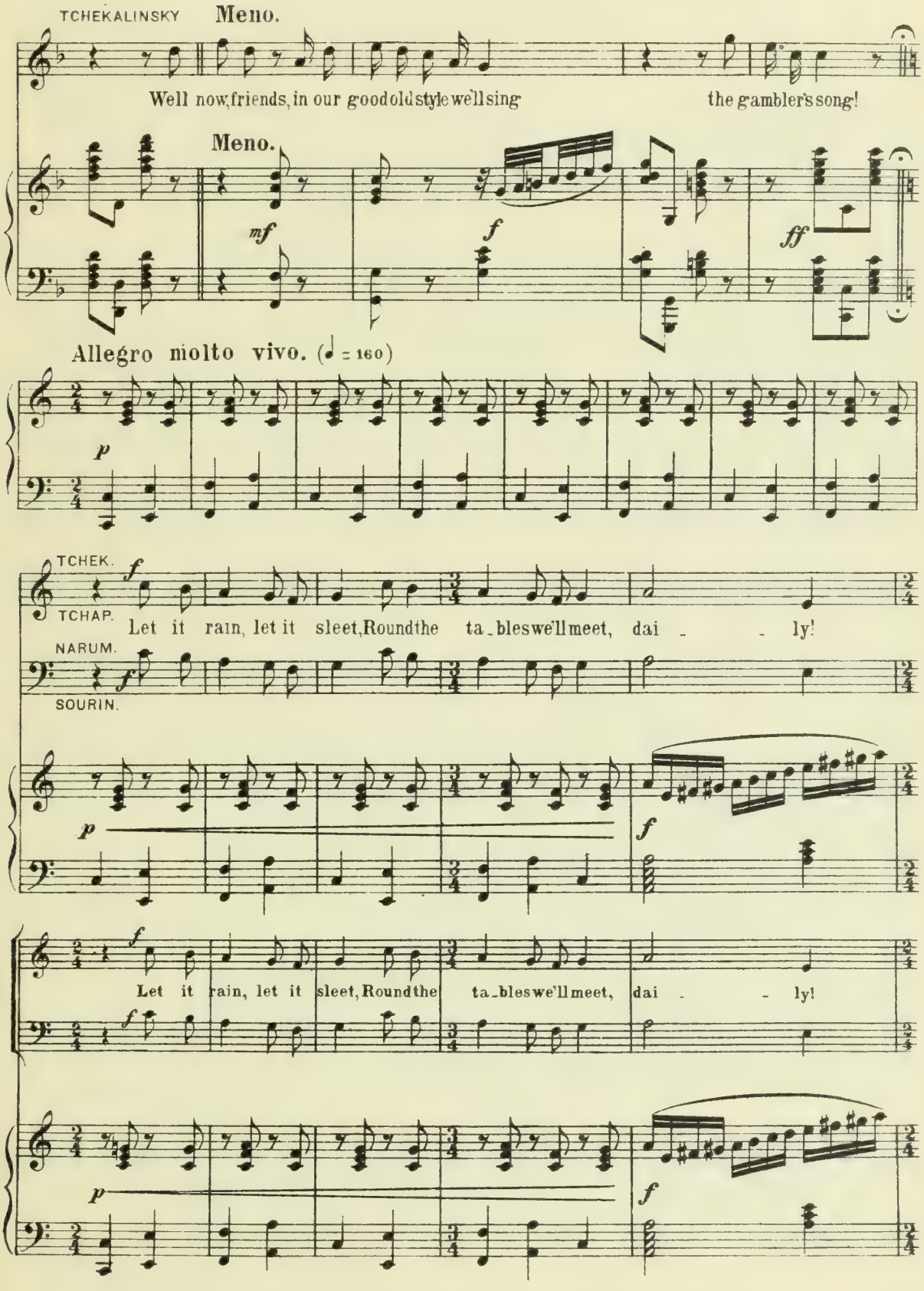
№ 23. Tomsky's Song and Chorus of Gamblers.

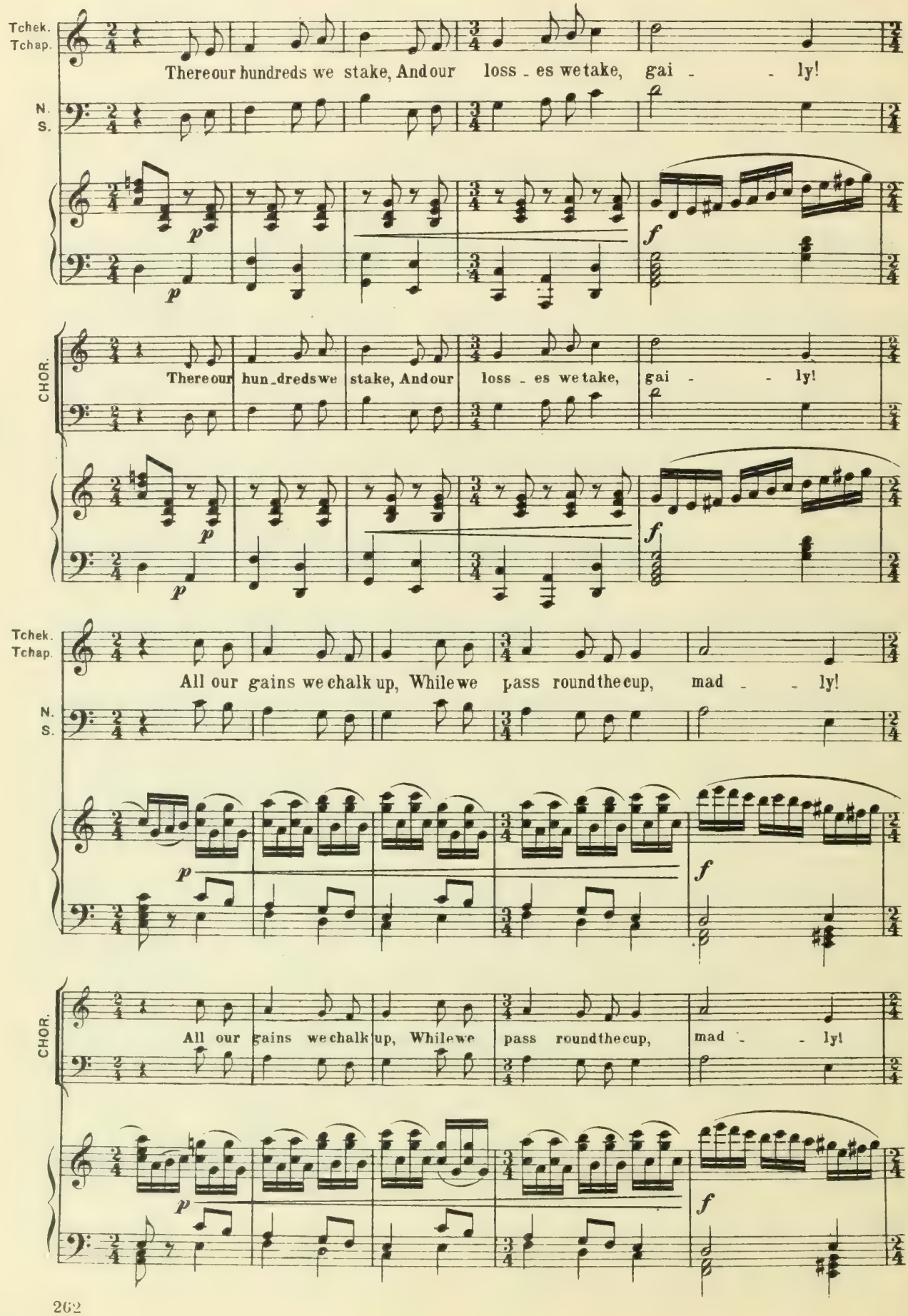
Text by Derjavin.

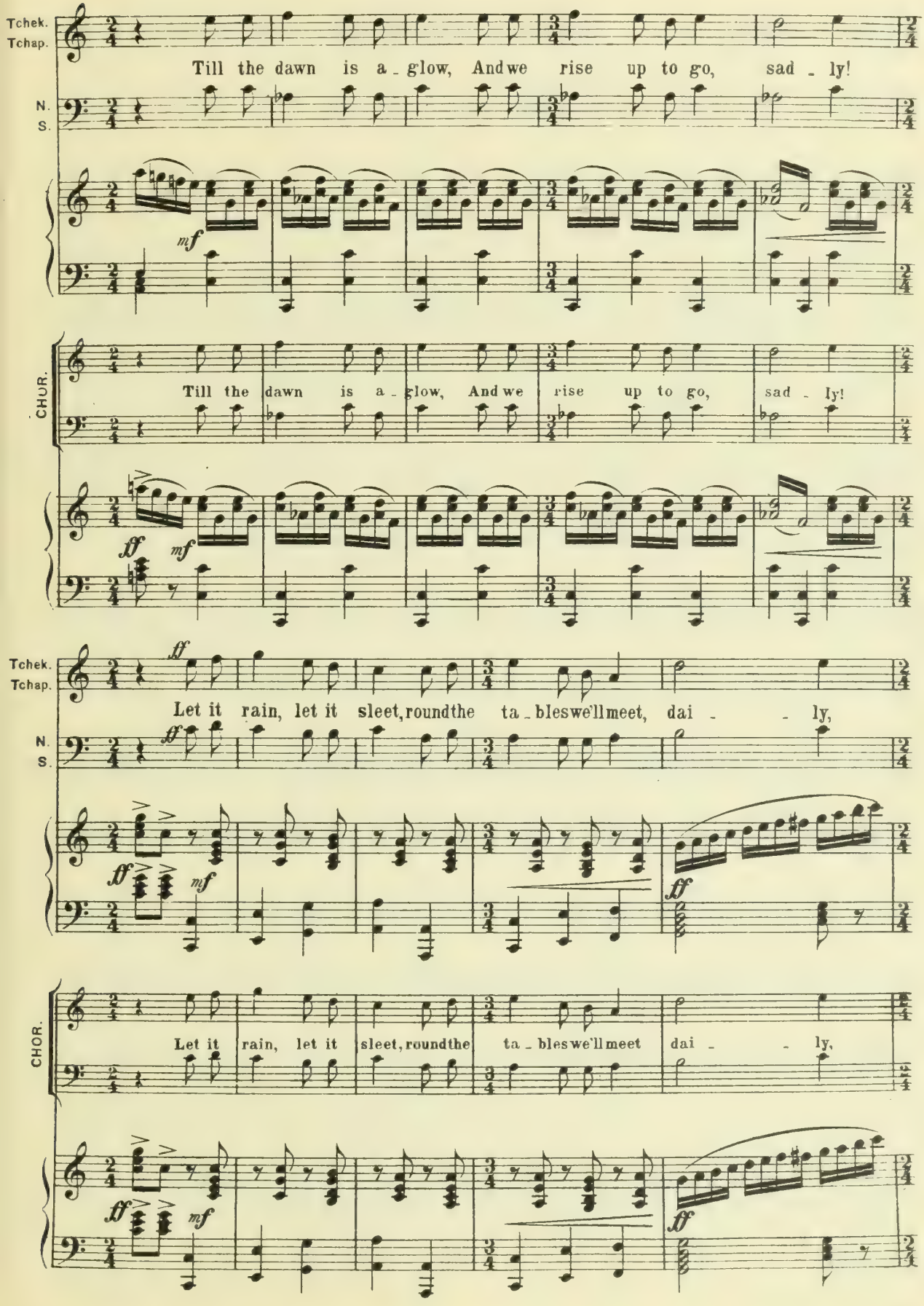


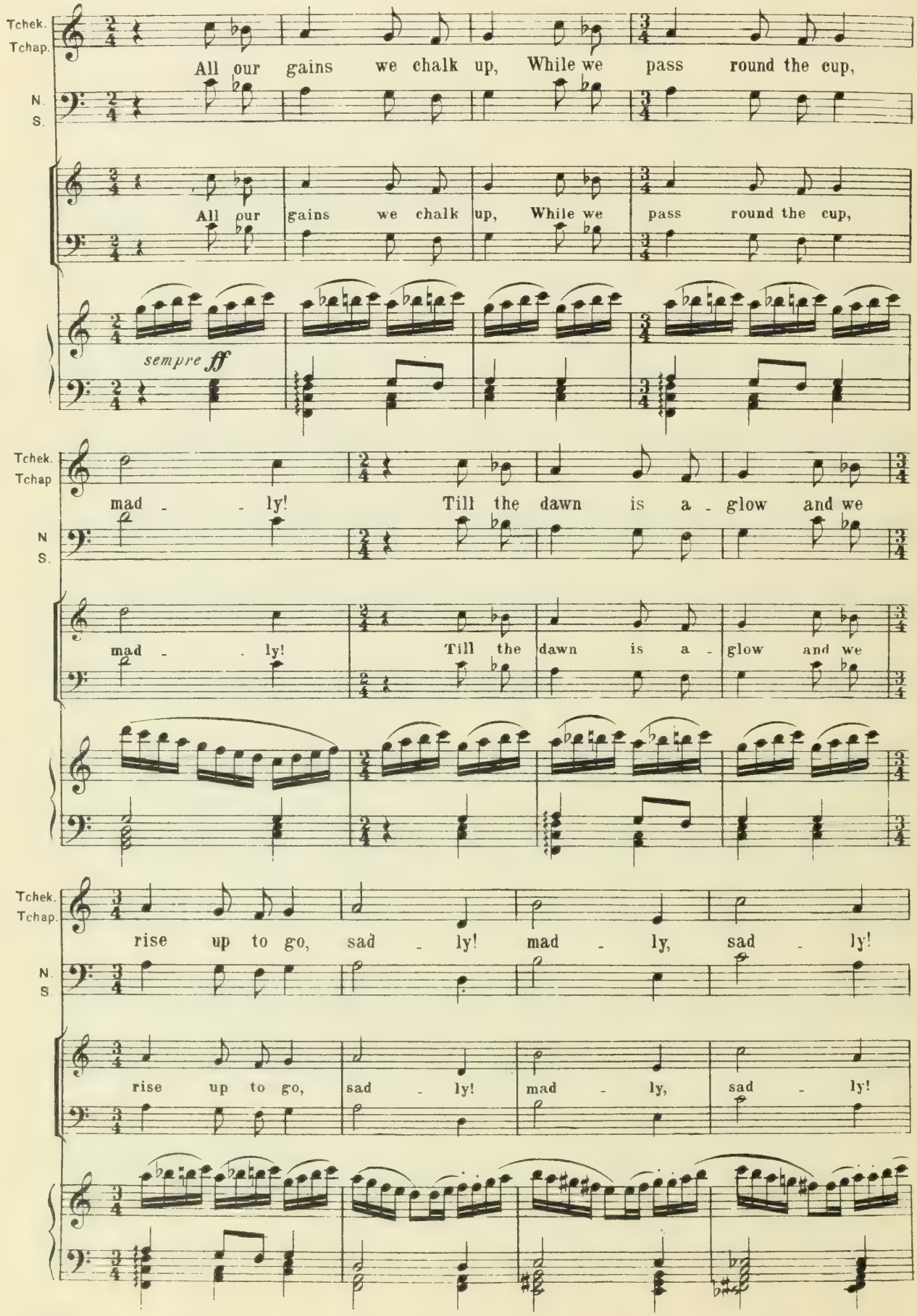

Andante.
Adagio.
T.
blest!
There they'd
CHORUS.
f
Bra_vo!
Bra_vo!
O sing an_oth_er verse!
Andante.
Adagio.
f
p
T.
sit and sing while rest_ing, In the spring be bu_sy nest_ing, Rear their Young and cal_low
T.
brood!
Then re_nounc_ing wine and play_ing, By my
pp
p
T.
song_birds al_ways staying, I might be for ev_er good, I might be for ev_er
mf
f
p

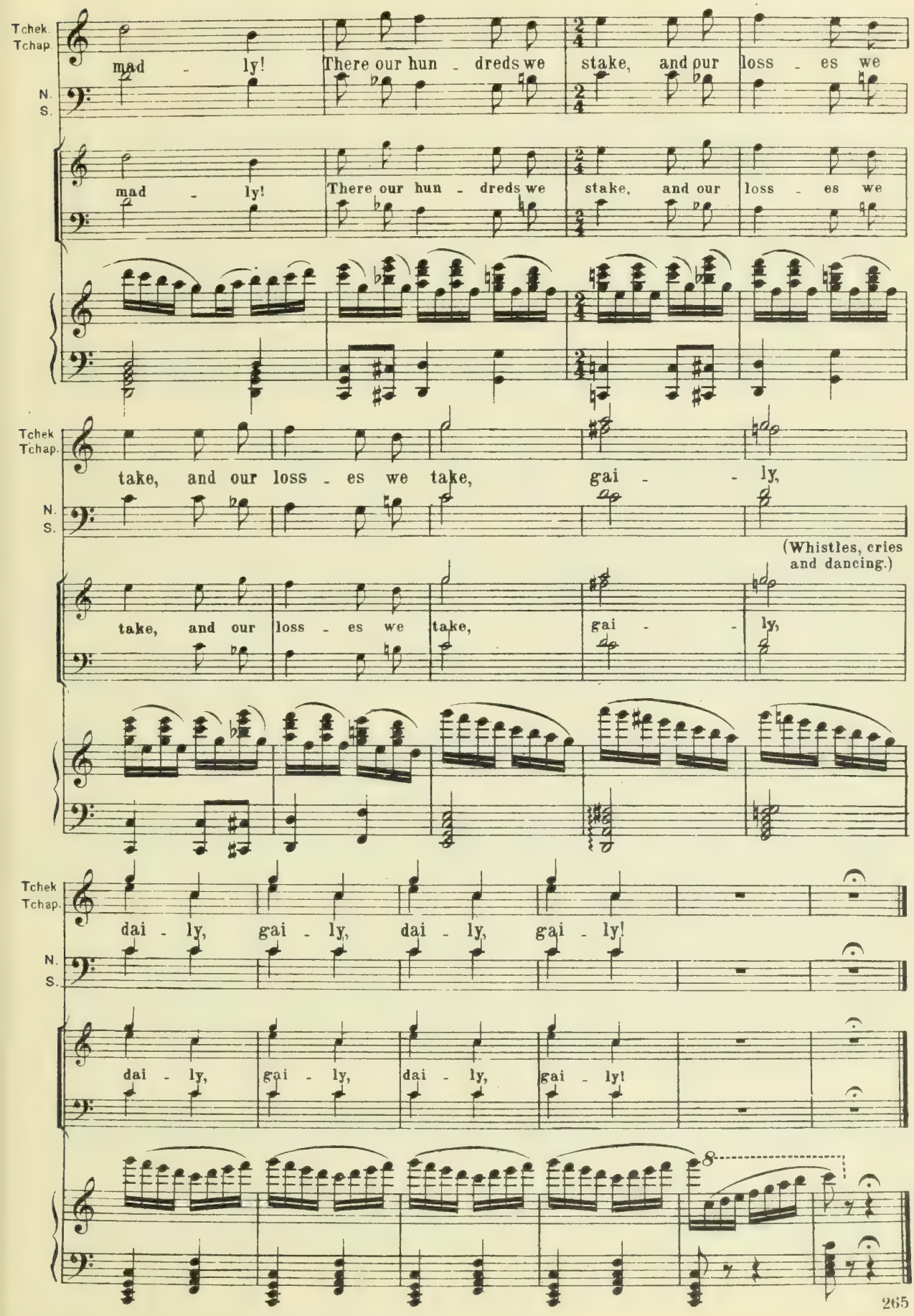

Andante.
T.
good!
CHORUS.
Bra - vo!
Bra - vo!
That's a fam - ous song, it's
Andante.
splen - did!
Bra - vo! Tomsky,
thanks! Then re - nounc - ing wine and
play - ing, By my song - birds al - ways stay - ing, I might be for ev - er
scen - - - do
good, I might be for ev - er - good!


TCHEKALINSKY
Meno.
Well now, friends, in our good old style we'll sing the gambler's song!
Meno.
mf
f
ff
Allegro molto vivo. (♩ = 160)
p
TCHEK.
TCHAP.
NARUM.
SOURIN.
f
Let it rain, let it sleet, Round the ta-bles we'll meet, dai - - ly!
p
f
CHORUS.
Let it rain, let it sleet, Round the ta-bles we'll meet, dai - - ly!
p
f

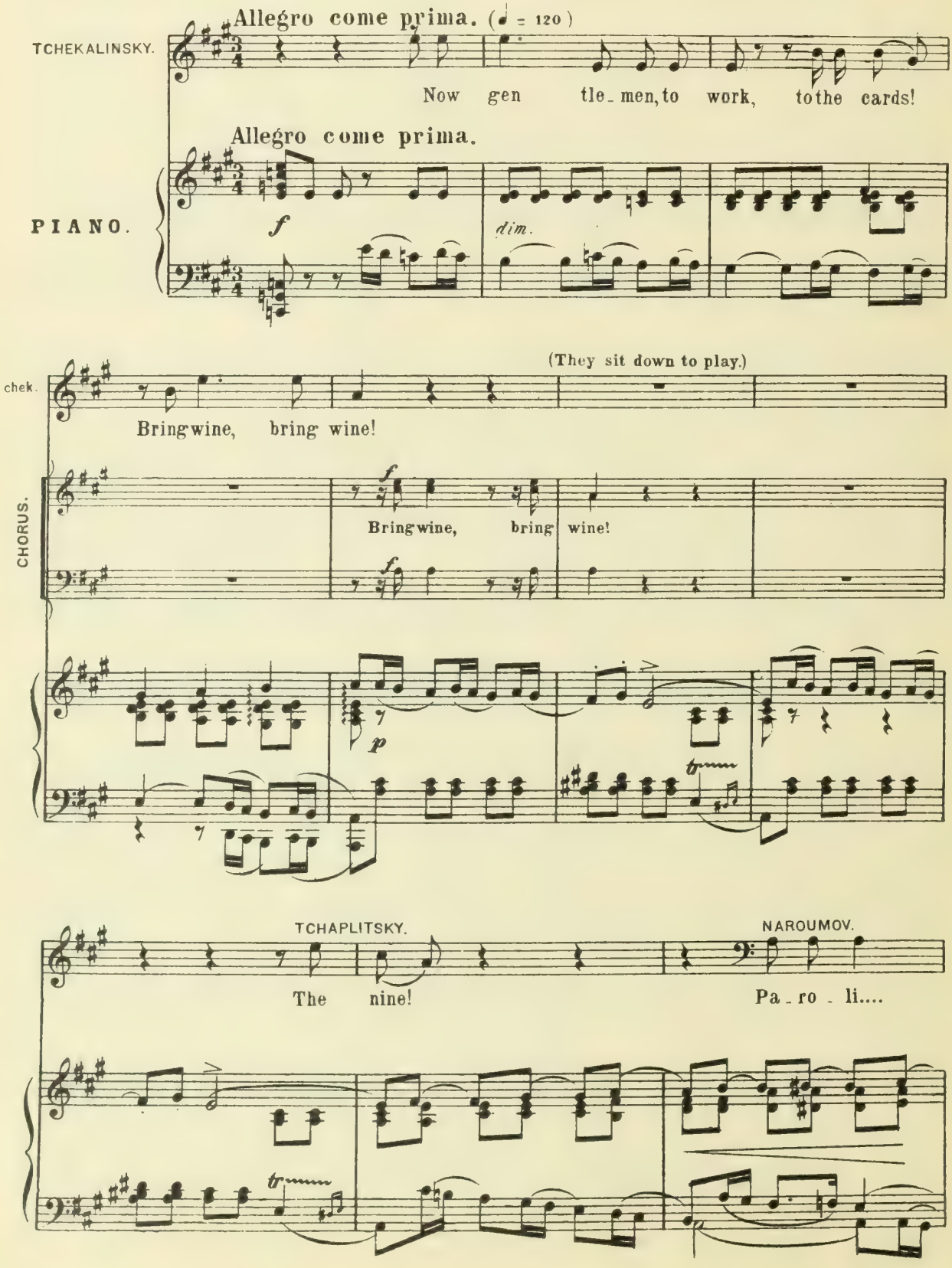

Tchek.
Tchap.
There our hundreds we stake, And our loss - es we take, gai - - ly!
N.
S.
p
f
CHOR.
There our hun - dreds we stake, And our loss - es we take, gai - - ly!
Tchek.
Tchap.
All our gains we chalk up, While we pass round the cup, mad - - ly!
N.
S.
CHOR.
All our gains we chalk up, While we pass round the cup, mad - - ly!


Tchek.
Tchap.
Till the dawn is a - glow, And we rise up to go, sad - ly!
N.
S.
mf
CHUR.
Till the dawn is a - glow, And we rise up to go, sad - ly!
ff
mf
Tchek.
Tchap.
Let it rain, let it sleet, round the ta - bles we'll meet, dai - - ly,
N.
S.
ff
mf
ff
CHOR.
Let it rain, let it sleet, round the ta - bles we'll meet dai - - ly,
ff
mf
ff

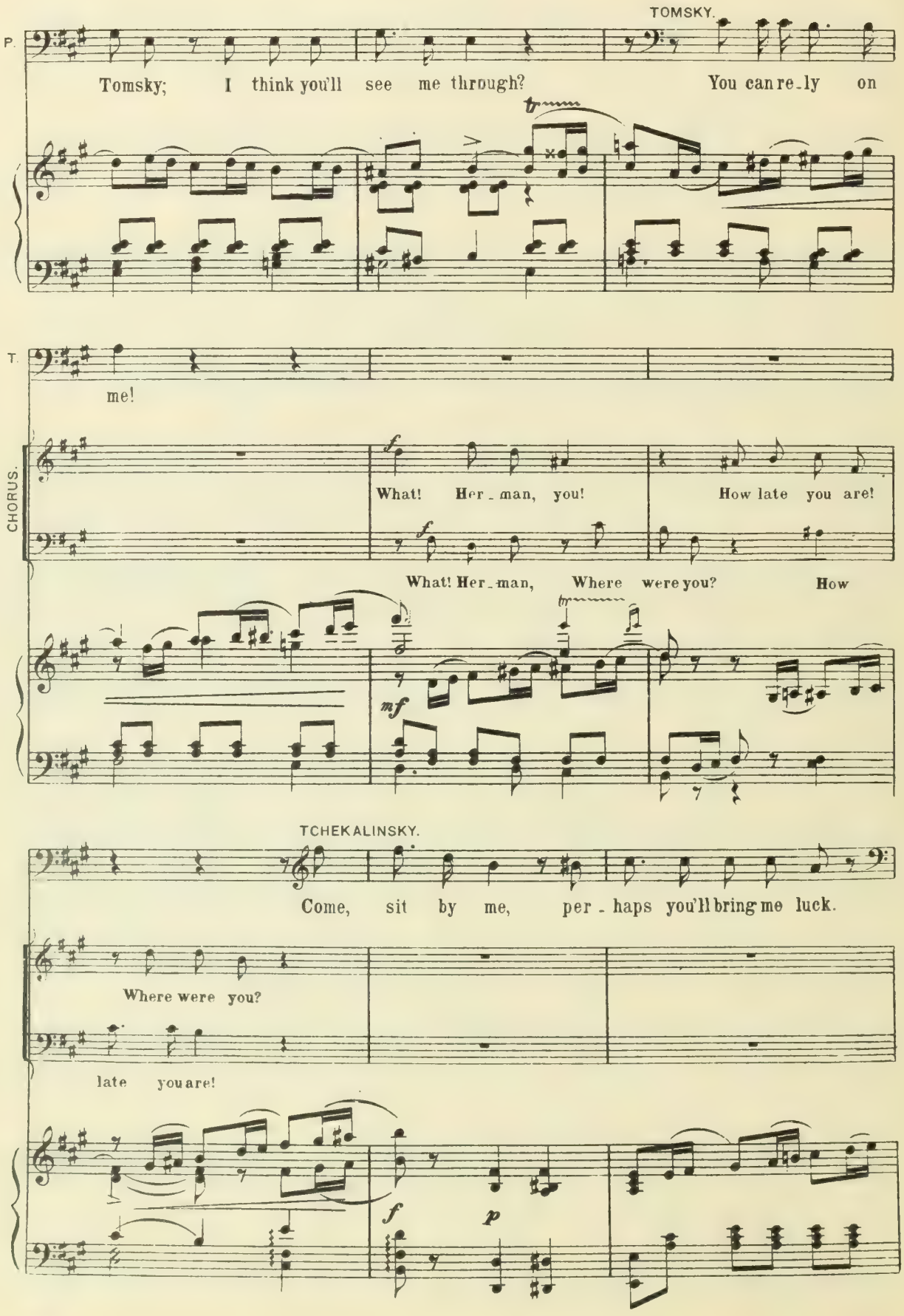

Tchek.
Tchap.
N.
S.
All our gains we chalk up, While we pass round the cup,
All our gains we chalk up, While we pass round the cup,
sempre ff
Tchek.
Tchap
N
S.
mad - - ly! Till the dawn is a - glow and we
mad - - ly! Till the dawn is a - glow and we
Tchek.
Tchap.
N.
S.
rise up to go, sad - ly! mad - ly, sad - ly!
rise up to go, sad - ly! mad - ly, sad - ly!

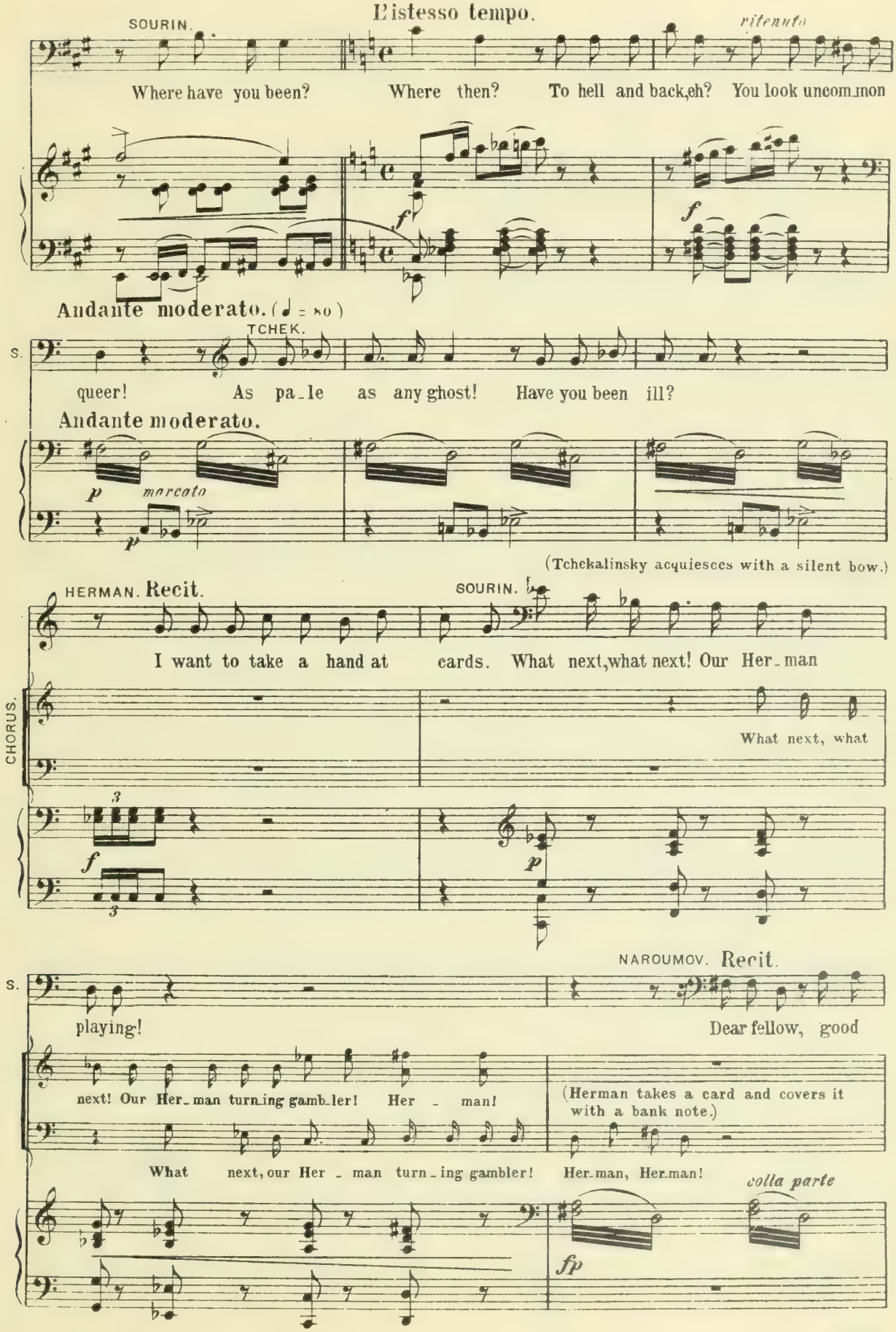

Tchek.
Tchap.
N.
S.
mad - ly! There our hun - dreds we stake, and our loss - es we
mad - ly! There our hun - dreds we stake, and our loss - es we
Tchek
Tchap.
N.
S.
take, and our loss - es we take, gai - - ly,
(Whistles, cries and dancing.)
take, and our loss - es we take, gai - - ly,
Tchek
Tchap.
N.
S.
dai - ly, gai - ly, dai - ly, gai - ly!
dai - ly, gai - ly, dai - ly, gai - ly!
8

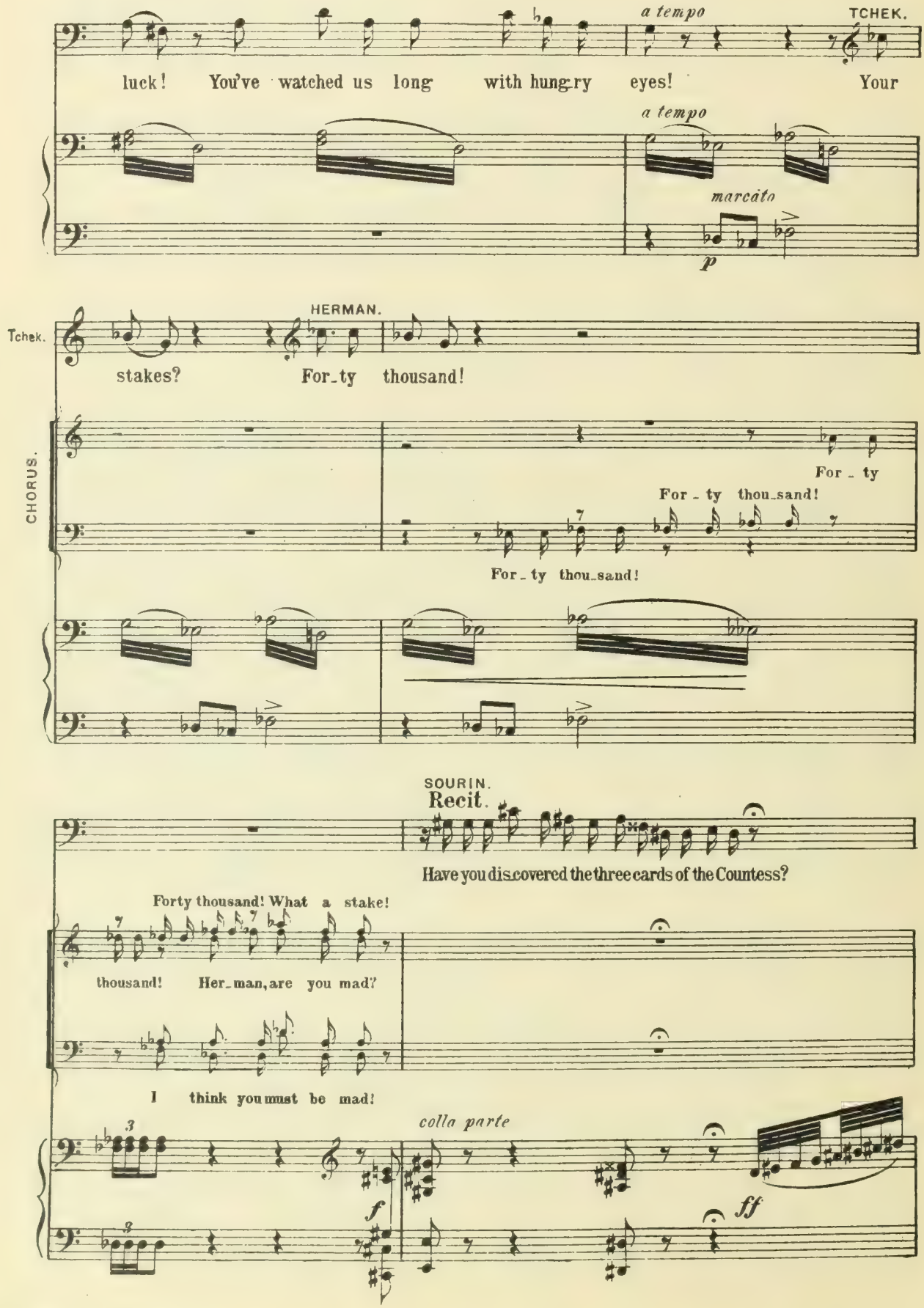
№ 24. Closing scene.




TCHAPLITSKY.
SOURIN.
A - gainst you!
Then I will back the ta - ble...
mf
p
TCHAPLITSKY.
NAROUMOV.
(Enter Herman.)
I win!
Now trans - port to the ten!
tr
sf
p
tr
sfp
PRINCE (catching sight of him.)
So, my pre - sent - i - ment was right on this oc -
mf
(To Tomsky)
P.
ca - sion!
Per - haps I may have need of you as se - cond,
p
p

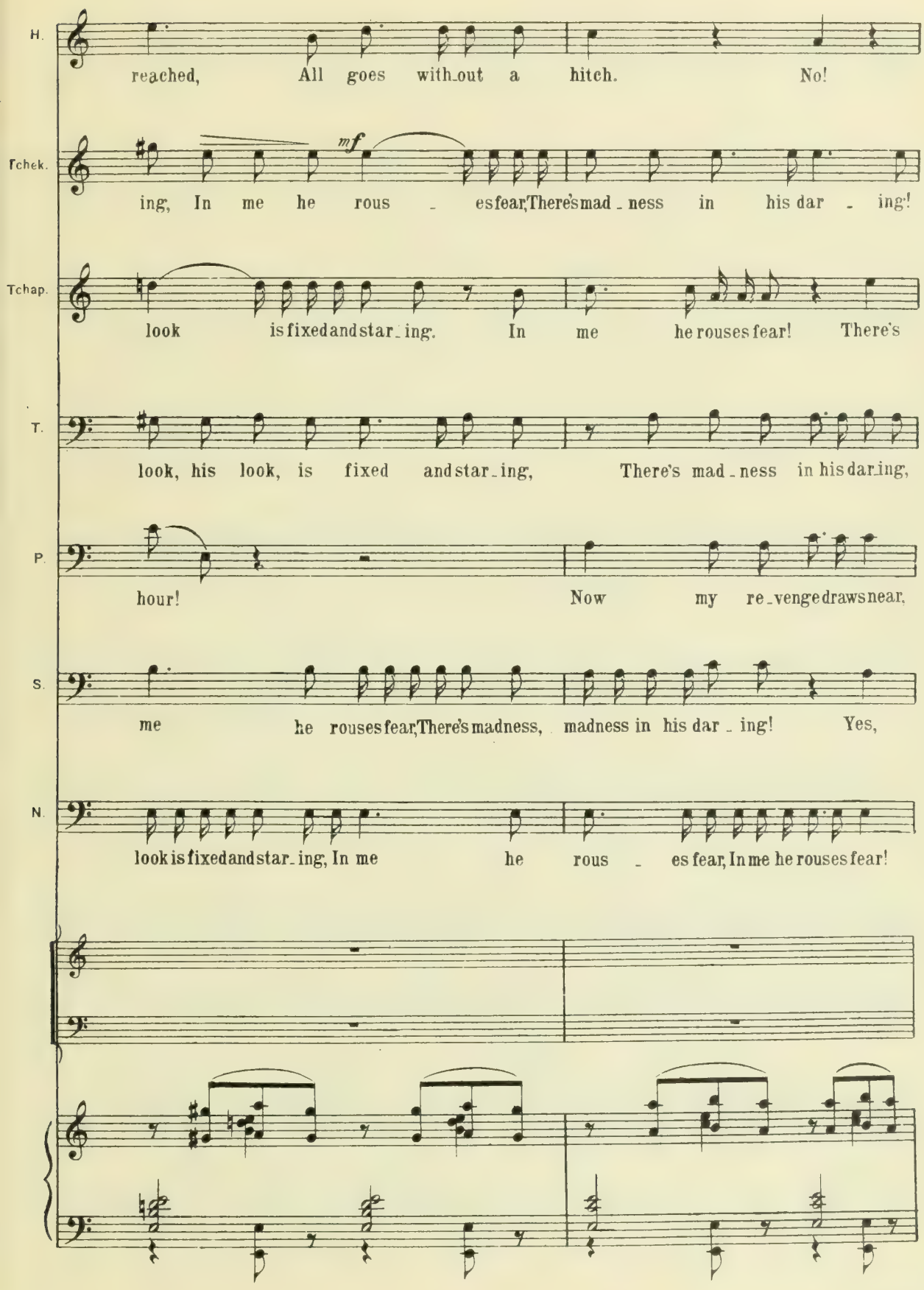

TOMSKY.
P.
Tomsky; I think you'll see me through? You can re_ly on
T.
me!
CHORUS.
What! Her_man, you! How late you are!
What! Her_man, Where were you? How
TCHEKALINSKY.
Come, sit by me, per_haps you'll bring me luck.
Where were you?
late you are!

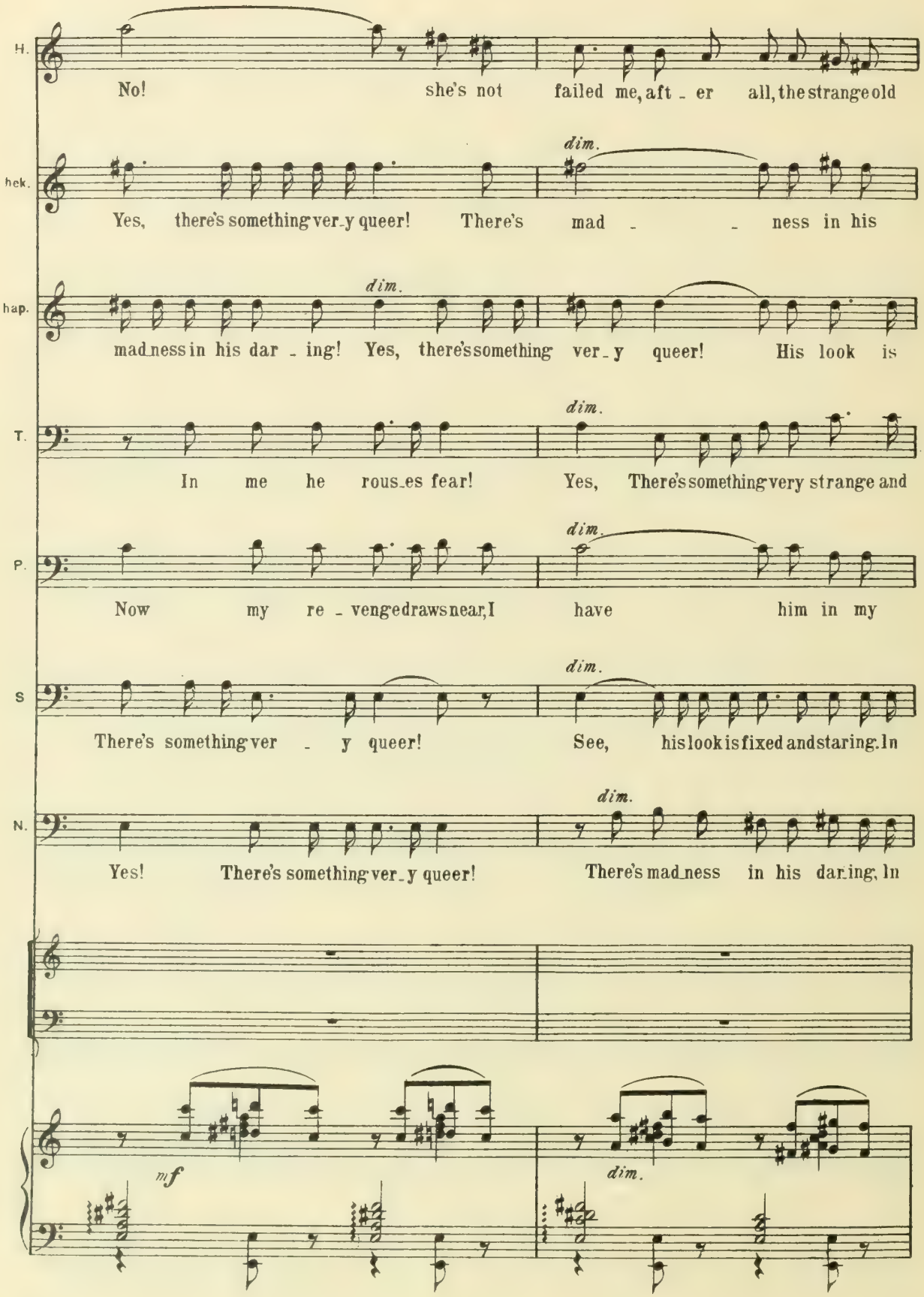

SOURIN.
L'istesso tempo.
ritenuto
Where have you been? Where then? To hell and back,eh? You look uncommon
Andante moderato. (♩ = 80)
TCHEK.
S.
queer! As pa_le as any ghost! Have you been ill?
Andante moderato.
p
marcato
p
(Tchekalinsky acquiesces with a silent bow.)
HERMAN. Recit.
SOURIN.
I want to take a hand at cards. What next,what next! Our Her_man
CHORUS.
What next, what
3
f
3
p
NAROUMOV. Recit.
S.
playing!
Dear fellow, good
next! Our Her_man turning gamb_ler! Her _ man!
(Herman takes a card and covers it with a bank note.)
What next, our Her _ man turn_ing gambler!
Her_man, Her_man!
colla parte
fp


a tempo
TCHEK.
luck! You've watched us long with hungry eyes! Your
a tempo
marcato
p
HERMAN.
Tchek.
stakes? For_ty thousand!
CHORUS.
For_ty
For_ty thou_sand!
For_ty thou_sand!
SOURIN.
Recit.
Have you discovered the three cards of the Countess?
Forty thousand! What a stake!
thousand! Her_man, are you mad?
I think you must be mad!
colla parte
f
ff

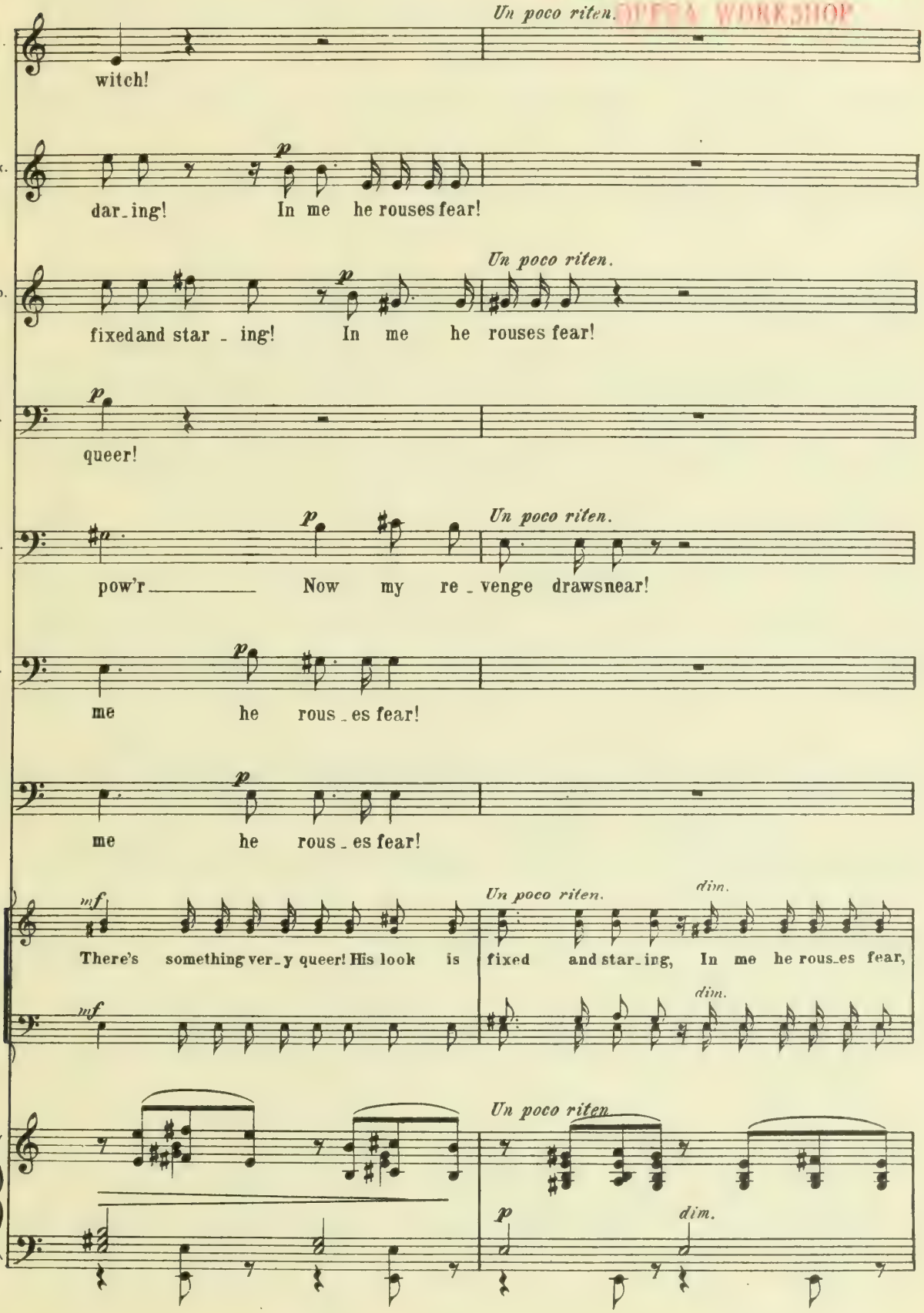

in tempo
HERMAN.
(irritably)
TCHEK.
Come, does my of fer hold? It does! Up on which cards?
in tempo
ff
p
HERMAN.
(Tchekalinsky shuffles.)
Three!
8
5
f
cresc.
ff
HERMAN.
Poco meno. (♩ = 72)
I have won!
CHORUS.
f
Yes, he has won! What luck he has!
f
Yes, ho has won!
What luck he has!
Poco meno.
f
Cel.
f
f

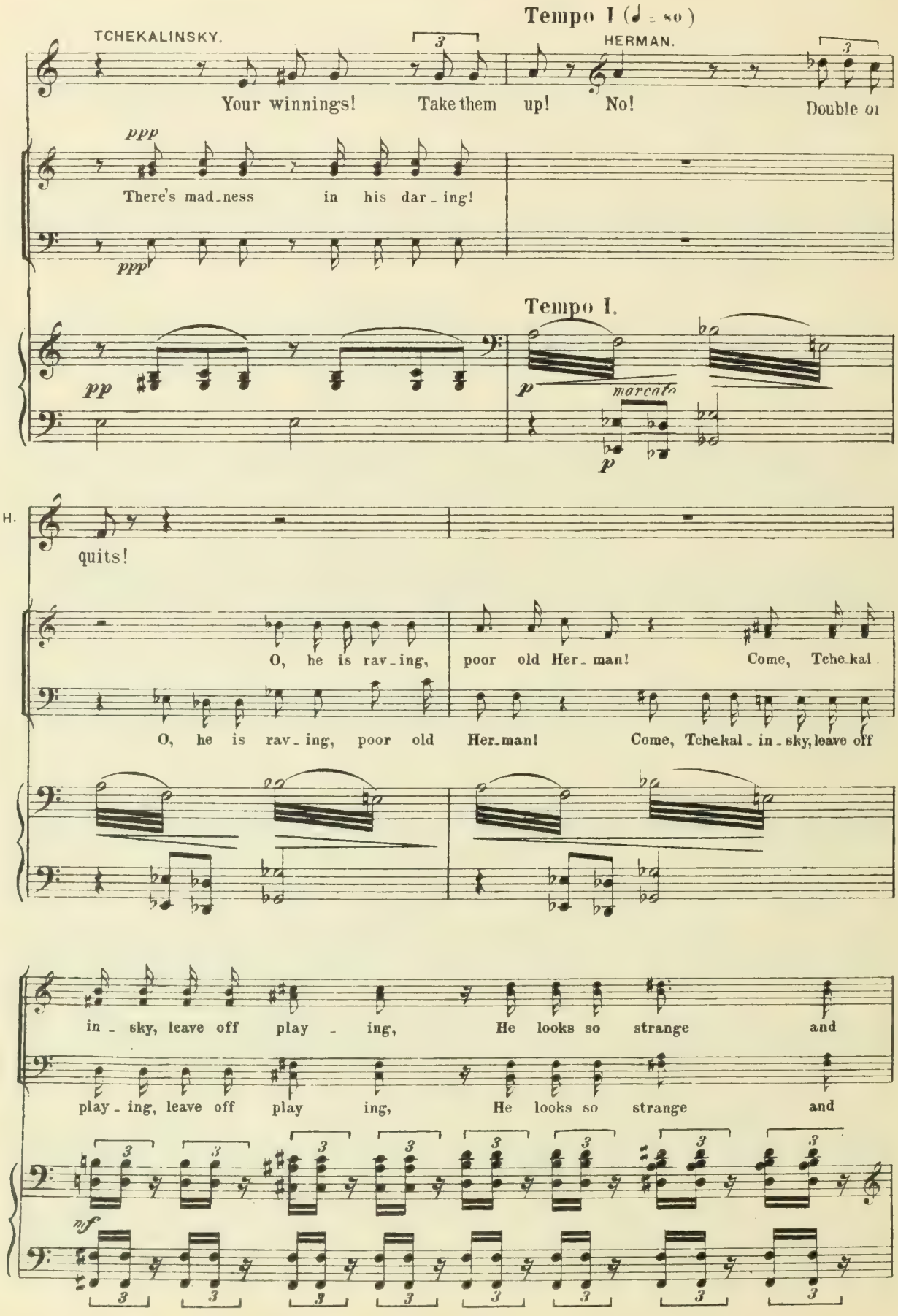

HERMAN.
At last the goal is
TCHEKALINSKY.
There's something very queer! His look is fixed and star
TCHAPLITSKY.
There's something very queer! His
TOMSKY.
There's some thing ve ry queer! His
PRINCE.
There's something very queer! But onward surely creeps his
SOURIN.
There's something very queer! His look is fixed and star ing, In
NAROUMOV.
There's something very queer! His
un poco cresc.

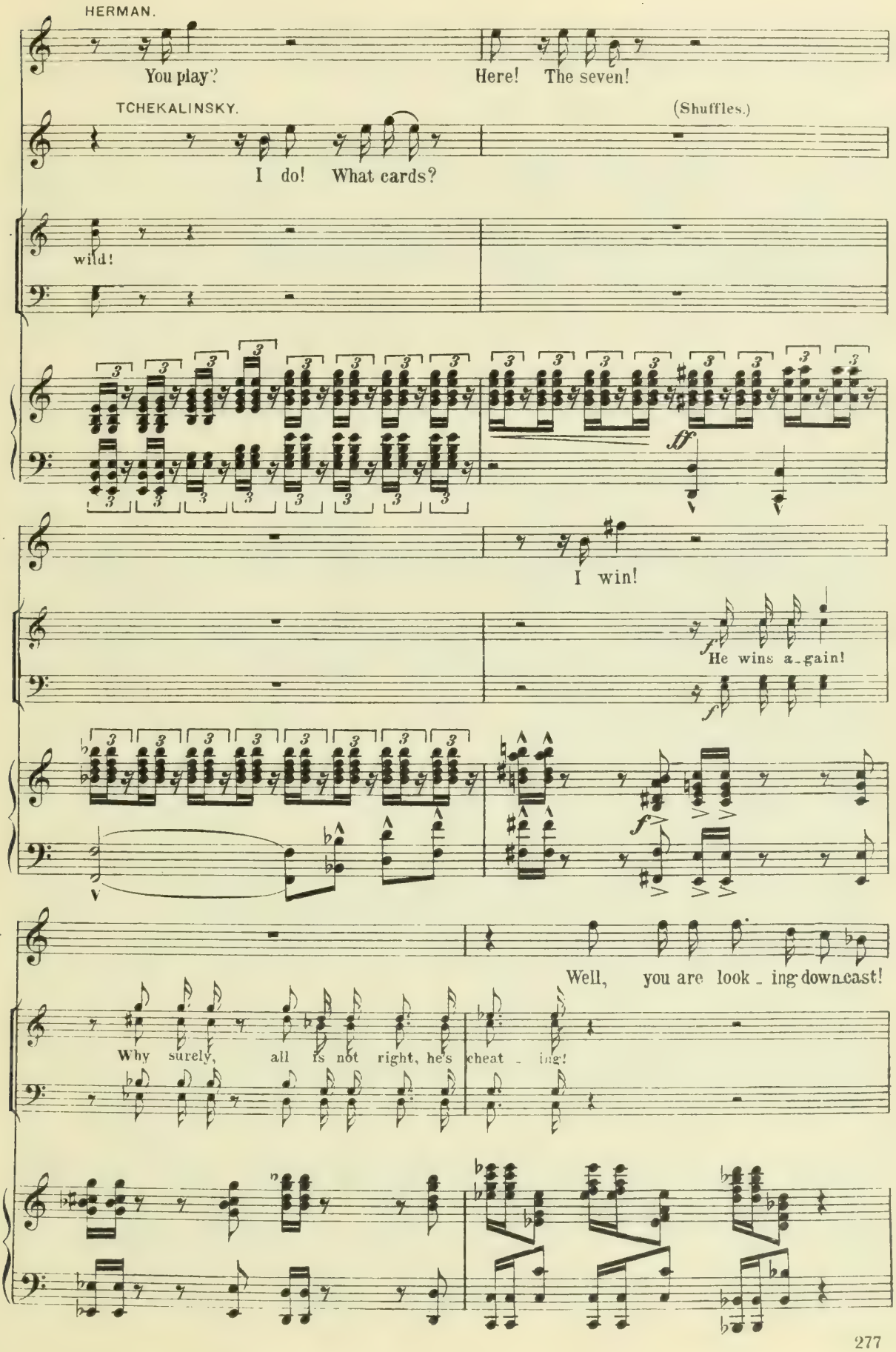

H.
reached, All goes with_out a hitch. No!
Tchek.
mf
ing, In me he rous _ es fear, There's mad _ ness in his dar _ ing!
Tchap.
look is fixed and star_ing. In me he rouses fear! There's
T.
look, his look, is fixed and star_ing, There's mad _ ness in his dar_ing,
P.
hour! Now my re_venge draws near,
S.
me he rouses fear, There's madness, madness in his dar _ ing! Yes,
N.
look is fixed and star_ing, In me he rous _ es fear, In me he rouses fear!

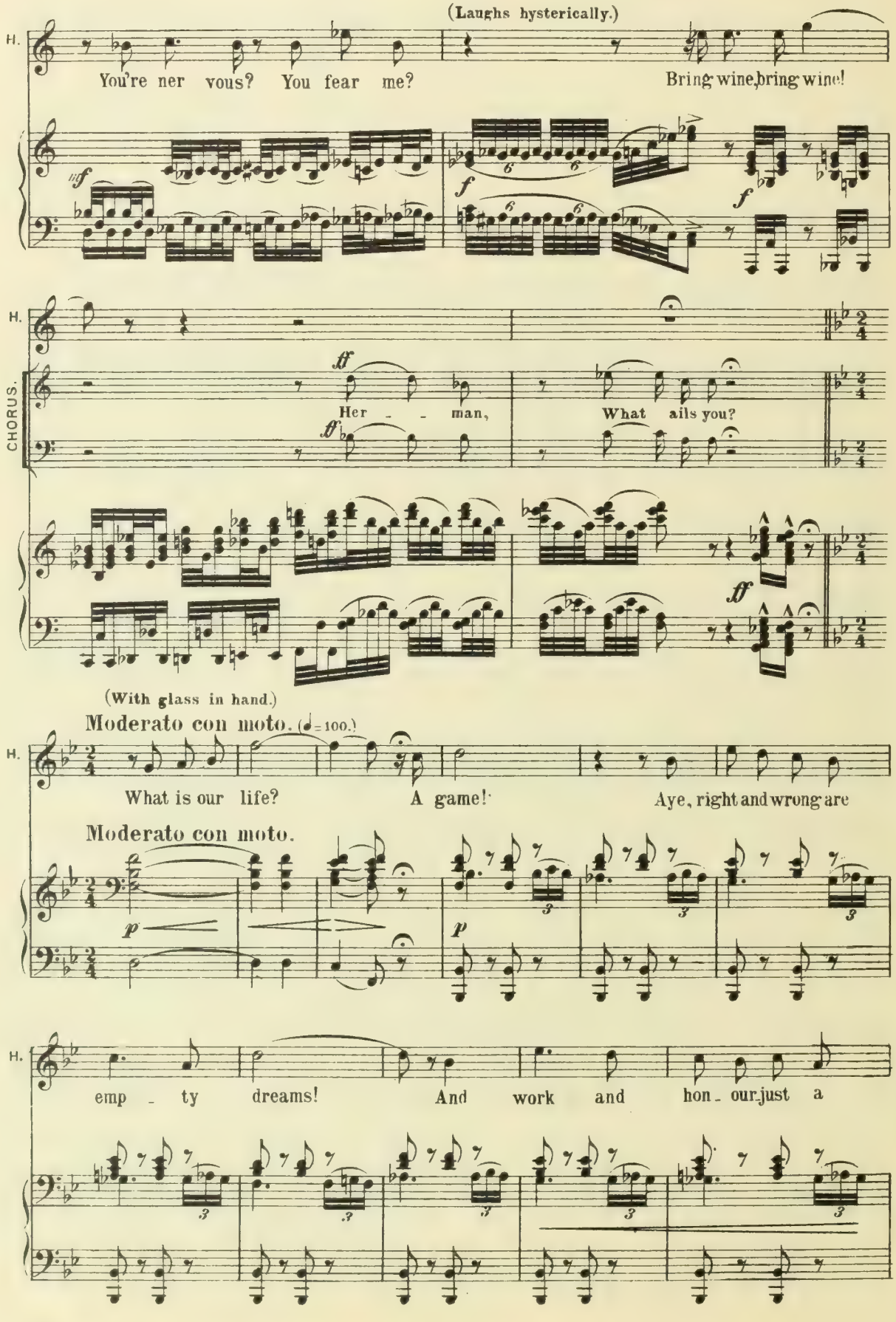

H.
No! she's not failed me, aft - er all, the strange old
hek.
dim.
Yes, there's something ver-y queer! There's mad - - ness in his
hap.
dim.
mad-ness in his dar - ing! Yes, there's something ver-y queer! His look is
T.
dim.
In me he rous-es fear! Yes, There's something very strange and
P.
dim.
Now my re - venge draws near, I have him in my
S
dim.
There's something ver - y queer! See, his look is fixed and staring. In
N.
dim.
Yes! There's something ver-y queer! There's mad-ness in his dar-ing, In
mf
dim.

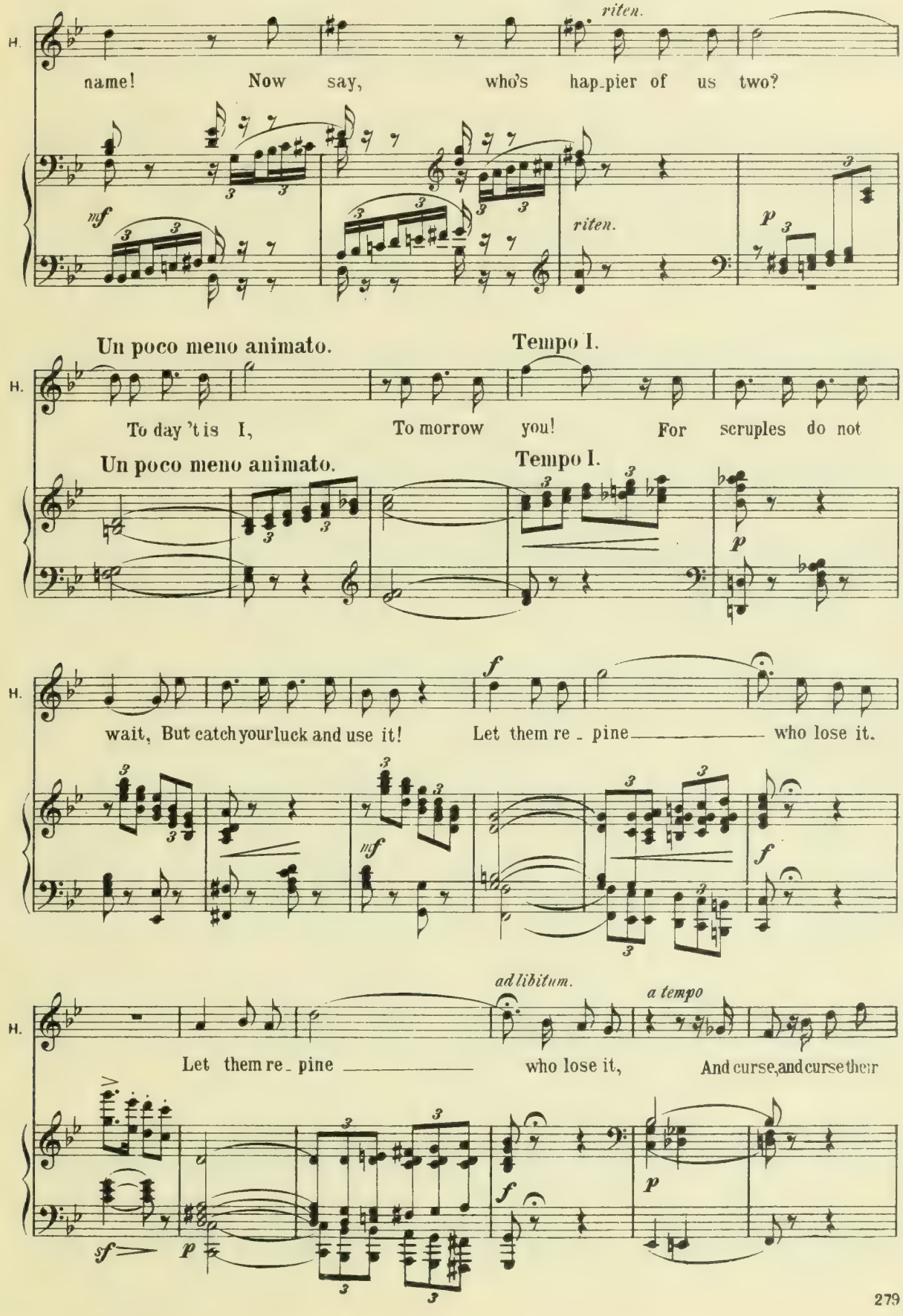
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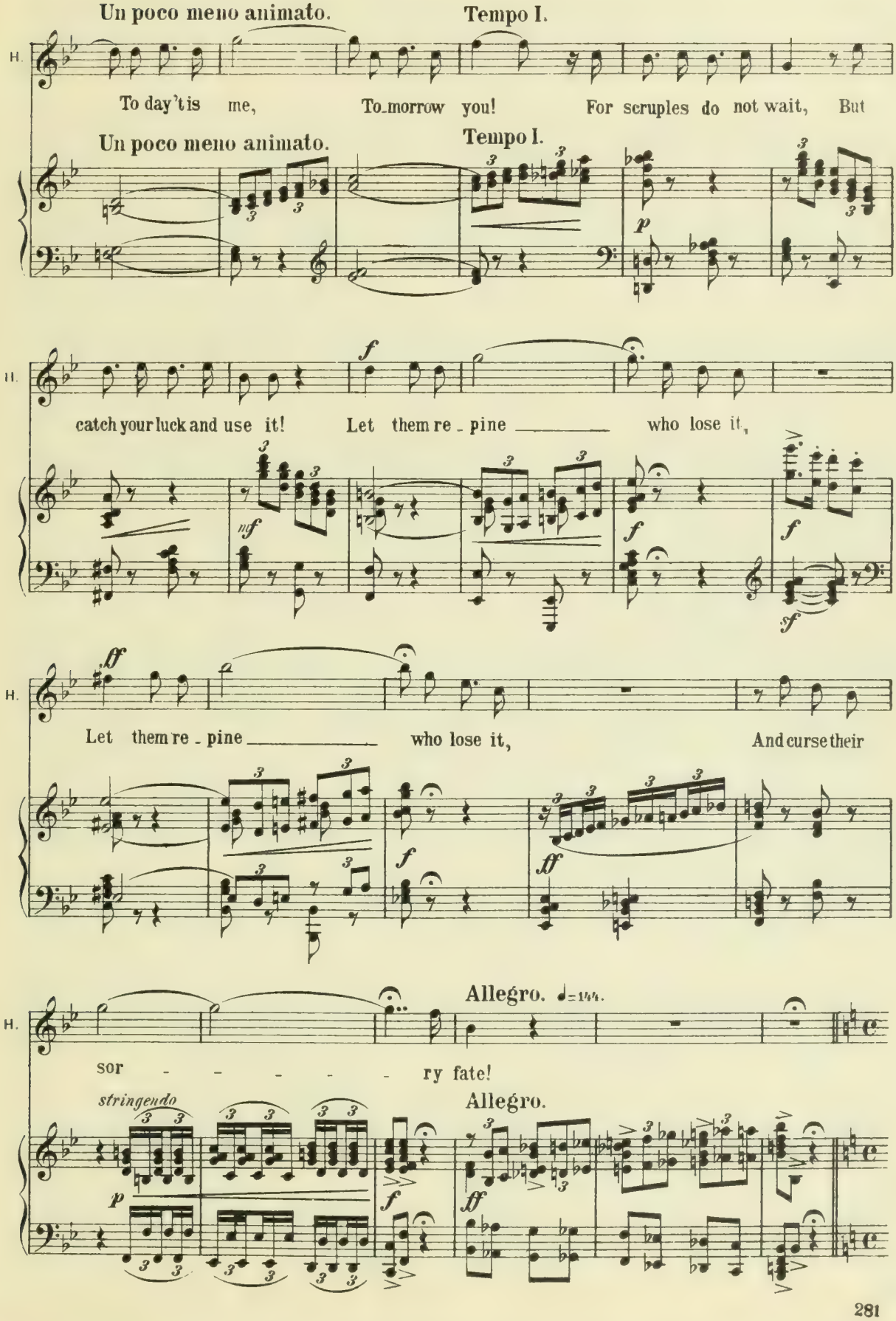

Tempo I (♩ = 80)
TCHEKALINSKY.
HERMAN.
Your winnings! Take them up! No! Double or
ppp
There's mad_ness in his dar_ing!
ppp
Tempo I.
pp
p
marcato
p
H.
quits!
O, he is rav_ing, poor old Her_man! Come, Tchekal
O, he is rav_ing, poor old Her_man! Come, Tchekal_in_sky, leave off
in_sky, leave off play_ing, He looks so strange and
play_ing, leave off play ing, He looks so strange and
mf

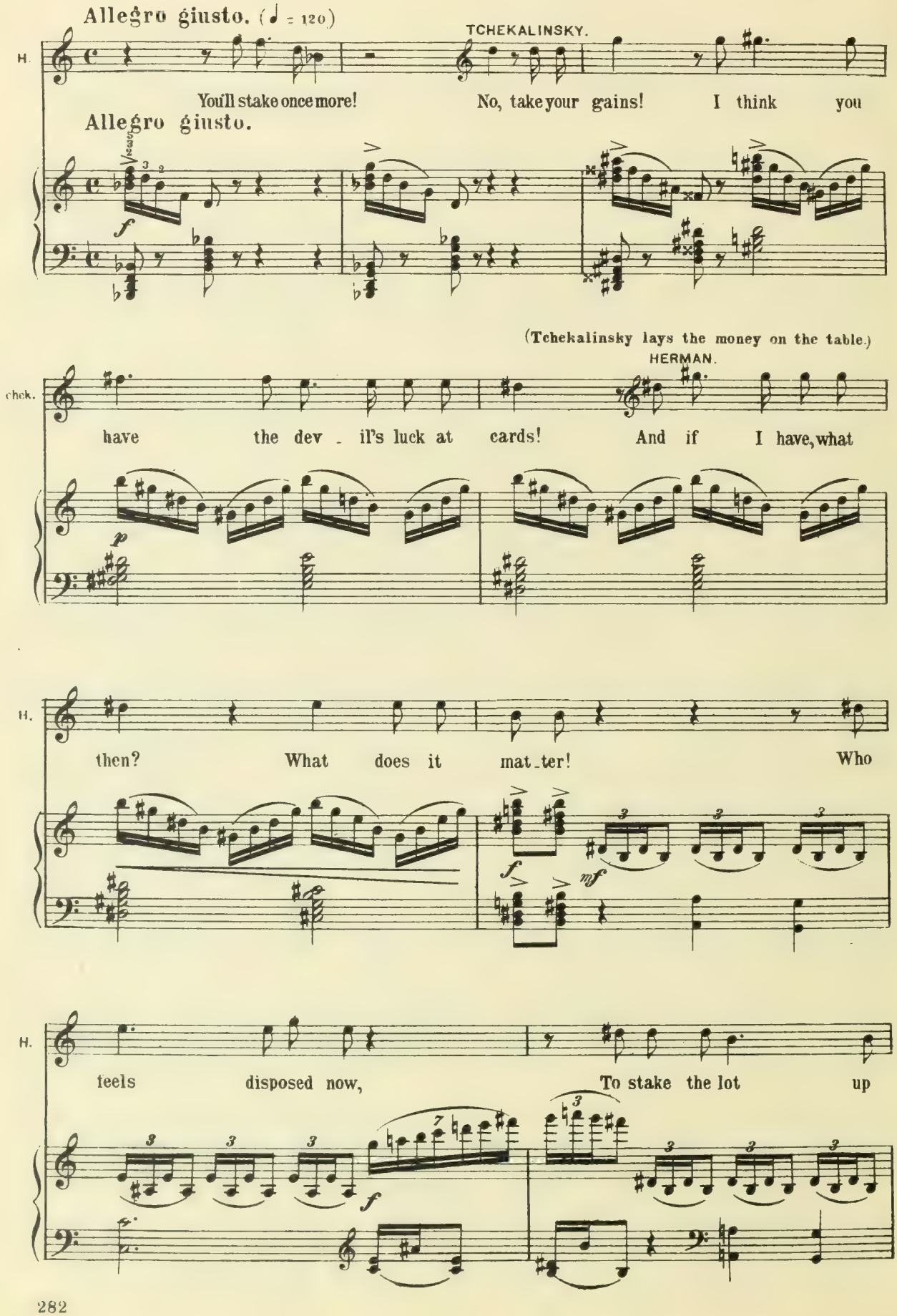

HERMAN.
You play?
Here! The seven!
TCHEKALINSKY.
(Shuffles.)
I do! What cards?
wild!
ff
H.
I win!
He wins a-gain!
f
H.
Well, you are look-ing downcast!
Why surely, all is not right, he's cheat-ing!

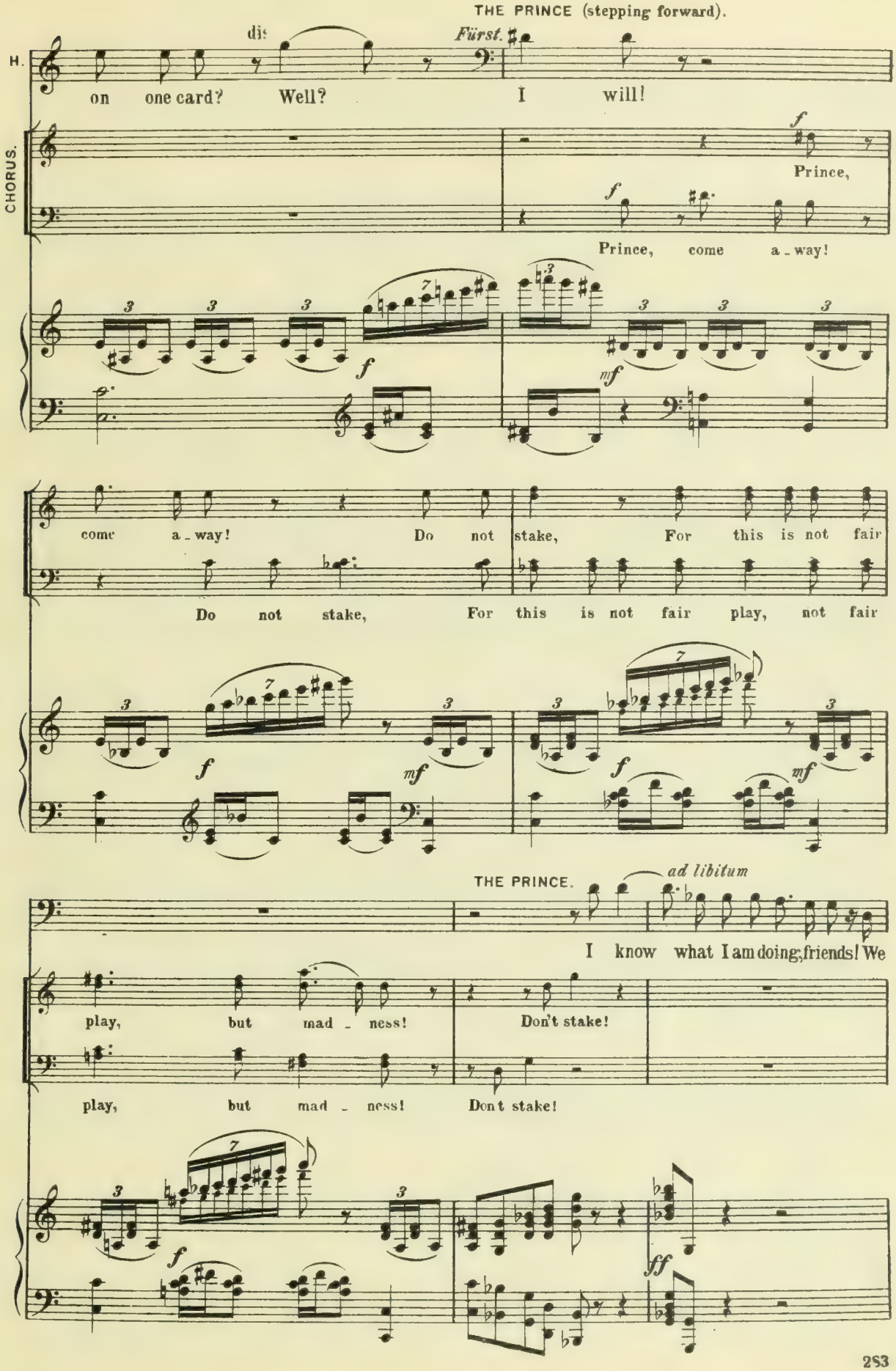

(Laughs hysterically.)
H.
You're ner vous? You fear me?
Bring wine, bring wine!
CHORUS.
Her - - man,
What ails you?
(With glass in hand.)
Moderato con moto. (♩=100.)
What is our life?
A game!
Aye, right and wrong are
Moderato con moto.
emp - ty dreams!
And work and hon - our just a

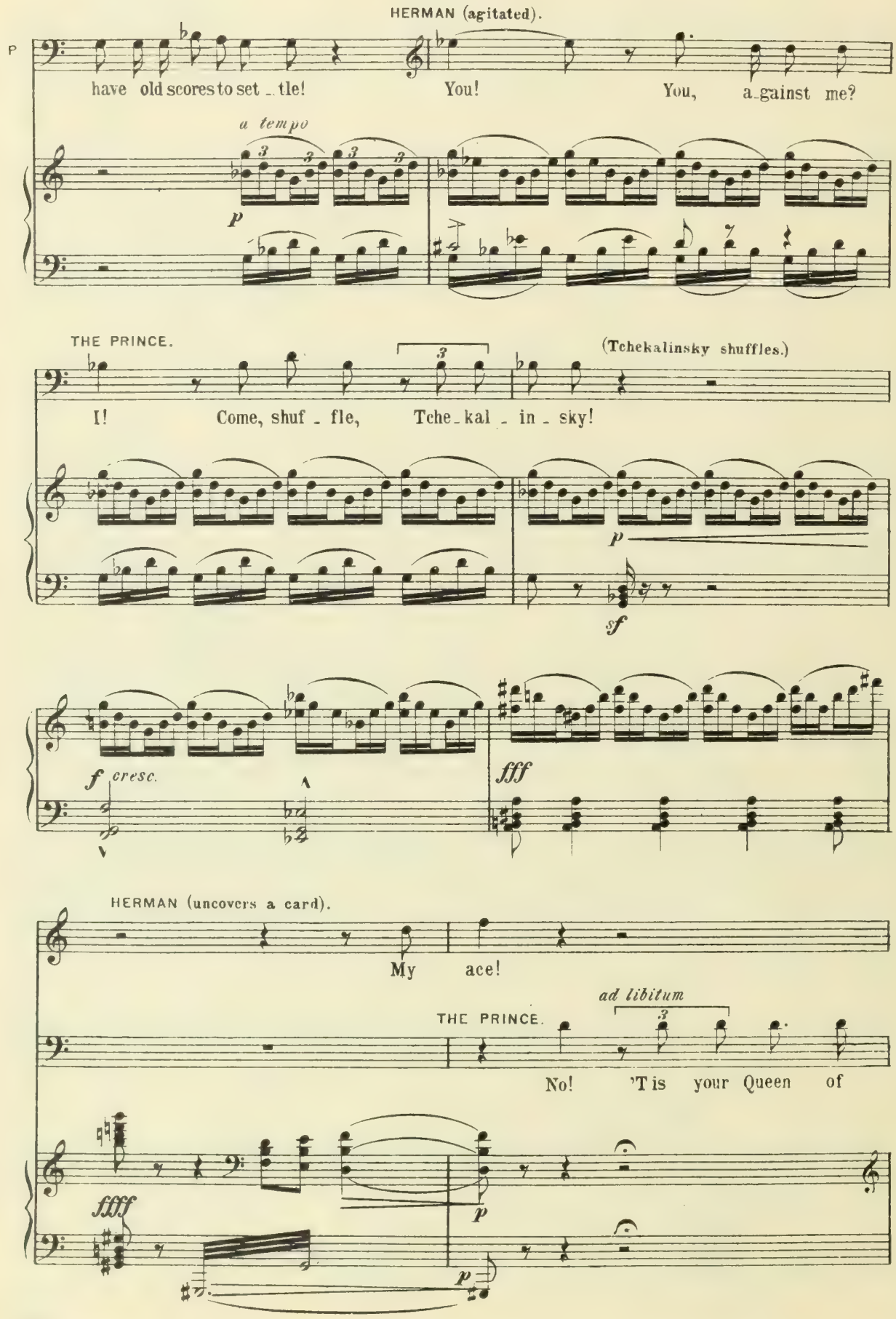

H.
riten.
name! Now say, who's hap_pier of us two?
mf
riten.
p
Un poco meno animato.
Tempo I.
H.
To day 't is I, To morrow you! For scruples do not
Un poco meno animato.
Tempo I.
p
H.
f
wait, But catch your luck and use it! Let them re_pine who lose it.
mf
f
ad libitum.
a tempo
H.
Let them re_pine who lose it, And curse, and curse their
sf
p
f
p


Tempo I.
H.
sor - - - - - ry fate!
What's certain? Death
Tempo I.
stringendo
mf
f
ff
p
H.
a_lone!
When o'er life's sea our course we
f
p
H.
take,
Death is the one sure port we
H.
make.
And which of us has Death in view?
riten.
mf
riten.
p

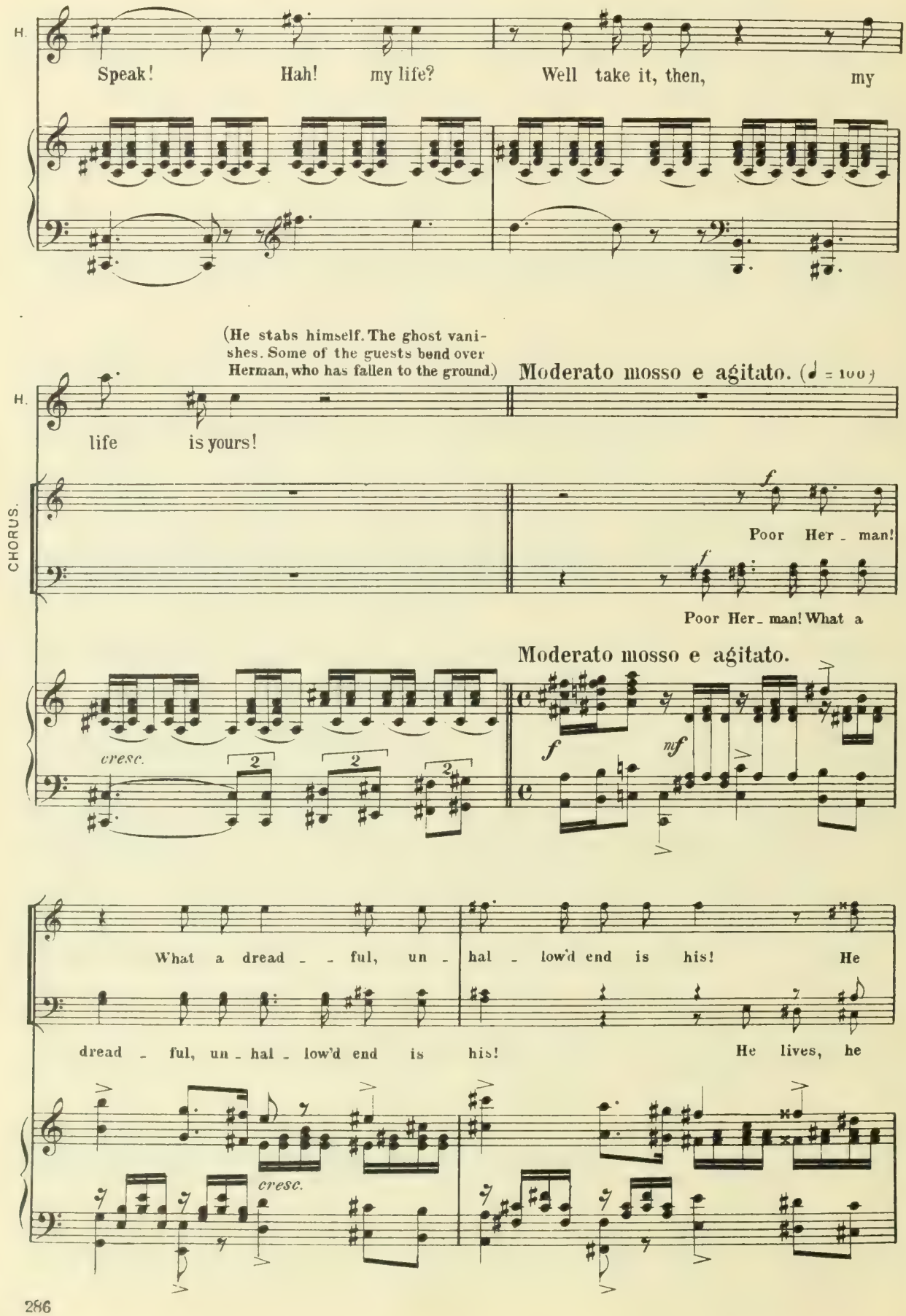

Un poco meno animato.
Tempo I.
H.
To day 't is me, To_morrow you! For scruples do not wait, But
Un poco meno animato.
Tempo I.
p
H.
f
catch your luck and use it! Let them re_pine who lose it,
mf
f
f
sf
H.
ff
Let them re_pine who lose it, And curse their
f
ff
Allegro. ♩=144.
H.
sor - - - - - ry fate!
stringendo
Allegro.
p
f
ff


Allegro giusto. (♩ = 120)
TCHEKALINSKY.
H.
You'll stake once more!
No, take your gains!
I think
you
Allegro giusto.
(Tchekalinsky lays the money on the table.)
HERMAN.
chek.
have
the dev - il's luck at
cards!
And if
I have, what
H.
then?
What
does it
mat - ter!
Who
H.
feels
disposed now,
To stake the lot
up

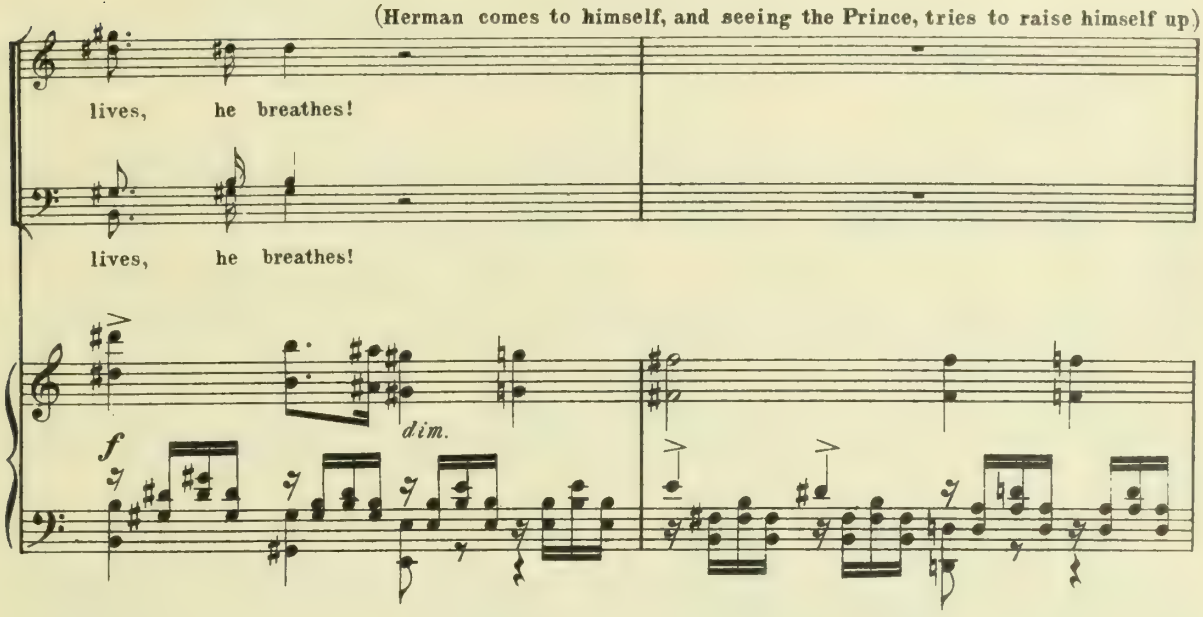

THE PRINCE (stepping forward).
H.
dis
First.
on one card? Well?
I will!
CHORUS.
Prince,
Prince, come a_way!
come a_way! Do not stake, For this is not fair
Do not stake, For this is not fair play, not fair
THE PRINCE.
ad libitum
I know what I am doing, friends! We
play, but mad_ness! Don't stake!
play, but mad_ness! Don't stake!

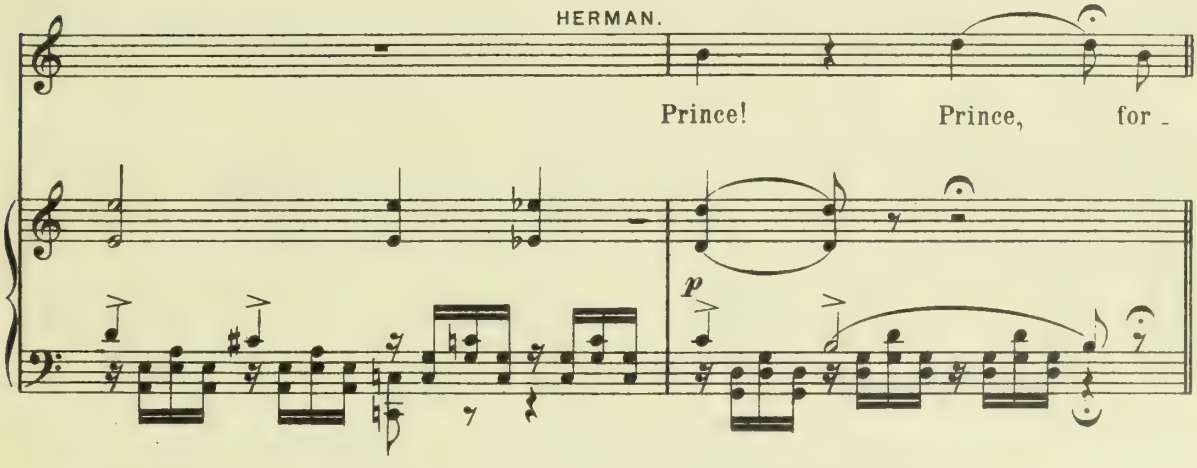

HERMAN (agitated).
have old scores to set _ tle!
You!
You, a_gainst me?
a tempo
THE PRINCE.
(Tchekalinsky shuffles.)
I!
Come, shuf _ fle,
Tche_kal _ in _ sky!
cresc.
HERMAN (uncovers a card).
My ace!
ad libitum
THE PRINCE.
No! 'T is your Queen of


Moderato assai. (♩ = 92)
HERMAN.
THE PRINCE.
riten.
P.
Spades! What! Queen of Spades? There, in your hand, you hold the Queen of
Moderato assai.
riten.
p
Andante non troppo. (Come prima.)
(The Ghost of the Countess appears. Everybody retreats before Herman.)
HERMAN (in terror)
P.
Spades! The Count_ess! You! And here! What bodes your
Andante non troppo. (Come prima.)
pp
un poco marcato ma sempre pp
H.
laugh_ter? To shame and mad_ness you have brought me! Ac_
H.
curs_ed witch! What? What do you want of me?


H.
Speak! Hah! my life? Well take it, then, my
(He stabs himself. The ghost vanishes. Some of the guests bend over Herman, who has fallen to the ground.)
Moderato mosso e agitato. (♩ = 100)
H.
life is yours!
CHORUS.
Poor Her_ man!
Poor Her_ man! What a
Moderato mosso e agitato.
cresc.
What a dread_ful, un_ hal_ low'd end is his! He
dread_ful, un_ hal_ low'd end is his! He lives, he
cresc.

(Herman comes to himself, and seeing the Prince, tries to raise himself up)








Andantino. (♩ = 84)
H.
Who is this? Li - sa? You here? God a - bove!
Andantino.
pp
pp espress.
H.
For what? For what? You for - give me? Yes?
p
H.
Curse me not! Ah! How I have loved you, Li - sa!
cre - scen - do
mf
dim.
(He dies)
H.
An - gel, con - demn me not! Belov - ed! Ah!
riten.
p
mf
p
pp morendo



End of the Opera.

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